# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

POLITICAL skirmishing of a hostile character between France and Prussia may be said to have had its commencement when the former mooted the question as to Prussia's right to garrison the fortress of Luxemburg, held by the King of Holland as a duke of the German confederation, but not at the time incorporated with the North German confederation, which superseded the old diet of Frankfort. This difficulty, thanks to the intervention of foreign powers, more especially Great Britain, was brought to a pacific issue.

The skirmishing has, however, ever since been continued, but upon a different basis. France, the *Moniteur* declares, wishes for peace, and unfeignedly accepts the state of things which events have created in Germany, but at the same time requires that Prussia shall confine herself within the limits of the treaty of Prague, and fully acknowledge that she has no more conquests to make. It is in this sense that a "despatch," and not a "note," was sent by M. de Moustier to Berlin, arguing that, Prussia having accepted French mediation at Nikolsburg, France now considered herself to be personally *en cause*, and further inquiring what are the Prussian government's intentions relative to Article 5 of the treaty of Prague which refers to Schleswig, pointing out, at the same time, that Prussia has no right to claim for the Germans disseminated in insignificant numbers through the territories to be retroceded exceptional guarantees not specified in the same treaty of Prague. The French government has also from time to time continued to urge upon Prussia a friendly arrangement with the King of Denmark in regard to the question of North Schleswig.

The stipulation as to consulting the wishes of the Northern Schleswigers upon the question whether they should remain Prussian or become again Danish subjects, was, it is to be observed, a concession of Prussia to the representations of the Emperor of the French. It is true that Prussia entered formally into that engagement only with Austria, but she entered into it, not at the instance of Austria, which cared nothing about the matter, but at the direct request or demand of the French government. If there was nothing humiliating to her in yielding to the wishes of France upon this point, there can be nothing humiliating in the fact that France has urged the fulfilment of the promises then made. The Prussian government might have prevented all interference of France by at once fulfilling its engagements instead of waiting nearly twelve months before giving any sign of recognising them, and acting throughout that time in

the most oppressive manner towards the very persons whose wishes were to be consulted.

The question of the retrocession of the northern districts of Schleswig ought, indeed, to have been settled amicably between Prussia and Denmark a long time ago, and if the Prussian government really means to act fairly, the matter can soon be pacifically determined. It has done something at last—it has entered into direct communication with the Danish government upon the subject, and seems disposed to arrange the new frontier, not in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, as expressed in a *plebiscite*, but by agreement between the two governments. Such an arrangement cannot be agreeable to the Emperor of the French, whose predilections for the free expression of nationalities, and whose belief in the tendency of such nationalities to agglomerate, are well known. The result of the voting in every village of North Schleswig, assuming the voting to be free, can *à priori* be most certainly reckoned upon, and the question remains, will Prussia, in any private arrangement with Denmark, cede to that country the line of frontier which she would obtain by a free vote of the population?

The fairest frontier would probably be one drawn from Flensburg to some point on the west coast, or from a point to the north of Flensburg, running in almost a straight line to Tondern, to which the German plenipotentiaries expressed in the London conferences the readiness of their governments to accede. Such a frontier, which would leave very many thousand Danes Prussian subjects, in fact, give Prussia the whole of the mixed districts, can only be assented to—not because it would be an equitable partition according to nationalities, but because it would be as just an arrangement as can be arrived at when the power is all on one side, although the right is on the other. The Prussians, however, do not like the idea of giving up the Sundewitt and Alsen. They can never abandon, they say, to an enemy a place which, like Duppel, has been the scene of their glorious exploits. Upon that principle no power ought ever to make a peace restoring to an enemy the field upon which it has won a great engagement, and Prussia herself ought to have retained at the peace of Prague the whole of Bohemia and Moravia.

But it is pretended that Prussia requires these positions for her own security. Against whose attack? it has been pertinently asked. Denmark can never be an enemy whose hostility upon land need be apprehended. Yet the utmost that Prussia appears at present inclined to give is the frontier from Apenrade to Tondern, which was that first proposed on the part of Germany in the conferences, whilst Denmark asks for a frontier which would give her back Flensburg, while France asks for a *plebiscite*. There is certainly a Nemesis in this Prusso-Danish affair, which after leading to a disastrous war between the two allies in spoliation—Prussia and Austria—threatens under the complication of a northern confederation, which Thiers, Dupin, and their political acolytes declare to be offensive to France, to become another apology for a quarrel, the real grounds of which lie much deeper between France and Prussia.

Even more difficult, however, than this question as to the extent of the retrocession is that of the guarantees which the Prussian government asks on behalf of those Germans who, by that very retrocession, would again become Danish subjects. Germans are scattered over the whole of North

Schleswig, and in some of the larger towns they constitute the majority. Apenrade, Hadersleben, Tondern, and Christianfeld are more German than Danish. The Prussian government requires that Denmark should enter into some special undertaking for the security and protection of these Germans, and the Danish government, naturally enough, declines to enter into any such engagement. It says that the laws of Denmark secure equal rights to all subjects of the State without reference to race, and that the Germans therefore require no special privileges to protect them in the enjoyment of their property and the exercise of their respective industries. Would Prussia ask the same guarantees of the Americans to protect the numerous Germans who emigrate to that country to avoid the severities of conscription at home? No; the object is manifest. Germany is a progressive country, Denmark is unfortunately retrogressive, and the North German confederation stands in the same relation to her as America does to Mexico and Central America. Grant her special protection over the Germans of North Schleswig, and the day would not be far distant when even a *plebiscite* would annex the whole peninsula to the fatherland. Denmark naturally dreads that if it were to give such an undertaking, to interfere on behalf of the Germans of North Schleswig, it would only be establishing an excuse for constantly claiming that right of interference, just as Turkey is now harassed by certain European powers; and that the result would not only be a constant source of embarrassment, but it might, under unfavourable circumstances, be made an apology for aggression. It may, no doubt, be argued, on the other side, that the Danes, whom this handful of Germans have now for three years so cruelly oppressed—the Germans of North Schleswig have been the instigators of the worst acts of tyranny of the Prussian authorities against their Danish fellow-countrymen—might seek to revenge themselves, but the Danish government would, for its own sake, take care that the Germans should have the full protection of the law against violence or any other injustice, and no just cause of complaint by which to arouse the susceptibilities of their countrymen. The treaty of Prague says nothing about guarantees, and it establishes a very plain and simple way of determining the extent of the retrocession. If the Prussian government objects to the solution of a *plebiscite* as proposed by the French government, it should make a fair proposal to Denmark, and it need not doubt for a moment that the Danish government would gladly close with such an offer, whilst it knows full well that the Germans, who would return to their allegiance to King Christian VIII., would enjoy the full protection of the law. To assume otherwise is to insult a fallen foe.

The French government has an advantage in interfering in the affairs of Schleswig, inasmuch as it carries the sympathies of Great Britain and of other powers with it. The English are not the only people who have felt for the spoliation to which the little kingdom of Denmark has been subjected at the hands of its more powerful neighbours. The interest has been further augmented by probably one of the most remarkable instances in history of the personal aggrandisement of a dynasty at the very moment of an almost destructive loss of territory. One of its princes is heir-apparent to the throne of Denmark, another is the actual King of Greece. One princess has wedded the future King of England, another the heir to the czardom of Russia.

If the French government contents itself with urging with fitting courtesy the Prussian government to put the article of the treaty of Prague into execution, it only exercises a right—a right which Prussia has given her—and fulfils a duty which that right imposes upon her. It is absurd for the German newspapers to treat any action of France in this question as insulting, and therefore inadmissible. Of course, if France should adopt an imperative tone, or display a hostile feeling, German patriotism might very properly fire up. But there have been no proofs of any such manifestation given as yet. It is the attitude of the two countries which gives a zest to every diplomatic movement. Both are armed or arming, as if prepared for a combat, that the events of a day may bring forth; both alike are mistrustful and defiant, and both are prepared for a struggle for military and political supremacy in the affairs of Europe.

It is in this tacit and covert sense that we must understand the real importance and bearing of the repudiation of the interference of France by the German newspapers, notoriously *Zeidler's Correspondence*, which expresses its hope, in common with a large portion of the German press, that interference will cause no change in Prussia's treatment of the North Schleswig question.

"It was already strikingly offensive," says the Prussian paper, "enough on the part of France to take upon herself to interfere with the establishment of the customs union, and to attempt by warnings and even by threats to prevent the South German governments from joining the customs parliament. But all this was not addressed direct to Prussia. Now that we are directly addressed, it is to be hoped that the government will give a thoroughly clear reply. We do not desire hostilities; still less have we any need to keep out of the way of them."

The *New Prussian* (*Cross*) *Gazette* argues that it will only be possible to judge of the importance of the interference of France in the affairs of North Schleswig when it is known what connexion that interference has with the views and intentions of the French government in reference to the general situation in Europe. "The present step," it adds, "taken by that government may be of such a character as would require from Prussia an unmistakable declaration repelling any foreign intervention, or it may amount only to an offer of friendly advice, which could be accepted with equal expressions of friendship."

Referring again to the same topic, it says, upon another occasion, when criticising Baron Dupin's warlike speech in the French Senate, "We should take no notice of it were it simply the expression of individual views, and not rather that of the feelings of a large proportion of the French people. Moreover, Denmark might conclude from it that a declaration of war by France against Prussia was imminent, and in consequence evade an equitable solution of the Schleswig question. We reply, therefore, to Baron Dupin, and at the same time to the Danes, that Schleswig did not fall into the hands of Germany and of Prussia through intrigue, but as the result of a just war, provoked by the systematic oppression of the German duchies of the Elbe. In the treaty of Prague, Prussia entered into an engagement with Austria to cede the northern districts of Schleswig to Denmark, in case the inhabitants of those districts should, by a free vote, express their wish for such a cession.

But, for all that, Prussia will not hand back to Danish arbitrariness and fanaticism Germans for whose liberation German blood has flowed; no, not even if in France such an unjust demand should be raised. The Luxemburg question was more of an international than a national character, but Schleswig is a Prussian province, which cannot be disposed of by a conference." The article concludes with an assurance that as Prussia has never interfered in the domestic affairs of foreign nations, so also will she repel any foreign intervention in her internal affairs.

The tone of these interpellations, and the spirit which animates them, is manifestly more mistrustful and defiant than conciliatory and pacific. It is these facts, combined with the oft-denied but no less manifest preparation of both countries to have recourse to arms should the necessity arise, which gives an unnatural tension to the position of the two rival powers, and renders it uncertain what the events of a single day may not bring forth. France may do what it has a mind to secure the alliance or neutrality of Austria; the latter country knows full well that an alliance with France, even against her late foe, would be fatal to her interests in Germany, and would bring about the interference of Russia, nor could France offer as a bait for such an alliance the opportunity of reconquering any of her lost provinces. France may also do what it has a mind, by warnings or even by threats, to detach the South German governments from those of North Germany; it will be of no avail. The North German confederation, the governments of South Germany, and the minor states which still hold aloof from all confederation, will unite as one family the moment the integrity of any portion of the country is threatened by the action of the military forces of France. That which it will, in the ordinary course of events, take Prussia a long time to do—to bind the fatherland, no longer in part under the dominion of Austria, in one common military and political bond—will be then accomplished in an hour. No political alliances are so quickly made, or so tenacious as those which are brought about by necessity and in the cause of a common safety. It is not impossible that the sense of this important fact is a leading motive for that haughtiness on the part of Prussia which would seem rather to covet an outbreak of hostilities than to seek precautions by which to avert them.

The alliance of Austria with France, overtly advocated in the Corps Législatif, has, however, become all the more necessary from the fact that Italy, by despatching her minister of war, General Cugia, to Berlin, has shown that she is determined to side with Prussia, her last and effective ally, against Austria, in case of a war between France and Prussia. Prussia did not make Italy pay for its alliance in the war of 1866, whilst France rewarded itself by the cession of Savoy and Nice. A war between France and Italy might possibly offer to the latter an opportunity for regaining her lost provinces, and to the House of Savoy the honour of reclaiming the tombs of its ancestors. France, aware of this state of feeling, which is not only dynastic, but general, even with the extreme democratic party, as represented by Garibaldi and Mazzini, sought to effect a counterpoise by despatching General Dumont to Rome; but the inevitable vain-gloriousness of France, which could not help designating the French volunteers in the cause of the Pope as representatives, if not part of, the French army itself, so openly betrayed the character of the

manœuvre as to expose this last attempt on the part of France, not only to support the Pope against united Italy, but to use the already well worn-out tiara against the Italian cause, to the ridicule of all parties, not only in Italy and Prussia, but actually in France itself. The *Indépendance Belge* exclaimed on the occasion that French diplomacy was having a run of bad luck, and Frenchmen laughed at M. Thiers for having said, four months ago, that the government had exhausted the catalogue of blunders.

Not only are the French newspapers as belligerent as those of Prussia, but the press teems with pamphlets and brochures, all equally hostile to the cause of a united Germany, quite regardless of the Luxemburg, the Schleswig, or any other question of international policy. The author of "Gare à la Prusse!" declares, for example, that war to "Unitarism" must be declared in the name of the peace of the world, in the name of human liberty and dignity, and in the name of a general Christian civilisation. But what is "Unitarism"? It means, we are told, "not the mere fact of the reunion of two or more states into one, but the tendency to a certain doctrine which leads to the constitution of these more or less important unities." This is not very clear, but the author explains that language is often made a pretext for establishing what are called aggregations of nationalities, when there is real difference in dialect, climate, manners, and habits. As to a general Christian civilisation, it is to save the Papacy, and the minor states, "guardians of the peace of the world," from a "despotic and savage Unitarism." Unitarism is also Revolution—revolution against Papacy. Unity in Italy, completed by the subjugation of Rome, the last rampart of Christianity and civilisation; unity in the Iberian peninsula, at the expense of the existing ultramontane dynasty; unity in Germany, to the imminent peril of those French populations which have nothing in common with the Teutonic races save the misfortune of speaking their language. "Prussia and the Revolution," we are told, "require peace in order to prepare for their second campaign, as also to blind Europe as to their designs. It would be a pity that Europe should be taken in by such semblances. There can be no peace until Prussian ambition and revolutionary Unitarism shall have been solemnly condemned by a European congress, and definitely neutralised by the resolute attitude of Europe. More than ever is it necessary to shout, 'Gare à la Prusse!' more than ever is it necessary to cast this 'Caveant consules!' at those who hold the destinies of people in their hands." It would be waste of time to reply to such sophistries. A united Italy is dangerous only to that melancholy relic of the middle ages which calls itself the only representative of Christianity, a united Iberian peninsula would be only dangerous to a corrupt and bigoted rule, and a united Germany would be only dangerous to an ambitious military power which will admit of no rivalry in arms.

Viscount de L'Ecuyer, author of a pamphlet entitled "L'Europe Nouvelle," declares that England is already overtaken by a just punishment for having declined a general congress from that petty and narrow rivalry which is the symptom of a nation's decadence, and which France so contemptuously abjured. England opposed the congress with the view of annoying France and destroying its influence in Europe; but it is punished by seeing a power created which will have seaports, commerce,

and a navy. "As for us," says the viscount, "we rejoice in seeing one more enemy surge to the surface against England. It is now long since it has been said that 'the English government is the corrupter of the world.' Now 'Delenda est Carthago!' has become the shout of justice."

But whilst thus rejoicing in the proximate downfal of England, further, we are told, to be hastened by the unity of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the viscount, of noble aspirations, is really terrified for the fate of France before a united Germany. "France," says the aristocratic pamphleteer, "will only take up arms in case of imperious necessity, for it wishes to maintain peace in Europe, and it is a noble part that it has to perform. In fact, if foreign governments continue to allow themselves to be guided by particular interests that are difficult to understand, instead of occupying themselves with the general welfare" (that is, of France, we suppose); "if the Prussian government does not stay that progress of conquests and insolence towards ourselves upon which it has entered; if England does not renounce incessantly exciting continental nations to war one against another, according to the necessities of its egotistical policy, the movement which has begun in Europe will extend itself, will develop itself, and will end in a real anarchy, when, as in the Thirty Years' War, people will fight against one another without knowing the why and the wherefore, so great will be the confusion that will arise.

"There will then be an imperious necessity for France to enter into the conflict: its honour will be assailed, its frontiers will be threatened. It is evident that from the moment the frontiers of the different states on the Continent shall have undergone great modifications, the honour of France and the safety of its territory will imperiously exact its intervention. In the presence of New Europe, France has the right to exact guarantees for the security of its frontiers; and the basis of these guarantees lies manifestly on the Rhine."

But this is not all. France will do more than absorb the left bank of the Rhine. "She will say to the Germans, unite yourselves" (this after accommodating herself with a goodly slice of territory). "To the Hungarians of Austria, to the Poles of Russia, of Austria, and of Prussia she will launch forth the signal of their deliverance; to the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians she will shout, 'Union!' Lastly, leaving England without allies, Russia pressed upon on every side, Austria and Prussia annihilated, or reconstructed after a more logical fashion, herself surrounded by nations who will have attached their destinies to hers, France will advance towards posterity with that *magnifique cortége* of which the Martyr of St. Helena speaks so eloquently, and the anticipation of which gave to him a pleasurable feeling even on that sterile rock, where perfidy, egotism, and terror held him captive."

This is certainly a gorgeous programme. The only misfortune connected with it is, that it is founded upon baseless grounds and untruthful inferences. England does not set continental powers by the ears. A Scandinavian unity would be rather in alliance with Great Britain than opposed to it. The neutrality of the seas is more threatened in the future by America than by Great Britain, or France, or by any minor naval states that may arise; and as to the liberation of the Poles at the

shriek of the Gallic eagle, the annihilation of Prussia and Austria, the casting off of Great Britain from the councils of Europe, the binding of the Muscovite in chains, and France surrounding herself by nations which shall have united their destinies to hers, these are mere rodomontade and illusions—what the French expressively designates as *outre-cuidance*—the *ne plus ultra* of natural vain-gloriousness, and not in any shape reasonable deductions to be drawn from the present state of continental powers and continental alliances.

Dr. Robinet, author of "La France et La Guerre," is one of those theoretical personages who place social advancement in the van before national and dynastic interests. Such social advancement must have, according to the writer, for mental basis, a faith capable of demonstration, and, for a political basis, peace among all people. But how is peace to be obtained? By France, which represents the Revolution, warring against all perturbing nations in order to preserve a general order! As to Prussia, without any other motives than such as are prompted by a dynastic ministerial and national ambition, without respect for the political organisation which has maintained peace in the West since 1815, it wishes to augment its territory by force of arms, to exclude Austria from the Germanic confederation by violence, and to take its place, by attributing to itself by right of conquest a military and political authority which the latter never exercised. It seeks, by breaking up the bonds of the late confederation, to impose brutally another unity, by which it alone would benefit, and which would only result in Germany being oppressed by a population relatively less civilised, since it presents within itself the superannuated exaltation of military instincts, and the domination of a profoundly retrograde feudality and pietism.

France, on the other hand, is the Revolution!—the centre of the modern movement, the head of the Western republic, whose body is represented by Italy, Spain, and Portugal in the south, and in the north by England and Germany, with Polish and Scandinavian *annexes*. France, therefore, cannot tolerate that the bigotry and arrogance of Prussian Protestantism shall be raised up in triumph over the sociability and good sense of the German Catholic population, or that Prussia should found its insolent and monstrous domination upon the ruins of the German confederation. These are strong words fitting the pen of a revolutionary philosopher, whose principles are a demonstrable religion, and a general peace carried out by France playing the part of a European gendarmerie, and forcing its ideas upon all other powers at the point of the sword. Revolutionary propagandism leaves dynastic and national ambitions in the remote background; it assumes a theoretical basis of a general humanitarian amelioration, and then insists upon that theory being forced down the throats of all people and nations by the military prowess of one dominant power, and which it must do, we are told, "even if it were abandoned to its own forces in that great enterprise!"

The author of a pamphlet of imposing aspect, both in regard to size of page and type and luxury of margin, and which is entitled "Les Alliances Austro-Française et Austro-Prusso-Russe," argues the advantage of a Franco-Austrian alliance over a triple coalition of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. Such a coalition or alliance could, it is said, have

only one object in view, which would be to tumble Napoleon III. from the throne, and to put a Bourbon in his place. "Wisdom," we are therefore told, "counsels France and Austria to unite themselves in an offensive and defensive alliance, so as to direct the democratic movement which manifests itself in every direction in Europe, and yet to preserve themselves from the fatal spirit of conquest which still agitates certain courts. The Austro-French alliance should be at once carried out; it has become a political necessity for Austria as well as for France. It contains within itself a vast programme of prosperity, regeneration, and glory for these two great empires. Any other combination of alliances would be a misfortune for Europe. Let Austria remember Königsgrätz, and do not let France forget Waterloo!!!" There is no doubt that the Emperor Napoleon III. will do his best to bring about the policy advocated in this sumptuous pamphlet, which has a strong official savour about it, and which, we are told, would ensure also the alliance or neutrality of England, threatened by a proximate democratic revolution, and would also neutralise the proximate Russo-American alliance, which threatens to far-seeing politicians the future of Europe.

*Bella: horida bella!* are the text words of M. Louis Rochat, who also gives his ideas "de la Crise Européenne actuelle" to an admiring public. According to this publicist, the congress for opposing which England and Austria are now in the eyes of a writer previously quoted undergoing the penalties of isolation and humiliation, could have done nothing; it might have delayed war, but it could not have suppressed an armed peace. A capital reform, which shall include the emancipation of the masses, can alone bring about a permanent peace. According to this eclectic writer, all are in the right, at the same time that all are in the wrong. Russia is in the right to claim the Dardanelles, by which it can any day be excluded from the commerce of the world. Poland is in the right when it wishes to reconquer its ancient nationality. Italy is in the right when it claims Rome as its capital. Prussia—the seat of philosophy, arts, and sciences—is in the right when it seeks to regularise and extend its hitherto divided territory and to create a marine to itself. Austria is in the right when it seeks for compensation in the east for what it has lost in the west. And lastly, France is in the right when it seeks to close those gates which a victorious enemy has left open to the invaders of her territory.

But a bad territorial constitution, we are also told, still exists throughout Europe. The generality of states are deprived by that vicious position of things of the conditions necessary for their prosperity, and are hence fatally reduced to pursue their acquisition arms in hand. A general reform is the only remedy for the unfortunate international antagonisms which are daily surging to the surface, and entailing ruinous and sanguinary discords. "A complete *remaniement* of Europe, for Europe, by Europe," is, indeed, according to M. Rochat, "the sole radical remedy to this false position of things."

M. Rochat is not, however, the only man in the field who possesses a talisman by which to settle the affairs of Europe. "Bas les masques," exclaims Louis Abraham, at the head of his title-page, "Question Austro-Prussienne Problème résolu." The desire which Prussia manifests of "rounding itself" at the expense of its neighbours

will, according to this solver of problems, set fire to a train of powder which will involve all Europe in the conflagration! Prussia cannot depend upon the secondary German states, or upon the southern states, which are all hostile to its policy and tendencies! They would all march with Austria against the so-called *unificateur* of Germany. A congress would do nothing. It should be preceded by a decisive war, by which Bismark should be put aside, and a permanent state of peace brought about. This is a solution of a problem which involves the defeat and humiliation of Prussia, and Abraham has an eye to business in proposing it. "We do not know what Europe would grant to the man who would guarantee peace in an efficacious manner, but it must be allowed that such a man will have deserved an honest reward." Not a bad idea. Be Christians, not nominally, but really and truly so. If smote on one cheek, turn the other, and there will be permanent peace in Europe. The Christian could, if this solution of the problem were accepted, have as much deserved "an honest reward" as the (presumed) Israelite who advocates a decisive war.

Happily all the pamphlets of the hour are not penned in the same strain. We have, for example, a writer who, under the assumed name of Ab-Telli, argues in his "Révolution Allemande et Equilibre Européen," that German unification arose out of the national reconstitution of Italy. Such a unification, he further propounds, should be German, not Prussian, and Magdeburg should be its capital. Belgium should also unite with Holland, as in olden times. France is powerful, and should be satisfied with its existing frontiers; she has nothing to take from any one. The Pope should be transferred to Constantinople. But the problem of nationalities not being yet completely solved, a European union should be called into existence to determine that which can alone ensure a permanent peace.

So also M. Alphonse de Calonne, in his pamphlet entitled "La Politique de la France, dans les Affaires d'Allemagne et d'Italie," argues that "the work that is being accomplished in Prussia and in Italy is not, as is too often pretended, a work of ambition. It is pre-eminently a work of the time, the necessary accomplishment of a twofold destiny, the consequence of an idea of justice and of truth." France should congratulate itself at the movements of these two countries towards unification, and not complain of them. They are so many auxiliaries, that will present themselves in the march of civilisation towards progress. The more powerful these nations become, the more powerful will France also be; and so far from quarrelling about petty ambitions, France should, on the contrary, work at effacing the remembrance of old errors and the bitterness of new jealousies. Would that all thoughtful Frenchmen were of the same opinion as M. Alphonse de Calonne.

The author of a pamphlet entitled "Napoléon III. et La Prusse," goes even still further. He argues that the alliance of France and Prussia is not only necessary, but indispensable. France first disturbed the treaties of 1815 by the annexation of Savoy and Nice; Prussia has done no more in annexing the duchies on the Elbe. Prussia can only address itself efficaciously to France in its legitimate aspirations to play a great part in European politics, and by that alliance alone can it carry out those aspirations without the necessity for striking a blow. France,

on its side, should finish for ever with its unjust pretensions upon the banks of the Rhine, and which will ever present an obstacle to a good understanding between it and Germany. If France is a military nation, so also is Prussia a bellicose nation. The two people have tastes in common; they ought to come to an understanding. If France gives up for once and for ever its claims to the frontier of the Rhine, Prussia on its side should make a cession in the direction of Sarrelouis, which would include the coal-mines of Sarrebrück. Prussia could obtain the alliance of France by this territorial concession, and then it would have no enemy to fear, however formidable he might be. Austria would be paralysed, Russia anxious, England humiliated; but neither of the three, feeling their powerlessness in the presence of this formidable league of two homogeneous peoples, would seek to disturb the peace of Europe. The political future of Europe, according to this paradoxical pamphleteer, lies then in the two cabalistic words, "Prussia and France."

The position of Great Britain, in case of war breaking out between France and Prussia, has been most variously discussed. One eminent publicist, remarking upon Louis Blanc's "Letters on England," says: "It is on this question of England's feeling towards Prussia, that M. Louis Blanc falls into what we deem his one conspicuous error. As a Frenchman, he owes to Prussia a serious grudge. Nearly all Frenchmen hate Prussia; and it is only the philosophical among them who can treat her with even a show of fairness. Not only did that power inflict terrible chastisement on the First Empire, but she stands in the way of that French development towards the Rhine, which is the sin, perhaps the necessary sin, of any Napoleonic system. But we English have no dislike to Prussia. She is not in our way; she has very seldom been our enemy in the field. Her people are of our stock, professing our religion, delighting in our literature, and, while showing us a good example to follow in many things, bent on imitating our freedom of thought and speech. Instead of wishing them any harm, we wish them all good, and not for their own sakes merely, but for ours. A French development towards the Rhine is one of those Napoleonic ideas to which England is most adverse. We have as lively a dread of seeing the French eagles at Coblentz, as of seeing the Russian eagles at Stamboul. We should probably go to war, and make it war to the knife, if either bird of prey were to make a threatening swoop. The interests which bind us to Turkey bind us to Prussia, but with closer and more numerous ties, and they are of the kind which hardly depend upon times and seasons, persons and things. Next to our brethren in the United States, our kinsmen of North Germany are our natural allies, and a trouble with either of these nations would have for us the deplorable and detestable character of a civil war."

There is a great deal of truth in this. There is no doubt that the general feeling of England is more in favour of Prussia than of France, notwithstanding our disapproval of the conduct of the former in Denmark, and feelings of resentment created by the occasional haughtiness of petty Prussian officials. But we are also at present, happily, friendly with France, and while we should be placed in a false position in alliance with the second French empire against those who fought so nobly by our side in order to overthrow a first, still there is nothing in the question,

as far as it has as yet gone, to lead to deductions that it would be either our interest or our policy to interfere, however much we might deprecate any aggressive movement on the part of France. Prussia is quite strong enough to defend her frontiers single-handed, and with the co-operation, which would infallibly be brought about on the occasion of any aggressive movement of France on Coblentz or Mayence, of the South German governments, she would be strong enough, under favourable circumstances, even to render the war disastrous to the second French empire.

The misfortune of Germany, and especially of Prussia, is that it is overrun, like most other countries, by a party of dreamy, discontented, obstructive persons, who believe that they belong to the party of progress, when they are, in reality, the obstinate representatives of the party of retrogression. Just as the Conservative party in England has been the only one to carry a Reform Bill, even when opposed by the so-called liberal party, whose only avocations were promised reforms; so in Prussia the so-called party of progress is doing everything in its power to prevent or impede the fulfilment of that unification of Germany which is being brought about by the Conservatives, and which would most tend to the power and prosperity of a common fatherland. Recent experience has, indeed, shown that in many countries besides England the so-called liberals are by no means the most patriotic classes.

When, on the 12th of February of the present year, the Prussian people approached the electoral urns for the North German imperial diet, all sensible men clearly saw the point of view which ought to guide them in the performance of the elective act. Austria had been ejected from Germany, South Germany was vanquished, North Germany connected with Prussia under the influence of the Prussian victories, and the constitution for the North German confederacy agreed on by the federal governments. That constitution did not, it is true, unite all Germany, though there was a desire entertained in many quarters that such should be the case, but the momentary means of power were insufficient for the accomplishment of such an object. The constitution, moreover, did not contain all those liberal guarantees which many people desired, although there were so many points recommending its acceptance. Though it did not unite all Germany, it nevertheless united thirty millions of Germans into one great constitutional commonwealth, and it contained, though not everything that was desired, yet many of those things that were needed. But the principal consideration was, that if the constitution was rejected the whole confederation would necessarily fall to pieces, and that such a mishap would excite the sneers of its enemies at Vienna and Paris. It was this consideration which guided the majority at the imperial diet in passing their votes, and thus was accomplished that work by which the North German confederacy gained a firm foundation. The majority were animated with the national idea, and to that idea they justly sacrificed all their party theories.

There seems, however, much reason to apprehend that the next imperial diet will assume a very different aspect. The national idea appearing to be secured, party theories will resume a greater influence, and parties will show a greater tendency to separate from and to oppose each other than they did at the first imperial diet. The party which voted against the federal constitution is fast regaining its former ascend-

ancy; the progress men are of opinion that now, more than ever, the North German confederation requires as representatives, not men who take into account the actual circumstances and accommodate their actions to the posture of affairs, but characters pursuing their aim with unwavering determination, despising all compromises, and only bent on depriving the government of all power, and reducing it to absolute obedience.

The so-called progress party indulges in the hope of obtaining, by the help of this idea, the majority at the next elections. In addition to this, the confidence which the government had gained by its military victories of last year has well-nigh evaporated among the masses in consequence of the opposition carried on against the government by hundreds of little newspapers and petty periodicals. The populace is made to believe that the government thinks of nothing but how to augment the taxes, and that an augmentation of taxes must inevitably lead to want of employment. In fact, it would be impossible to act more unpatriotically than the progress party does, and if the liberals of the new provinces and of the small states belonging to the North German confederacy were not wiser than the members of the Prussian progress party are, there would be much reason to apprehend that the national unity, which has been gained at such a cost of life and treasure, would be lost again as speedily as it has been brought about.

There are also parties in North Germany, and whole circles in South Germany, hostile to Prussia, who would take pleasure in seeing the North German confederacy tumble to pieces, or Prussia become involved in a disastrous war which would bring about the same deplorable results. These parties aver that Count Bismark was ready and willing to surrender not only the question of guarantees to Germans in North Schleswig, but that that statesman is also willing to surrender both Duppel and Alsen for the sake of preserving the peace, and that he would certainly do so but for the king's opposition. It can, however, be readily foreseen, that as the royal prerogative is paramount in questions of foreign policy and of war, in the event of the latter being brought about by this untoward Schleswig question, the so-called progress party will be brought with the liberals of the new provinces and states under military conscription as part of the North German confederation, and will have to ventilate their theories on the field of battle, whilst the parties hostile to Prussian ascendancy in South Germany will have to give way before that first and most imperious of all the instincts of human nature —that of self-preservation.

It is necessary, to form a correct opinion as to the actual and real amount of the discontent which is said to prevail in the new provinces in consequence of the introduction of institutions from the old country, to understand and to know that the voices expressing that discontent proceed but to a very limited extent from the new provinces themselves. In closely examining the articles which are cited in newspapers of the old country as proofs of dissatisfaction in the new provinces, it will be found that most of them owe their origin to newspapers published in the old country, more especially such as have been edited at Berlin. Many of those papers, particularly the lithographed *Correspondence*, imagine they require discontent in the new provinces for enabling themselves to carry out their factious purposes. Accordingly, everything calculated to hurt

those provinces and to excite their discontent is emphatically expatiated on, and placed in the most unfavourable light. Exaggeration is unsparingly employed, and even the most obvious falsehoods are resorted to. A most productive field is, for example, offered to the opponents of the government by the alterations in the methods of taxation, projected in consequence of the reconstruction of the Zollverein. Those alterations are represented by them as intolerable grievances in the shape of augmentations of the taxes, whereas such statements are utterly unfounded.

The fact is, however, that the existence of a party of malcontents in North Germany no more weakens the existing confederation than the disloyalty of the misguided Catholic peasantry of Ireland weakens Great Britain. The middle and upper classes are almost to a man well affected, and in Ireland, as in Germany, the discontented enlist or emigrate at their own free will, or brood over imaginary wrongs, subjected to the laws which they consider themselves so well qualified to reform or to set at defiance. So also with regard to the anti-Prussian party in the southern states, the effectual creation of that military and political alliance which so recently roused France to a condition of bellicose frenzy, leaves the party in question in the position of a helpless minority, and obliges the southern states, even if they were not called upon to act in case of French aggression by considerations of personal safety, to do so in virtue of the alliance thus concluded. Were the question to be decided between France and Prussia simply one of the cession of North Schleswig to Denmark, of the boundaries to be adopted, and of the guarantees to be given to the Germans residing in that territory, no reasonable beings could establish thereon a *casus belli*. But it is not only that France regards the military power of Prussia with feelings of rivalry, and the unification of Germany as a menace, it is also vain enough to put forward that unification as establishing a domination of Germany in the affairs of the Continent which is injurious to the just influence of France! Such a plea is as insulting to Russia, to Great Britain, and to Austria, as it is to Germany. Is it fit or proper that any one nation should dominate on the Continent to the exclusion of all others? It may be very gratifying to French vanity to consider itself as the arbiter of fashion and elegance, the *caput et frons* of literature, art, and science, the advance guard of civilisation, matchless in arms, and dominant in politics, but the peace of Europe would not rest on safer grounds were all these elements of supremacy firmly established, than if they were even in part disputed by other nations. But to be ever ready to substantiate the claims of France to political domination in the affairs of Europe by force of arms, is to place other powers in such a position of inferiority as to almost make it desirable even to those who, from a multitude of reasons, amongst which friendly regard stands uppermost, would not wish to witness such a result, that a nation which claims so much should be made to feel the bitterness of a condign humiliation.

There is no question but that whilst deprecating a war of conquest, France, even to the extreme democratic party, as represented by Baron Dupin and by Monsieur Jules Favre, look upon the unification of Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, as a danger to the country. This is unquestionably a mere sentimental view of the fact, and is utterly unsupported by historical antecedents, by actual experience, or by common

sense. France has, in the progress of consolidation and in the process of aggrandisement, taken much more from Germany than Germany ever has from France. France has, from the days of Charlemagne to those of Louis XIV., and from that epoch to the times of Napoleon the Great, and even of Napoleon III.—witness the annexation of Savoy and Nice—been more aggressive than Germany. It is true that Prussia has shown herself aggressive in our own times, but it has been solely in view of confederating Germany under one head, obtaining an available sea-board, and of establishing the rule of a Protestant and German dynasty over a united fatherland, as opposed to the rule of a Catholic dynasty, whose sway depended upon the agglomeration of various nationalities. Prussia has in reality, no more than any other German state, made any aggressive demonstration against France, nor is it its interest to do so. It does not seek aggrandisement in the direction of France, and its conduct in the Luxemburg question, a federal fortress held by a Prussian force, and coming when the unification of Germany should have been effected under Prussian rule, as held by the King of Holland only as a federal duke, was decidedly of a marked pacific and conciliatory character. There is nothing, then, in historical antecedents, or in the experience of what is going on in our own times, to warrant the deduction that the unification of Germany is any way a danger to France. Such a unification unquestionably gives much greater power to Germany, as one grand military and political confederation, to resist any encroachments on the part of France, than when divided into a number of different states and territories, acting sometimes, as in the days of the great Napoleon, adversely to one another; but there is nothing on the other side to warrant the supposition that such a unification will be used in an aggressive spirit against France any more than against Russia, Austria, Turkey, Italy, or any other country, excepting Denmark and Holland, in which Prussia urges the rights, so often insisted upon by the Emperor of France himself, of the aggregation of nationalities. If France should enter upon a war of mere rivalry with Germany, the latter, if successful, would naturally put forward those historical and national claims to the Germanic provinces of France, which certainly would not otherwise be brought forward. Common sense would dictate, then, to France the wisdom of remaining content with what she possesses, in the presence of the unification of Germany, rather than to tempt what Napoleon III. has himself designated as "the happy chances of war," to extend the frontier to the left bank of the Lower Rhine, when the said chances may have as a result the loss of Alsatia and Lorraine.

It has been said that we in England are in the habit of attaching undue importance to the armaments of our continental neighbours. We are apt to forget that France is not protected from invasion by nature as England is; that her territory is counterminous with that of her enemy; and that a much larger armed force is necessary to guard an extended line of land frontier, than if it were open to the country threatened to choose its own point of defence. The army is to France what the navy is to England—the natural and necessary means of protection. It is unavoidable that it should be maintained in a much larger proportion to the population than in countries which are protected by the sea. There is also a greater necessity for the armed force being kept in perpetual readiness for active

service. The difference between an English and a French standing army is, in fact, precisely such as between a ship of war in ordinary and a ship in commission. On our side, perhaps, we are too much inclined to rely upon the potential efficiency of our army, and too apt to let a weapon rust which is so rarely required except for offence. But an active and powerful army is the bulwark of France. She can never afford to run the risk of neglecting that which is her main national resource—the guarantee of her independence, the foundation of her greatness, if not of her existence. This is to a certain extent true, but the French themselves admit that the military levies and preparations at present going on are excessive and onerous beyond precedent; that they exceed what is necessary for the defence of the country, and that they must have an offensive object in view. This, too, at a time when Prussia is neither prepared nor inclined to assume the offensive against France. The conciliatory line of conduct which she adopted, mainly at the instigation of England, in the Luxemburg question, fully attests this. She has enough to do to quiet dissension at home, to bring the confederated states of the north under her political, military, and commercial régime, and to establish a firm alliance with the Southern German states, without involving herself in a great war with a powerful military rival. France may view the aggrandisement of Prussia on the Elbe and in the Danish provinces, and the extension of her influence in Bavaria and Würtemberg with distrust, but to interfere in the domestic arrangements of Germany, and especially to interfere by force of arms, is at once to unite all Germany in one common bond against such presumptuous conduct.

Yet it has been further argued that, whether or not such a country as France, inspired with a proud military sentiment, and with ample cause to be jealous of her prowess, is not sometimes too sensitive to take offence, is a question which strangers can hardly ever decide satisfactorily. Every nation must be admitted to be the best guardian of its own honour, and the best judge of its own interests. There can be no general standard by which to form any kind of international opinion as to whether any nation has an army too strong or too weak. It is one of the vainest things in the world, too, for one nation to preach to another of what should be the measure of its armed force; and this is peculiarly likely to be without fruit when it is suspected, with or without cause, that the country advising has a personal interest in the course recommended. It is easy for such a country as England both to preach peace and to practise it. Our own frontiers are supposed to be sufficiently well guarded; a very doubtful case. We suppose that we have no enemy to fear, and we are certainly and happily careless of mere sentimental rivalry. It is not very easy for us to indulge in large armies upon British soil, even if it were our humour to do so. It is not the kind of vanity to which we are prone. It is no wonder, therefore, that we should be apt to be a little severe in its condemnation when we perceive it in a neighbour. To the intellect of an ordinary Frenchman, trained in the traditions of his country, and little accustomed to regard such questions from a catholic point of view, the fact that England remonstrated against so large a French army would be no argument for its reduction. The French armament is not maintained to please the neighbours of France. However disinterested

we may be in our zeal for peace, we must expect our motives to be questioned so long as nations share in the infirmities of individuals.

But the peace of Europe is threatened to be broken, upon what must avowedly appear to all disinterested observers as a most insufficient pretext. There is no longer any reason to doubt that France is preparing for a war of aggression, or that the French people are inclined for it, to a degree unequalled during the last quarter of a century. They will admit of no rival in arms. The very danger, it has been said, is all the more formidable from the very vagueness of the preliminary causes of quarrel. If it were a case where a positive injury had been inflicted or endured on one side or the other, we might hope that the question could be settled by reference to the general tribunal of the great European powers. But now that Austria has been temporarily humbled, who are the great powers? There are only Russia and Great Britain, and Russia may take one side, or make of a European war a means of personal aggrandisement in the East; but it will not interfere, and Great Britain is by no means so great as an aggressive power to do so with effect. Her very prestige suffered grievously from the spoliation of the Danish provinces.

As to Spain, Italy, Turkey, or Scandinavia, they are but as secondary powers compared with France and Prussia when armed to the teeth. It is well to face the facts as they really stand. Italy, with Rome as a capital, and its finances recruited, may become a great power, and Austria, falling back upon Hungary and her Slavonian provinces, will rise like a giant refreshed; but Spain can only rise by an internal revolution, and Muhammadan Turkey will never become a power in Europe. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark united would be powerful for defence, but as little so for offence as Great Britain. How many had plumed themselves upon the idea that a prominent ground of offence between France and Prussia, which appeared to be a tangible subject for discussion, having been arranged peacefully by the interposition of England, the embers of war had been finally extinguished? The fact of France advancing a claim to Luxemburg was of itself a key-note to war; if it was induced to accept an arrangement, it was simply because it was not ready, and it was the year for harvesting the proceeds of a great Exhibition. The Luxemburg question, like that of Mayence, and Rastadt, and the Schleswig question (and plenty of these questions will surge to the surface in the progress of the dispute), were, and are still, only covers for the real quarrel between France and Prussia. It is a question of military and political supremacy, and of the possession of the left bank of the Rhine. In such a case mediation is utterly hopeless. The fact that a good feeling between the two neighbours on the Rhine has not followed upon the adjustment of the Luxemburg dispute, proves that the sources of disagreement lie deeper than diplomacy can reach. It shows that the question between France and Prussia is not one of frontier fortresses or of the interpretation of treaties. The Prussian garrison has departed from Luxemburg, and still the sentiment of France is not satisfied. Prussia, on its side, is as careless to wound as France is sensitive to hurt. Neither can very well recede without subjecting herself to what, in her own eyes, must appear a humiliation. The triumphs of the one country are no less dangerous to peace than the reverses of the other. The one government has lately acquired an unexpected and sudden increase of

grandeur, while the other, almost simultaneously, has been subject in Mexico to a mortifying and disastrous discomfiture. If ever there was a time when we might anticipate a collision between the two countries whom the Rhine divides, it is now. With every exchange of taunts we have an increase of armament on each side; and each fresh proof of material power only makes the possessor of it more sensitive to those verbal attacks which nations, as well as individuals, find it so hard to bear.

By the strict rule of the principle of non-intervention, the quarrels of our neighbours are none of our business. We are bound to let the war be, so long as it does not concern ourselves. But it has been argued that it is hardly possible that such a war should be confined to the Rhine border. No great European quarrel was ever fought out between the two original principals solely, and the tendency for a war to spread and become general is greater in these latter days than ever it was before. Are we, then, prepared to remain with our weapons sheathed in any turn of the quarrel, and even though others, having no more concern in it than ourselves, should think fit to join on one side or the other? We do not at all agree with the issue here anticipated. Instead of the tendency of war to spread in modern times, the new armaments and systems tend to limit its operation. The campaign of 1866, in which Prussia, Austria, Italy, Bavaria, and Würtemberg were engaged, was yet brief, and failed to compromise other countries. If we could afford to hold by non-intervention when Denmark was spoiled of its provinces, and at a time when we could have interfered with effect, there was no longer time to interfere when Hanover was lost to the family reigning over Great Britain. There is no reason to believe as yet that the interests of Great Britain will be more severely jeopardised in a war between France and Prussia, than they were in the war between Austria and Prussia and Denmark, and which led to the war between Austria and Prussia and Italy. If others, having no more concern in the war than ourselves, should think fit to join one side or the other, that is no reason why we should do so, unless our interests, our honour, or our safety became seriously involved in the progress of events and the unforeseen combinations or disasters—as, for example, the overrunning of Belgium—that might follow upon it.

To side with either of the belligerents also presents great difficulties. No good could possibly come of any such Quixotic interference. If ever we had intended to go hand in hand with France, it ought to have been to aid her in establishing an empire in Mexico, and in sustaining the Southern Confederacy. By so doing, we might have placed the British provinces of North America for ever out of harm's way; but to side with France in a war with Germany, would only be to bring Russia and Austria at once into the field. Again, family ties unite this country with Prussia and other German states, yet to side with Germany and enter upon a war with our nearest and most powerful neighbour, whose friendship we have so zealously cultivated, whose commercial intercommunication we have so laboured to enhance, and whose ruler, whatever may be his faults, has always behaved loyally towards us, would be worse than a crime—it would be the greatest possible mistake, and might entail the most terrible reprisals, for what would be justly termed our perfidy, at

some future epoch in our history. France and Prussia may settle their rivalry on the Rhine; it will not the less remain for Great Britain and France to one day settle the question of the sovereignty of the seas with those who claim America as solely for the Americans, and the Pacific and the Atlantic as American lakes. A different system with regard to our colonies might, as we have before propounded, place us in a position of independence with regard to France in case of war with America; but as such a system seems to find no support among those in power, it would, under existing circumstances, be almost suicidal to side against France for the sake of Prussia. To side with France, again, would inevitably entail the immediate breaking up of the Turkish rule in Europe, and the Sultan's provinces would pass almost without a blow into the hands of Russia and Austria. A difference of opinion may arise when others, having no more concern in the war than ourselves, may think fit to join one side or the other; or when others, with the most anxious desire to keep aloof, may get involved in the vortex; but these may be discussed as they arise, and in the mean time diplomatic interference in a question of such magnitude will only expose the interferers to contumely, and involve "giddy heads in foreign quarrel."

A further guarantee to the hope that other nations will not be involved in a war between France and Prussia, is to be found in the fact that neither are as yet supposed to have secured any important foreign alliances. Prussia declares that the best alliance she can have is her magnificent army, in conjunction with the armies of the northern, and it hopes of the southern states, her well-organised finances, her independence of parliamentary majorities in foreign affairs, both as regards peace and war, and lastly, her readiness at all times to stand up for the interests of the German nation, irrespective of territorial divisions. "There is, then," says the *New Prussian* (*Cross*) *Gazette*, "no necessity for seeking to establish alliances, for if they be natural alliances they will not be slow to arise of themselves. Moreover, not more or less hazardous experiments, but necessity, as we all know, is the best guide in contracting an alliance." This may be taken as a pretty broad hint to the southern states, as also to such minor states as still hold more or less aloof from the bonds of the North German confederacy.

But as to France, late events have shown that she has been doing her utmost to contract an alliance with Austria, preparatory to the coming war with Prussia. There is, however, every reason to believe that M. de Beust has steadfastly declined to pledge himself to so dangerous a course, nor does it appear that the Emperor Napoleon's anticipation of the Kaiser's visit, by meeting him more than half way, or the visit of the Kaiser himself to the metropolis of France, have overcome the scruples which oppose themselves to such an alliance. No doubt it would be gratifying to the Austrians to have an early opportunity of avenging Sadowa, and there is no telling what the Emperor Napoleon may not have held out to tempt the Kaiser into an alliance; but, on the other hand, M. de Beust's pique against his old rival, Count Bismark, must give way before the consideration that the task of Austria in the projected alliance would be to pull out of the fire the chesnuts which France means to make a meal of. Nor is public feeling in Vienna at all favourable to a French alliance. Common sense is by no means deficient in the Austrian capital, and it

requires but little discrimination on the part of the Austrians to perceive that France, in seeking for their alliance at this the third hour, is looking solely to her own interests, and not to those of Austria. Besides this, the Austrians know full well that all their dealings with the Second Empire have been disastrous; her hostility cost Austria, Lombardy; her friendship did not prevent Sadowa; when a word from the Tuileries would have prevented Prussia's moving a single regiment, France was silent—a reticence which she now bitterly regrets; when Austria sued for the French alliance last year, the reply was, "I will not bind myself to a corpse." The fate of Maximilian has also produced a powerful impression on the Austrians, and has strengthened their conviction that "'tis better using France than trusting France." Such an alliance would, further, be highly unpopular throughout the German parts of the empire; the populations having no wish to war against the fatherland for the mere political and territorial aggrandisement of France. Austria has thus, laying aside the chances of Russian interference, if she throws her power into the balance against Germany, nothing to gain by such a suicidal act but the temporary gratification of a paltry feeling of revenge, whilst she has everything to lose by joining the "hereditary enemy" of Germany.

It is impossible to predict anything as to the results of a war between two great military powers like France and Prussia. France has its traditions of superiority over continental powers; but even under the great Napoleon sad reverses were ultimately experienced. The triumphs of Napoleon III. over the Austrians in Italy surprised most thinking men, and served to confirm the prestige of success; but Magenta was nearly proving fatal to the French forces, and the emperor himself hesitated in presence of the Quadrilateral. The Prussians have also their traditions, and the prestige of recent successes and experience. But those who have read our carefully digested account of the campaigns of 1866 will not have failed to observe that many of their victories over the Austrians and Germans were, notwithstanding their marked superiority in arms, ably, and, in some cases, nearly successfully contested. Even at Sadowa the army corps of the centre was paralysed during the greater part of the combat, and would, in all probability, have been overthrown, but for the successes of the army corps of the left and right. The Austrians were further placed at a great disadvantage by the conflicting opinions of the ruling powers and the commander-in-chief, which led to hesitation, to holding back forces which should have been hurried to the front, and finally, to giving a decisive battle in a false position. France has in its favour its well-known efficiency in military arrangements, and a presumed superiority of weapons, which will be added to that prestige of success which tells so strongly with soldiers, but which is equally quickly cooled by a check. The system of conscription, which permits of substitutes, is also favourable to the raising of large bodies of rude and reckless men, while the raising of officers from the ranks ensures their being led by brave men, who are equally reckless of the lives of the soldiers under their command. The Prussians have also the prestige of efficient musketry instruction with tried weapons.

Their system of conscription, which does not admit of substitutes, is also much vaunted as supplying the army with intelligent combatants;

but the obligation thus imposed upon the middle classes of serving in the ranks, not as volunteers, but as conscripts, is objectionable on many grounds: it deprives the countries that adopt such a system of the sinews of material prosperity, entails ruin on the family, and drives many to America and other distant countries. It is also but imperfectly adapted for bringing that reckless intrepidity into the field of battle which is one of the elements of success—this, however, the experience of the war of 1866 may be fairly said to place in doubt—nor would an army composed even in part of such materials be expected to stand the wear and tear, the fatigues, privations, and exposure of a prolonged campaign. But, again, the old system of warfare, such as in the days of Marlborough and Eugène, causing armies to lay for months entrenched in swamps before strong places, is now utterly exploded. The campaigns in Central Germany, in Saxony, Moravia, and Bohemia, and in Italy, were all brought to a conclusion by combats in the open field, and not by the investment or capture of strong places. Even Königstein was left with its garrison in the rear of the victorious Prussians. The battles of the Quadrilateral were fought both by the French and the Italians in the open fields of Solferino and Custozza with different results.

Taking all the various points of comparison into consideration, the Prussian army corps will be in all respects on a par with that of France, which will only have the advantage of the best fleet with which to operate at available points in the North Sea or the Baltic. The Prussian leaders have the advantage of education and experience, but they have not, like the French, risen from subaltern ranks, and they cannot, therefore, be supposed to possess the same military instinct which has placed the latter in positions of the highest distinction. The Prussian soldier, on the other hand, possesses that Anglo-Saxon stubbornness, and that Teutonic power of resistance, which is best adapted to cope with the impetuosity of the Franks, and if the latter should not meet with brilliant successes on their first advance to or across the Rhine, the campaign is very likely to be to them an untoward one, if not positively disastrous. If the French would, if victorious, rectify their frontiers by annexing the left bank of the Lower Rhine, so would the Germans, if successful, most certainly annex the old Germanic states on the left bank of the Middle Rhine, leaving the Vosges to constitute the eastern frontier of the turbulent Gauls. It would, perhaps, be better for the future peace of Europe that the latter should be the result of a war undertaken without sufficient reasons to excuse the waste of life and treasure, and the misery and wretchedness, that will be entailed upon whole populations by a sanguinary warfare, not to mention the baneful influence of war upon general prosperity, and the chance of involving other non-belligerent nations in this rivalry of two adjacent military powers. If France must aggrandise itself in the presence of a United Germany, it would be wiser to do so by unjust aggressions among the Latin races of the south than by the forcible annexation of the Protestant nations of the north of Europe, and it is not yet certain if the astute Emperor of the French will not yet be influenced by the superior wisdom (laying aside all considerations of rectitude) of the latter course of action.

# THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

## PART THE EIGHTH.

### I.

THE DAY BEFORE.

"SUICIDE!" Mrs. Ashton presently repeated, in answer to a question from Robert. "Yes, she used to hold very odd opinions about suicide when she was quite a girl. I know I used to feel quite shocked at her sometimes."

"I wish she'd put 'em in practice now," muttered Robert.

"She won't do anything of the kind."

"I don't suppose she will, to oblige us. But about these opinions; what were they?"

"I am sure I don't remember, except that they were profane and shocking."

"Something about hanging yourself to the bedpost for a lark?"

"Oh no, Robert; not about doing anything for a lark. I think it was a notion she had that suicide under certain circumstances might be justifiable, if one were very hard pressed. It was wicked of her to imagine such a thing, of course. There was a poem that she was very fond of, composed by Hood, called The Bridge——my memory fails me, but I think it was about a girl who behaved improperly, and was deserted by her lover, and drowned herself. I did not think it was a fit thing for Grace to read. I am sure I tried to be as careful of her as I could, but she was so odd and so wilful. Oh dear! she was always a trouble to me—always."

"Never mind that now; try to keep to the matter in hand. Did she copy out the poetry, or write anything about it? Susan has a great bundle of papers somewhere, belonging to her."

"Yes; they are in a box in the front attic. I don't know what they are about; extracts from books, and such-like, I believe."

Robert volunteered to bring down the box, but Mrs. Ashton declined to be left alone, and went up-stairs with him. The papers were tied together in bundles, and were partly, as Mrs. Ashton had said, extracts from books, and partly jottings down of thoughts, fancies, and opinions. Suddenly Robert's eye was caught by the words "black river," in the beginning of a poem that was headed "Esther," and signed G. A. He set to work laboriously to read and understand it; the realm of poetry was to him unknown ground, but his earnest desire to understand what he read, partly supplied the place of intelligence and cultivation. The poem had been written by Grace after she had read and studied The Bridge of Sighs, and some of the verses ran thus:

Down to the sullen depths
Of the black river,
Where the swift currents cease,
Where one eternal peace
Broodeth for ever;

Slowly it sank, and sank,
Lower and lower,
Swayed by the ebb and flow,
Faintly rocked to and fro,
Slower and slower;

Sank to the depths at last
Of the still water,
Now an unfathomed plain
Flows between earthly pain
And Sorrow's Daughter.

"Refuge of all," she said,
"Thou wilt not leave me.
Oh, let me come to Thee,
Shut not Thy love from me,
Deign to receive me.

"Thou knowest, Thou, from whom
Nothing is hidden,
That not in recklessness,
Nor in rebelliousness,
Come I, unbidden.

"I leave a living tomb,
This world has grown one,
Oh Holy One and Just,
I come to Thee in trust,
Pity the lone one.

"And as the Jewish Queen
Near the Throne ventured,
Driven by deep despair,
Though no voice called her there,
And was uncensured;

"Even so stretch to me
The golden sceptre;
All other hope is gone—
Look with compassion on
Another Esther."

"Who the deuce was Esther?" This was Robert's commentary.

"Oh, some one in the Bible—a Jewish queen, as the poem says. It was not lawful for her to approach the king without permission, but as she was in trouble, and wanted him to help her, she ventured to do so, and he held out the golden sceptre to her as a sign of mercy. Grace turns the story, quite profanely, into the history of a suicide. I don't suppose that any respectable publisher would print such stuff as that."

"Never mind, it will serve our purpose very well. Is there a date to it?"

"No."

"Then we must put one. I think I can manage to date it for this month in her handwriting, but I would rather do it by daylight. To-

morrow I must talk to Susan; and now I think we may as well go to bed."

"I shall not sleep—I shall count the hours till it gets light. Oh, why was she ever born to bring us to this?" moaned the old sinner.

"Why, as to that, I don't suppose she could help being born; it's her infernal obstinacy that drives us to extremes. Get some spirit-and-water before you go up-stairs, and you'll sleep well enough. I shan't be sorry for some myself."

The box of papers was returned to its place, minus the poem that had been abstracted from it, and on the following morning Robert began to work his newly conceived scheme, by persuading Susan to leave Tyne Hall at once.

"But I have some time yet to count upon. I shall be so long away," she answered, in great surprise.

"Well, I don't know about that, Sue. The old one thinks your time may be nearer than you fancy, and, at all events, you will get less and less able to look after Grace."

"But how will you look after her for three months, perhaps, or even longer?"

"Oh, very well. I've made up my mind to come and live down here for a good while, and economise. I shall have to stop here, you see, if you go away, and it will be a good thing for me, and for all of us."

"And your creditors, Robert?"

"Oh, I shall be retrenching by living here. I can find a way to keep them off till dividend time comes round again."

"And where am I to go to?"

"Well, that's what I don't exactly know. I thought that you might know of some one who lets lodgings in a quiet way, and would take you in and look after you, and the kid when it comes."

"I do know of a lodging-house keeper who would take me if she has room," Susan answered, "but I feel, somehow, as if I should never come back. Do you think my cough is worse than when you were last here?"

"No, better. Take a mash every night, and you'll soon get well."

"But I cannot see why I need go away yet," Susan declared.

Robert was anxious not to arouse her suspicions.

"You see," he explained, "the only thing for me just now is to live quietly, that I may not get deeper in the mire. Now, if I go off at once to this lodging-house, and make an agreement with the woman to take you on a short notice, I shall be really obliged to stay here instead of you, myself, and I'll give all my time and attention to looking after Grace. But if you stay here, I shall be tempted to cut as soon as I hear of anything jolly that may be going on. It's so (somethinged) dull in this old beast of a ruin."

Susan saw the force of the argument, and gave her consent to the new arrangement.

Before twenty-four hours had passed over, a temporary home had been secured for her, with all the attendance that her circumstances required, and Robert urged her immediate departure, declaring that if she did not go at once, he should be unable to resist the temptation of attending some races which were about to be held in Lincolnshire, and at which he would be sure to meet some of his old acquaintances, whom he espe-

cially desired to avoid during the next few months. Economy, as he said with a sigh, would be hard to practise, but it would be his only chance; all the cunning of his nature, which with him supplied the place of intelligence, came to his aid as he reasoned with Susan, and finally she allowed herself to be persuaded, and the clock struck the last hour of her stay at Tyne Hall, Basnet. But it was not without many apprehensions that she took leave of her prisoner; she had the great fear before her eyes that women, who are no longer very young, realise with all the more distinctness—the fear of her approaching trial, and of its possible results.

"It's likely enough that you and I may never meet again," she said to Grace; "or perhaps you may succeed after all, and I may get over my trouble only to stand in the prisoner's dock, and to hear you swear away all my chances in this world. But, oh, Grace, don't attempt that; you don't know Robert" (Susan thought that she knew all his plans thoroughly herself), "and you don't imagine what he might be driven to do, if he found you trying to get away. Don't drive him, my dear; for your own sake, for his, for mine and the baby's, try not to think of such a thing. What good would it do you to get us all transported?"

"I must do what I feel to be right, without reference to consequences," Grace answered, firmly.

But when the last farewell was spoken between these strangely circumstanced friends, the prisoner's heart sank, and she felt in some inexplicable way, not that she had got rid of a barrier between herself and liberty, but rather that she had lost a protector and an ally.

Robert watched her very closely during the remainder of the day; and he anxiously inspected the rooms that were allotted to her, to see whether any of the damages and dilapidations worked by time might afford her the means of escape. He came to the conclusion that, unless she could fly like a bird or climb like a squirrel, she was, for the present, tolerably secure. The next day he wrote and posted the following letter:

"My dear Susan,—You will be glad to hear that Grace seems to be a little more reasonable since you went away. Perhaps she had some faint hope of winning you over to her own notions, and now that you are gone she sees that it would be useless to try on any game of that kind with me or the old lady. It will be very jolly for us all if she does change her mind, and agree to share with us in all the benefits of the scheme, and I really think I might win her round with care and patience. She is not so infernally obstinate as we thought. I send you this one bit of good news, which is the best that you could possibly have, and remain

"Your affectionate husband,

"R. A."

"P.S.—Grace has just given me a rigmarole of verses that she wants you to copy out. I can't imagine what she wants them copied for, but she has some reason, because she says that after a time she will write to you herself, and tell you all about it. I think it is much better to gratify her in any harmless fancy, so copy them quickly, and be particular to make no mistakes. Put in every word, date and all, and give her nothing to complain of. Burn this, and answer quickly."

"I think that will do," Robert soliloquised; "women are so preciously easy taken in! Stop a minute though, I didn't tell her to send back the verses with the copy."

He added this request, and directed the letter to Mrs. Marsh, after which he walked to the post-office with it himself.

On his return, he found Mrs. Ashton cowering over the fire, in an attitude that was becoming habitual to her.

"It's almost too hot for a fire to-night," he observed, taking a seat beside her.

"Not for me. I get to shiver in the sunshine now, and this place is so damp and miserable, I shall never have a moment's rest till I turn my back on it for ever."

"Well, that time won't be long in coming now. I've written to Susan this very day, sending her the verses, and telling her to copy them out and return them, with the copy. Then I shall have something to show in support of the suicide dodge."

"You told her to send the verses back that you might burn them, I suppose?"

"Yes; I had a notion that she might leave them about with the letter, though I told her to burn it. The letter alone, and the verses alone, would not do much harm; very few people would be able to make head or tail out of either, separately, but together they would be the devil!"

"I am afraid—I am so afraid!" Mrs. Ashton repeated, pursuing the thoughts that his suggestion had conjured up; "it seems that we might be betrayed in so many ways, by so many small chances. And the dreadful work that is before us! If it could only be done in the light! But the darkness is so frightful."

"Hold your tongue, will you?" Robert angrily repeated. "How do you know whether that brute of a servant is listening?"

But Hannah was far too indifferent to all sublunary concerns, unconnected with her own personal comforts, to think of playing the part of a listener.

Susan's answer arrived by return of post, enclosing the verses, and a neatly written copy, which she "hoped would please Grace." She expressed some surprise at Grace's request, and at the doleful character of the verses, and fervent pleasure at the unexpected news contained in Robert's letter. Her reply, and the poem in Grace's handwriting, were burnt, and now Robert told Mrs. Ashton that she must collect her thoughts, and write the copy of a letter to Mr. Renshaw, with all her wits about her. "You are a much better hand at letter-writing than I am," he added; and this was quite true. The letter was written, pondered over, and re-written, and the words, when it was completed, were these:

"My dear Mr. Renshaw,—You will be grieved to hear that both grandmamma and myself have suffered much uneasiness for some time past on account of the very singular mental condition into which our poor Grace has fallen. You will remember her state of nervous depression when she was at Deepdale after the death of her cousin, and both you and Mrs. Renshaw will be sorry to hear that she is now suffering from a more severe attack of the same kind. Everything that we can think of

has been done to cheer and rouse her, but we have not yet called in any medical advice, and grandmamma now agrees with me that it will be necessary to do so. I want to know whether you can refer me to any London doctor who is skilled in treating brain disease, for we cannot help fearing that she is threatened with something of that kind, as she speaks of being tempted to self-destruction, and uses wild expressions at times, especially within the last few days. I enclose some verses that she has composed, and that seem to bear upon the state of her mind at present. If you can recommend some doctor accustomed to treat these sad cases, we shall be very greatly obliged to you, and with kindest regards to Mrs. Renshaw from both of us, I remain,

"Very truly yours,

"ROBERT ASHTON."

"It looks very well," Robert declared, when he had fairly copied it out. "I wonder whether that infernal nuisance of a Brooks has seen old Renshaw since he came here, and has told him that we were going abroad? If he has, we must say that we altered our minds, that's all. Now for the post-office." He went out to post the letter. "A bold stroke," he said to himself, "and then it will be over. Susan may guess, but she will never know. The old one cannot last long, I should think; she is shaky now, and ready to shy at her own shadow. Ought to have blinkers on when she's exercised. When once she's gone, not a soul will know how we managed it—not another soul! But there's a great deal to be done now, and I only hope I may be able to keep the old one up to the mark!" With which aspiration he dropped his letter into the box. "And now, granny," he said that evening, "we must make up our minds to act without delay. That letter of mine may bring old Renshaw down here, as likely as not, and then there'll be a jolly explosion of all our plans. By Jove! I think we had better drown *ourselves* instead of—well, never mind, instead of doing anything else, if it comes to that. *We must act to-morrow night!*"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" the old woman repeated.

"Come, no snivelling," Robert grimly interrupted. "For the last time, are you willing, or are you not?"

"I am not willing. I would rather do anything else, because I am so afraid they will find it out. But there seems nothing else to be done."

"Nothing at all, except to be transported for the term of our natural lives. But if we go properly to work there is no chance of our being discovered, and we shall have plenty of money and the world before us. Are you willing?"

"Yes," the old sinner replied.

"That's settled, then. And now for the best way of acting. There is no moon now, or none to speak of, and to-morrow night will suit us very well. By-and-by you tell her that I am going to take you out for a day's excursion to-morrow, and that she must go with us, because we can't very well leave her at home. She'll be willing enough to go, because she will hope to get some chance of escape, or of speaking to some one, or of dropping a letter, perhaps. I must look jolly well after her to see that she doesn't play any tricks. And we must manage to tire her thoroughly, so that she may sleep heavily—*to-morrow night.*"

"Perhaps Hannah might not sleep well; she might hear us," Mrs. Ashton suggested.

"Oh—uh—confound that girl! What on earth shall we do about her?"

"Couldn't we manage to give her a dose of opium? They won't make a——" Mrs. Ashton stopped, and shuddered.

"A post mortem on *her?* No, not exactly, but it might be found out in other ways; it might make her ill the next day, and it would be ruinous to have such a thing suspected. What else to do, though? It would look almost as bad to give her a holiday, and tell her to stay out all night."

"She asked me for a holiday about three weeks ago," said Mrs. Ashton.

"I wish to Heaven she would ask for it now! Did you give her one?"

"No. I said that she could not be spared at present."

"That's better. Do her friends live near here?"

"Oh no, I was obliged to take care of that, to prevent gossip as much as I could; her mother lives seven miles from here."

"That's capital! Now, you tell her that you have not forgotten her request for a holiday—be sure to remind her of it—and say that we are going out ourselves to-morrow, so that she can take that opportunity of going to see her mother. Yes, by Jove! that will be the very thing. Tell her that we may be out late, and that she may stay till the next morning, as we shall lock up the house. See how well everything fits in. We can tell old Renshaw that we took Grace out to cheer her up; it seems the most natural thing to do."

"If the Renshaws come here, they will be very much surprised to find us living in this ruinous old place, with only one servant."

"Yes," Robert answered, "we had better speak about it ourselves, and say it was one of *her* odd fancies to live in as retired a way as possible. We were intending to have the house put into thorough repair, you know, as *she* took a fancy to it."

They avoided the mention of the victim's name.

"And now," Robert went on, "don't forget what you've got to do to-night—to speak to Hannah, and to speak to *her*. Come, you are looking quite young and strong; I see you will do it all well, and make no mistakes."

It was true that the miserable old woman had surmounted, for the time, the infirmities of age, that had fallen on her of late. She had made a strong resolution, and she saw her way clearly out of great dangers and omnipresent fears. She spoke with greater coherence of thought and language than was now usual with her, and powers that were becoming partially dormant, seemed to wake up to assist her in her crime.

Her agreement with the servant was made with as much cunning as Robert could have desired; she referred to the girl's request for a day's holiday, and told her that as Mrs. Robert Ashton was poorly, and out of spirits, they were going to take her for a long day's excursion on the morrow. It followed that this would be the best opportunity for Hannah's holiday; the house would be shut up, and Mrs. Ashton would take the key with her; the hour of their return was uncertain,

might be late, and if Hannah very much wished it, she might spend the night at her mother's house. Hannah wished it very much indeed, and promised to leave all things in order, that she might be missed as little as possible.

She had put off to the last the necessary interview with her prisoner, and now she mounted rather slowly the flight of stairs that Hannah was forbidden to ascend, "because poor Mrs. Robert didn't like to be waited on by an ordinary servant," and that already looked dusty and unswept, for want of Susan's care. Mrs. Ashton crossed a long and narrow passage, and noiselessly fitted a key into the lobby door, for Hannah was never allowed to know that Grace was kept under lock and key. She went through two rooms into one that was furnished with tolerable comfort, and in which Grace was sitting, reading by the light of a small lamp.

"How do you feel to-night?" Mrs. Ashton asked, with a slight quaver in her voice.

"I do not feel particularly well; I miss Susan. She was kinder to me than you are, and with her I got more air and exercise."

"Robert walked with you in the garden only this morning," Mrs. Ashton answered. "However, I came to tell you that to-morrow he intends to take me out for a day's change to West Vale. I am quite ill myself for want of a little recreation, all through your spiteful obstinacy. He does not see how you can be left here, so we propose to take you with us, and Robert told me to tell you to-night, that you may be up early in the morning."

Grace was surprised. Her quick instincts detected danger of one kind or another, but she could not directly connect this idea with Mrs. Ashton's proposal. Any change was naturally welcome to her, and might perhaps bring with it chances of escape, so she answered quietly:

"Very well."

The hours of night wore on, but Grace was kept awake by the presence of some undefined fear; only one pair of eyes closed in the house, and those were the dull and unobservant eyes of Hannah.

## II.

### THE CRIME.

A FINE autumn morning, with a soft mist upon the landscape, and a few long lead-coloured clouds near the horizon. The four inmates of Tyne Hall, Basnet, were up and stirring betimes; three of them had watched through the long and weary hours of night, and were but little inclined to doze, even in the sleepy time that comes upon the watcher, just after the dawn of day. Hannah was roused to unusual wakefulness and activity by the promised excitement of a journey in the carrier's cart and a visit to her home, and she cleared away the breakfast-things, and left all the materials for a substantial supper in order upon the table.

"Nobbut a match were needed," as she explained to Mrs. Ashton, pointing to a kettle filled with cold water, and seated upon the top of an unlighted fire; with which satisfactory assurance she took her departure.

Mrs. Ashton went up to Grace's rooms, to ask if she had finished her

breakfast and was ready to start, as Robert had gone for the phaeton that was to take them to West Vale. Grace replied briefly that she was ready. She held no unnecessary intercourse now with her gaolers; she blamed herself for having lost many opportunities of appealing to strangers with whom she had come into accidental contact. Some months ago she could scarcely have persuaded herself to take such a step as that; she was then hoping from day to day that she might be able to appeal successfully to the guilty schemers themselves. Now that this hope was at an end, she had fully resolved to take any opportunity of that kind that might present itself, and she hoped that some such chance might arise before the close of that very day.

She walked silently down the stairs with Mrs. Ashton; neither of them spoke, but the same thought was present in the mind of each. The gloomy old house had suddenly grown more gloomy to both of them, the air more oppressive, the empty corridors more resonant with ghostly echoes. Mrs. Ashton was contemplating the crime to which a fatal necessity seemed to be driving her; and Grace was warned by some nameless instinct of a peril near at hand. They both breathed more freely when they stood on the outside of the dark and gloomy building, on the neglected gravel walk, where Robert was waiting for them with a phaeton, to which a strong horse was harnessed. He helped Mrs. Ashton to her seat at the back of the vehicle, and Grace to a place in the front, beside himself, and they drove away.

Not into the village, but through a lonely and unfrequented road, past the new lunatic asylum, and on to the moors, now rich with clumps of yellow gorse and patches of purple heath. Far away over the smooth short grass, that seems to be prevented by some law of nature from growing long and rank in these districts; down shelving hollows, where the horse walked warily, with questioning foot; up long sloping hills, that caught the first light of the sun as he struggled out through the mists of early morning. A ruin stands on one of these, the remains of some feudal stronghold, and as they looked eastward, and saw it between them and the sun, long shafts of light quivered through the gaps and openings in the walls, so that it stood transfigured and illuminated, no longer a ruin, but a temple and palace of the sun. So at least it appeared to Grace; her companions probably saw nothing but a heap of decaying masonry. It was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached West Vale, a very deep hollow, with gradual descents on either side, and clumps of trees scattered, plume-like, over the landscape. Great spikes of foxgloves grew among the feathery fern; the autumn sunlight struck with a dreamy languor between the branches, still heavy with their summer freight of leaves; and the grass was flecked here and there with patches of a golden haze, with which the eye drank in a quiet sense of contentment and of Nature's peace.

A dreamy kind of happiness fell upon Grace, stealing through her fears, as the light drifted through the boughs above her; she had the gift that the world can neither give nor take away, the poet's faculty of holding communion with Nature, of responding to her various moods, and of being gladdened by her gladness. The fears that had weighed upon her mind that morning melted into imperceptible shadows, before the hushed and tranquil beauty of the scene that was spread before her; and when

Robert helped her to alight, she stood on the ferny ground with a smile upon her face that was almost like the reflexion of that peaceful solitude.

Robert secured the horse, and supplied it with food.

"No fear of robbers here, I should think," he observed; "still we had better leave the old lady to look after our traps. Now, Grace, you come with me and take a good long walk. I'm not going to have you falling ill for want of exercise, and wanting a doctor. That would be an uncommonly nice go!"

He spoke carelessly, but some discord from within jarred upon the lightness of his tone. Grace did not perceive it, however. She was giving very little heed to him, and was absorbed in the new beauties that every step revealed to her.

She was happy at that moment; she, who had to lament for ever the results of one fatal weakness, over whose innocent life such black and dismal clouds had gathered, who was menaced by some viewless terror, to which she dared not give a name. She had the highest gift of all, the gift that God bestows on His interpreters, who stand between His comprehending and uncomprehending works, and bring the mind of man into communion with nature. Grace Ashton was a poet, though her gift needed its due meed of culture to attain its full development; at times, when all around her had seemed to be gay and full of pleasure, some cloud in the sky, some shadow on the earth, had thrown its reflexion on her mind and spirits, and had saddened her unawares. Now, in the crisis of her fate, the sylvan peace that spread around her had power to steal into her soul. She walked on for a long way in silence; she did not wish to speak to Robert, for that would only be to break her waking dream; he, too, was glad to be silent, for he had a kind of feeling that after this day he must try to put her for ever out of his thoughts, and that any words of hers, listened to on *this* day, would be apt to stick uncomfortably in his remembrance. So they walked silently up one of the long shelving sides of the vale, and presently came to the level ground above. A long stretch of moor, dotted over with small heath flowers, and with myriads of blue harebells, each trembling upon its slender stalk; there was the tribe of insects inseparable from such scenes, the droning bee, the darting dragonfly, and the blue and brown heath-butterfly, all aiding in some intangible manner to make the moorland scenery complete. As Grace looked before her at that long level waste, she felt in some way as if she were alone with the Creator, as if the great and exceptional trials of her life had *here* no power over her. Her chains fell off, like those of the disciple, at the touch of a miraculous hand.

It was long before they returned to Mrs. Ashton, who was sullenly awaiting them, lost in gloomy thought, deaf, and dumb, and blind, to the surrounding influences of place and season. Robert proposed that they should open the basket of provisions which he had packed beneath the seat of the phaeton, and this strange party sat down, in sylvan fashion, to the last meal but one that they were to share together. It was a sad and gloomy parody on the friendly pic-nic, but it was the criminals, and not the victim, who were most fully conscious of this; she had escaped into a region whither they could not follow her, and if this were to be indeed her last day on earth, it was not an unhappy one. In the afternoon,

Robert recommended Mrs. Ashton "to take a turn for the good of her health;" and now Grace was allowed to walk up and down the vale, for the old woman could not climb the heights above them, and besides, did not wish to go far from Robert, lest the prisoner should by any chance attempt to escape. Of this, however, there was but little fear, Grace being by no means strong, and being so closely watched and guarded. The twilight was falling when Robert turned the horse's head homeward, and when they reached the door of Tyne Hall, they had met with absolutely no human being, except some tourists whom they had seen in the distance, and a bovine-looking man, employed in tending sheep.

The old house was dark, and damp, and cold, but for once Grace was not sorry to find herself within it; the autumn nights were growing cold, and she was thoroughly chilled by her long drive across the misty moors. The match, which Hannah had declared would be the one thing necessary to their comfort, was applied to the fire that she had "laid," and Mrs. Ashton slowly and feebly made the few preparations that were needed, to complete the arrangements of the supper-table, while Grace shivered by the side of the newly lighted fire. She was weary as well as cold, and in need of refreshment, but still greatly benefited and cheered by the change of air and scene that the last few hours had afforded her.

Robert returned from the Green Dragon, to which place the horse and phaeton belonged.

"I couldn't get any one to take the horse at first," he said; "they were all inside, chattering about some accident that happened in one of the coal-pits this afternoon, instead of attending to their work. Get out the spirit, Grace; we shall all of us be the better for a little of it, with hot water. *You* wouldn't be the worse for a few spoonfuls of cognac and water."

Grace answered, that she preferred tea; and after finishing her supper she drew her chair for a few minutes to the fire, and then went up-stairs to bed, the key closing, as usual, on her part of the house.

"It was like her not to take the brandy," Mrs. Ashton muttered, as she seated herself again at the table.

"Never mind; she'll sleep well enough without it," Robert replied; "we've tired her out thoroughly on those hills, and a very good notion it was, instead of giving her a dose, that might have been found out afterwards. Take some more brandy yourself, though." And as he spoke he poured out a large quantity of the spirit into his own glass.

"One thing troubles me," the old woman presently observed; "they'll be finding out Susan, and having her up at the —— inquest."

"You don't suppose I've let things go so far as this without thinking of the harm she might do! I shall go for her myself, and bring her here as openly as possible when the thing gets blown; and on the way I shall instruct her in what she will have to say. She will never know; she may suspect, but she will have sense enough not to make a row when the thing is over."

"She will think of her child, and of what it will be best to do on its account," Mrs. Ashton suggested.

"Of course, of course; everything works for us, and as for *her*, she has brought it on herself, and is more to be blamed than we are."

The evening wore on, and deepened into night; the voices of the speakers dropped into a lower key, and they glanced anxiously from time to time at the clock. At about midnight they rose from their places, lighted a candle, and, with stealthy footsteps, visited the rooms that were usually inhabited, "to see," as Robert whispered, "how everything will look when people come in—to-morrow."

"There is nothing about that looks at all suspicious," Mrs. Ashton declared, when they returned to the fire; "only the place looks dusty and neglected, not like any house that I ever lived in before."

"Why doesn't that fool of a servant keep it clean?" Robert asked, angrily.

"She is so stupid; we were obliged to have only one, and the stupidest one we could find. And, indeed, the house is much too large for one servant to keep clean, so Susan has done a good deal to it. To-day it has not been dusted at all."

"No," Robert rejoined, brightening, "because that porpoise of a woman took her holiday, and we went out for a pic-nic, and shut up the house. That will account for a good deal."

"Things do seem to favour us," she remarked, with rather a shaking voice.

"Of course they do; we're sure to carry it through. And even if we were to fail, there's nothing worse before us than what would certainly come if we did not do this. Think of prison-cells and coir-picking."

"I don't know, I don't know," the miserable old wretch repeated; "it would be worse, oh, much worse, much worse!" She nodded her head in a helpless, half-paralysed kind of way.

Robert glanced at her sharply. He feared that she might "turn coward" at the last.

"You mean that hanging would be worse," he said; "let's say it boldly, and have done with it. Now look here: whatever happens, they won't hang *you*—no, not if the worst come to the worst; even the most unlucky devils don't get strung up at your time of life. Few remaining days—and all that. I should go, of course; but as for you, you'd only have to be rather silly and childish, and they'd clap you into one of the prison infirmaries, with a doctor and a parson waiting to be humbugged. They hang people for putting their children out of the way, but they don't do so to people that are old enough to have grandchildren grown up; it would be a shocking barbarity, unworthy of—you know. And if you had great-grandchildren, I believe you might sit on them all round, and people would only say you were a psycho-something study—an interesting criminal, to be taken the greatest care of for the rest of your life. Have some more brandy."

The latest spark of irresolution died out of her mind with his suggestion that her age would, in any case, shelter her from the direst penalty of outraged law.

"It is *she* who forces us to do this," she said, presently.

"Of course it is. And now I am going to give a good look outside." He placed a candle in a lantern as he spoke.

"I must go with you; I can't be left here," she asserted; and they cautiously unfastened the outer door of the kitchen, and went out, both together.

They crossed a portion of the weedy garden, and noiselessly opened one side of what had been the carriage-entrance to a large court-yard. It was four-sided, though not exactly square; the side by which they had entered being bounded by a wall, on the other side of which was their own garden. Stables and outhouses enclosed the court on the right and left hand; and immediately before them there was another great pair of gates, opening upon a narrow strip of lane, only that they were never opened at all. In one corner there was a leaden cistern, or reservoir, originally designed for stable purposes, and now containing about four or five feet of water. Robert imagined the only chance of detection to lie in the possibility of some unseen witness being concealed about the place, and the stables and outhouses were now carefully looked through, with many anxious pauses, but without any result. They returned to the house.

"All seems to be safe and still," Robert whispered. "Now for the preparations."

These were not numerous. They consisted of a dark-blue waistband, with a strong steel buckle, a very large weight belonging to a weighing-machine, with a ring to lift it by, and a bottle of colourless liquid. Robert slipped the blue band through the ring of the weight. "I must take it out into the court-yard," he whispered now; "shall you be afraid to wait a moment by yourself?"

To his surprise, she answered that she was not at all afraid. He quickly returned, took up the bottle and a candle, and went up-stairs without shoes, turning noiselessly the key of the door that guarded Grace's part of the house. Mrs. Ashton remained down-stairs, while he advanced very slowly and cautiously, screening his candle that its light might not fall upon the door of the victim's room, and pausing after each step to listen for the faintest sound. He stood at last close to Grace's door, from which the light was still carefully screened; and now he heard, distinctly, a deep and regular breathing, as of one profoundly asleep. His plan had succeeded so far, and Grace was thoroughly tired out by the fatigues of the preceding day.

He put down the bottle and the candle, and applied both his hands to the task of opening the door without noise. He knew that the door did not possess either bolt or key, and that the hinges did not creak. He stood at last inside the room, and there had been no change in the deep breathing of the sleeper.

He went back for the candle and the bottle; he kept the bottle in his hand, and set down the candle where its rays could not fall on Grace's face.

He saw her face, though, distinctly enough, as his eyes became accustomed to the shadows of the dimly lighted room. Her bed was small and low, without curtains, and with a white coverlid. Her light hair was combed back from her forehead so as to show her features completely, very fair and delicate features, with a slight bloom on the cheek, the result of the past day's excursion and of the moorland air. The palm of one hand was underneath her chin, such a pretty hand, only a little too thin for a girl of her age; she had not gone to sleep with any painful thought upon her mind, for the whole expression of her face was peaceful and untroubled.

There came now to Robert the moment that comes, sooner or later, to

the worst and most callous sinner. As he looked at her, something appealed to him not to do this great wickedness, to do anything, go through anything, give up anything, sooner than do *this*. Something made him remember, made him feel with new force and significance, that her life had been one with his before this world's light had dawned upon either of them. He remembered now with photographic accuracy small and loving acts of her childhood, toys given up to him, excuses found to screen his faults, tasks that her quicker intelligence had mastered without difficulty, and that she had so patiently explained and re-explained, to save him from blame and punishment. The witness by which the untaught heathen are to be condemned or justified was striving with him now, and he went very softly out of the room again, and stole down the stairs, at the foot of which Mrs. Ashton was waiting for him.

She raised her lantern, and saw that he was alone; she looked up at him with an expression of anxiety strained into horror.

"What is wrong?" she whispered.

"Nothing. She is fast asleep. But something came over me, I don't know what. I wish we could cut it, somehow."

The old woman turned upon him with a ghastly grin.

"So *you* are the one to be frightened when it comes to acting instead of talking," she whispered; "and instead of gaining the fine fortune that was to put the world at our feet, we are to be transported as unsuccessful swindlers!"

His cold heart turned to stone beneath the influence of her sneering words; his mind closed with a kind of snap on his former resolution, and never wavered again.

He said nothing, but went back to Grace's room, and took out a handkerchief, which he saturated with liquid from the bottle, and held at a little distance from the face of the sleeper, drawing back himself that he might inhale as little as possible of the stupifying drug. Grace moved uneasily, and then became quite still; her sleep was changing to stupor. He saturated the handkerchief again, and put it upon her face; he might touch her soon without any fear of awaking her. Presently he ventured to speak, to move her hand, her arm, her head; he might as well have tried to elicit signs of consciousness from a corpse.

He put the bottle in his pocket, to be used again in case of need, and laid the handkerchief over her face; he lifted her in his arms, and carried her quickly down-stairs, past the place where Mrs. Ashton was still standing. He whispered a single word, pointing to Grace:

"Dead!"

Mrs. Ashton glanced sharply at her, and then answered:

"So much the better."

One breathless moment, and they stood by the outer door of the kitchen, left wide open; another, and they were out of doors in the "cold light of stars," for the wind had cleared away the mists of an autumn night, and the stars shone brilliantly.

Straight to the reservoir, without an instant's delay; Robert had left the weight, with the band attached to it, upon the angle of the low leaden wall; the band was buckled round the victim's waist, the handkerchief was snatched from her face, and she and the weight together were dropped into the water. There was a flash of white, a great hole in the water that filled up instantly, a few bubbles, and nothing more.

# SENTIMENTAL AND PROSAIC, IN CONTACT AND COLLISION.

## A CHAPTER OF IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

### WITH A SEQUEL TOUCHING PETER BELL AND PRIMROSES.

By Francis Jacox.

The most contemplative of Mr. Helps's Friends in Council, in a work published subsequently to the one which bears that name, after describing his meditations in a wood, tells us how he stepped out of the wood into the beaten road, a change which he always felt to be like what occurs in the mind of a man who, having been wrapt in some romance of his own, suddenly disengages himself from it, and talks with his fellows upon the ordinary topics of the day, affecting a shrewd care about the price of corn,* and the matter-of-fact matters of this worky-day world.

Stout Silas Foster, in the Blithedale Romance, typifies the "hard and fast" matter-of-fact intellect with which the poetical and sentimental temperament so frequently comes into contact and collision. Miles Coverdale and his dreamy companions—"a knot of dreamers" is the heading of the chapter—on the first night of their gathering at Blithedale, cluster together round the hearth, and build splendid castles (or phalansteries rather) and picture beautiful scenes among the fervid coals they gaze on. "Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation; but when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance: 'Which man among you,' quoth he, 'is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton fair, and buy half a dozen pigs.' Pigs! Good Heavens! had we come out from among the swinish multitude for this?"† Silas plays the like part in the midnight scene of dragging the water for Zenobia's body, where his running commentary of prosaic reflections, coarsely common-sensical, deepens by a certain grim realism the tragical shadows of the picture, while it relieves by contrast the agitation of the other actors.

Franz Horn is of opinion that the presence of Horatio in the churchyard with Hamlet assists in relieving the funereal effect upon the reader. The "practical turn of mind" of the "excellent but somewhat limited Horatio" shows him immediately that all these fine speculations of Hamlet on death and on the skulls which he handles lead to nothing, and he is anxious to be gone. His exclamations are the "miserable common-places of the barrenest conversation,"‡—almost the perfection of imperfect sympathy, in their way.

Moore, in his Diary, has an "*A propos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time; upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking into it, said, 'So you ought, sir, *and three more.*' "§

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* Companions of My Solitude, ch. vi.
† The Blithedale Romance, ch. iii.
‡ Shakspeare erläutert von Franz Horn.
§ Diary of Thomas Moore, June 6, 1828.

Sancho Panza is a pre-eminent type of the prosaic in contact with Don Quixote's crack-brained poetics. Witness his answers to the Don's high-flown inquiries touching Dulcinea. What was that queen of beauty doing, on the squire's arrival? stringing pearls, perhaps, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight? "No, faith!" answered Sancho; "I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house." And so on with a series of Quixotic fallacies. One thing the Don is assured, however, that Sancho will not, cannot deny; when near her, he must have perceived a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, a something sweet, and sweetly nondescript—a scent, a perfume—as if he were in the shop of some refined and exquisite perfumer. But Sancho has perceived no other strong smell than what exudes from hard labouring people in hot weather; for Dulcinea was hard at work, and the weather was hot.* Sancho's rough and ready realism is always at hand as a solvent to disenchant the Don his master, could anything do so. Two such natures in such constant cohesion as well as collision, are a study, and by a master.

Fielding's Partridge is of Sancho's type, in the answers he makes to Mr. Jones's rhapsodies about the moon and lovers, during their journey together among the Gloucestershire hills one cold night. If Jones often sighs from sentiment, Benjamin as often groans from an empty stomach. "Who knows, Partridge," cried the former, "but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes now fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant?" "Very likely, sir," says Partridge; and adds that if *his* eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast-beef, the foul fiend might take the moon and her horns into the bargain,† for what he cared. Did ever Tramontane make such a reply? is his companion's remonstrant query.

When Lucy, in Miss Ferrier's Highland story of Destiny, expresses her lively admiration of the site and surroundings of Mr. McDow's manse, that reverend gentleman professes himself delighted to hear her say so, and expatiates on the "amazing convenience" of the steam-boat on the loch, that now comes regularly twice a week. Besides making a most interesting object in the view, "I get my tea and sugar brought to my very door by her for a mere trifle. I can even get a loaf of bread from Glasgow within four-and-twenty hours after it's out of the oven, for a penny or so additional,"‡ &c. &c. To the same category may be referred Theodore Hook's stockbroker, Mr. Apperton: for instance, in the discussion with Miss Maxwell as to the watering-place they shall visit,—Hastings being named, the lady praises the country about it as pretty, and refers to the many agreeable objects in the neighbourhood, while the spot itself is historically interesting. "So it is," said Apperton, "and I dare say it is a nice place enough; but they gave some friends of mine, last year, an infernal bad dinner at an inn there—thirteen shillings a bottle for claret—and the fish not over good." Brighton is then suggested, and is not secluded enough for Kate Maxwell's taste, but Apperton thinks better of it: "They tell me the beef isn't good at Brighton," continued the stockbroker; "but I dare say we shall be very happy; the mutton,

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* Don Quixote, ch. xxxi. *passim.*
† Tom Jones, ch. lxxxviii.
‡ Destiny, ch. xiv.

my friend Hopkins says, is famous, and fish I know is uncommon cheap." There was no romance in this, remarks the author, adding, that "whenever he [Apperton] came out with his matter-of-fact prosing, poor Katherine sighed, and thought of"* somebody else, more after her own mind.

From another of Hook's fictions take Rodney the poet, and his perversely prosaic wife. One of their conjugal colloquies begins on his part with this proem inviting her confidence: "The mind, when overcharged, droops, as it were; and like the rose suffused with evening dew, seeks, if I may be allowed the expression, support from its kindred branches. I have much to tell, and much to ask of you." "Well, I'm sure I shall be very glad to hear what you have to say; but——" said Mrs. Rodney, "while I think of it, I'd better tell you that Evans charges sevenpence-halfpenny a pound for that mutton which we had last week, and Mrs. Fisher tells me they get theirs at Miller's for sevenpence." "Mutton, my angel," said the poet, "mutton as nutriment is wholesome, nay needful," and he expresses admiration of his Cordelia's unsophisticated housewifery. "But at this moment, Cordelia, I am too much engaged in matters where hearts are concerned to lend myself to other topics." "The hearts, my dear," said Mrs. Rodney, "are fourpence-halfpenny anywhere, that *is*, if you take the livers with them."† "Oh, lovely East!" raves Madame Carolina in Mr. Disraeli's first novel, with a certain unsympathetic Baroness for listener: "Why was I not oriental? Land where the voice of the nightingale is never mute! Land of the cedar and the citron, the turtle and the myrtle—of ever-blooming flowers and ever-shining skies! Illustrious East! Cradle of Philosophy! My dearest Baroness, why do you not feel as I do? From the East we obtain everything!" "Indeed!" said the Baroness, with great simplicity; "I thought we only got Cashmere shawls!"‡ So with Mr. Mystic's rhapsody, burlesquing Coleridge's lay sermon, in one of the late Mr. Peacock's satirical novelets: "Mystery! I hail thee! Who art thou?—Jargon! I love thee! Who art thou?—Superstition! I worship thee! Hail, transcendental Triad!" Mr. Fox cut short the thread of his eloquence by saying he would trouble him for the cream-jug.§—Mr. Hannay epigrammatically hits off two of his characters by saying that the daughter was very fond of the moon, while her father considered it a kind of patent, self-acting lamp.‖ When Lord Lytton's Maltravers asks Ferrers, the cynical worldling, if ever he felt poetry, and Ferrers repeats inquiringly, "Feel it!"—the other rejoins, "Yes; if you put the moon into your verses, did you first feel it shining into your heart?" "My dear Maltravers," is the reply, "if I put the moon into my verses, in all probability it was to rhyme to noon. 'The night was at her noon'—is a capital ending for the first hexameter—and the moon is booked for the next stage. Come in." "No, I shall stay out [in the moonlight]." "Don't be nonsensical." "By moonlight there is no nonsense like common sense."¶ In such moods and tenses (or times), the nature of a Lumley Ferrers is almost as antipathetic to that of a Maltravers as, in

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* Maxwell, ch. iii.
† Passion and Principle, ch. iv.
‡ Vivian Grey, book vii. ch. vi.
§ Melincourt, ch. xxxi.
‖ Eustace Conyers, ch. vi.
¶ Ernest Maltravers, book ii. ch. i.

another of Lord Lytton's stories, was that of Mervale, with his sarcastic laugh, to Glyndon, when enamoured of Viola, and ennobled by the passion. "Who does not know the effect of the world's laugh? Mervale was the personation of the world. The whole world seemed to shout derision in those ringing tones."* The ridicule may be of a kind to carry the reader with it, such as that of Peter Pallmall in the play interposing homely prosaics into his sister Polly's poetics:

*Pallm.* Polly, where are you going?
*Polly.* Going to hear the nightingale.
*Pallm.* She's hoarse, and doesn't sing to-night; so go to bed.
*Polly.* Peter, you have no sentiment—no respect for melancholy.
*Pallm.* Respect! . . . . To bed with you. I like to hear the nightingale, myself, between the sheets.
*Polly.* Stars—flowers—dewdrops—moonlight, and a lover kneeling. Ah, Peter, that's real poetry!
*Pallm.* Real rheumatism, if the gentleman kneels long. Bed, Polly, bed.
*Polly.* And then, with faithful ring-doves cooing from a bush—(*screams*)—Oh, Peter!
*Pallm.* What's the matter?
*Polly.* It's a—a spasm. (*Aside.*) 'Tis the Lieutenant.
*Pallm.* Spasm! I knew how 'twould be; it's those rabbits.
*Polly.* Rabbits! Unromantic fellow! Your vulgarity, Peter, would kill a whole circulating library.†

Such, again, as that of Mr. Slick in colloquy with sentimental "sister Sal," who, if he don't "go the whole figur' with her," in admiring what she admires as sweetly romantic and pathetic, is "as mad as a hatter," and rates him with characteristic effusion: "You hante got no soul in you at all, Sam, says she, I never seed sich a crittur: I do believe in my heart you think of nothin' but dollars and cents." Whereupon he hoaxes her into explaining the inexplicable to him, to "pint out the beauties" of the passage she so extremely admires, laughing at her in his sleeve the while, and anon wearing the laugh on his sleeve, so that she sees it, and flings out of the room "a-poutin' like anything." It's grand fun, that, the Clockmaker declares, "and don't do a gal no harm nother, for there is nothin' like havin' a string to a kite, when it's a-gettin' away out of sight a'most, to bring it down agin. Of all the seventeen senses, I like common sense about as well as any on 'em, arter all; now, don't you, squire?"‡

The history of the fourteenth century has been characterised by Michelet as a strange medley of opposite qualities, of serious drama and rollicking extravaganza—a romance of Arthur and farce of Scaramouch. The whole epoch is double, and squinting, he says: contrasts prevail; prose and poetry in all directions give one another the lie, and rally one another. "It is a Midsummer Night's Dream, . . . where the noble Theseus figures by the side of Bottom the weaver, whose fine ass's ears turn Titania's head."§ To any historical inquirer with an eye for the humorous, these interlacings and cross-threadings of the ideal and the

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* Zanoni, book iii. ch. x.
† The Prisoner of War, Act I. Sc. 3.
‡ The Clockmaker, Third Series, ch. xv.
§ Michelet, Histoire de France, l. vi. ch. i.

real, the grand and the grotesque, will be found in plenty, whatever the century under review.

Horace Walpole catches eagerly at an anecdote he found t'other day, as he tells George Montague, in an old French author, "which is a great drawback on beaux sentiments and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his 'Recherches de la France,' is giving an account of the Queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore." Horace quotes, too, from "a very old trial of her," which he bought from Lord Oxford's collection, where it is said that she was a very large lame woman. "Take sentiments out of their pantoufles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is!"* No woman a heroine to her chambermaid, seems to be the moral of this Horatian philosophy; and Walpole was an adept in such deductions and practical improvements; often playing to sentiment the part played to Lord Lytton's Egerton and Nora by "Levy always near (type of the prose of life in its most cynic form)."† Sentiment is roused from her attitude of reverie by such approach and contact, much as the Solitary in Wordsworth was roused from *his*, in the darksome aisle of the little church among the mountains—standing apart, with curvèd arm reclined on the baptismal font; his pallid face upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost in some abstraction;—"gracefully he stood, the semblance bearing of a sculptured form that leans upon a monumental urn in peace, from morn to night, from year to year.

> Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse;
> Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
> Continuation haply of the notes
> That had beguiled the work from which he came."‡

For the gravedigger in "Hamlet" is not the only one of his order to betray no feeling in his business, so far as that can be predicated from a habit of singing while grave-making.

O'Keeffe, the dramatist, in his Recollections, tells how once, at a supper party, he was in his turn asked for a song, "The Flowers of the Forest"—pathetic words to a pathetic melody: "I sung my best; and the company were all delighted, and I as delighted with the sound of my own voice, as my hearers could be; when Captain Jones, a young friend of mine, who sat next to me, and who had been looking full in my face some time, exclaimed in a loud and abrupt tone, 'Zounds, O'Keeffe! what a long hair you've got in your eyebrow!'"§

Wordsworth once told a story to Miss Anne Scott, whose father preserved it in his Diary, the object of which, as she understood it, was to show that Crabbe had no imagination. Crabbe, Sir George Beaumont, and Wordsworth, we find, were sitting together in John Murray's room in Albemarle-street; where Sir George, after sealing a letter, blew out the candle he had used for that purpose, and exchanging a look with Wordsworth, began to admire in silence the undulating thread of smoke which slowly arose from the dying wick; when Crabbe—put on the

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* Horace Walpole's Letters, ii. 162. † My Novel, book xi. ch. xvi.
‡ The Excursion, book v. § Recollections of John O'Keeffe, i. 355.

extinguisher. Miss Scott laughed at the instance, and asked if the taper was wax, and being answered in the negative, seemed to think—and no doubt Sir Walter agreed with her—that there was no call on Mr. Crabbe to sacrifice his sense of smell to their admiration of beautiful and evanescent forms.* Sir Walter had occasionally a zest for confronting the sentimental with the common-sensical, the poetical with the prosaic. He records in a letter to Joanna Baillie his "particular entertainment" with an answer she had made to an application from James Montgomery, "because," Sir Walter writes, "it happened to be precisely the same with mine: he applied to me for a sonnet or an elegy, instead of which I sent him an account of a manner of constructing chimneys, so as scarcely to contract soot; and, secondly, of a very simple and effectual machine for sweeping away what soot does adhere."† Few men could more have enjoyed than he the reply of the female guide at St. Kevin's bed, to Plunkett's announcement to her, after he was gone, that he was a poet. Cathleen, says Mr. Lockhart—who was one of the party—treated this with indignation, as a quiz of Mr. Attorney's. "*Poet*," said she; "divil a bit of him—but an honourable gentleman: he gave me half-a-crown."‡ Sir Walter was as capable as Sydney Smith of ridiculing, as the latter did, the "high-faluting" style, for instance, of Mr. Davison's remarks, on the "virtuous marriages of the poor"—and about its being the poor man's boast to have the privilege of laying out his life in his family's service—"his home is the school of his sentiments," &c.,—all which, said Mr. Smith, in his *Edinburgh* review of Mr. Davison's book,§ is viewing human life through a Claude Lorraine glass, and decorating it with colours which do not belong to it. "A ploughman marries a plough-woman because she is plump; generally uses her ill; thinks his children an incumbrance; very often flogs them; and, for sentiment, has nothing more nearly approaching to it than the ideas of broiled bacon and mashed potatoes."‖ Impatience of cant often makes even the poetically disposed resort, of malice aforethought, to this vein of quasi or demi-semi-cynicism. When Stuart the painter died, and people said in America that he had left the brightest prospects in England, and returned to his own country, from his admiration of her new institutions, and a desire to paint the portrait of Washington,—Sir Thomas Lawrence, like Crabbe with the stinking wick, put an extinguisher on the current fumes of this "odour" of sanctity, by saying, "I knew Stuart well; and I believe the real cause of his leaving England was his having become tired of the inside of some of our prisons." A remark, by the way, which gave occasion to a *bon-mot* of Lord Holland's in reply: "Well, then, after all it was his love of freedom that took him to America." The story is told with enjoyment by Stuart's more distinguished fellow-countryman and fellow-artist, C. R. Leslie, R.A.¶—later in whose memoir occurs a mention of his visiting the Dyke with Rogers when at Brighton together, when the aged poet, as they sat in his carriage looking over the vast expanse of country below them, pointed down to a village that seemed all

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* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, Jan. 1, 1827.
† Scott to Miss Baillie, Feb. 12, 1824.
‡ Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. lxiii. § On the Poor Laws.
‖ Sydney Smith on the Poor Laws, in *Ed. Rev.*, 1820.
¶ Memoir of Leslie, i. 101.

peace and beauty in the tranquil sunset. "Do you see," said Rogers, "those three large tombstones close to the tower of the church? My father, my mother, and my grandfather are buried there."—"Really?"—"No, but I should like to be buried there." On telling this, adds Mr. Leslie, "to a literary friend, a man, too, who aspired occasionally to be poetical, he exclaimed, 'What a lying old rascal!'"*

Noticeable among the anecdotes given by the same finished painter and pleasant penman, in connexion with the present subject, is one of Stothard, prefaced by the remark that, full as that artist's countless works are of exquisite sentiment, Leslie never once heard him use the word "sentiment" in his life. "I spake to him one day of his touching picture of a sailor taking leave of his wife or sweetheart, and he said, 'I am glad you like it, sir; it was painted with japanner's gold size.'"† Stothard and Constable pic-nic'd together one summer's day in Coombe Wood; and as they lay on the grass, enjoying their meal under the trees that screened them from a July sun, Stothard, looking up to the splendid colour of the foliage over their heads, said, "That's all glazing, sir."‡ Such utterances, on such occasions, come upon some minds with the harsh effect pictured in Mrs. Browning's poem, of a shock of cruel disenchantment:

> We drop the golden cup at Herè's foot
> And swoon back to the earth,—and find ourselves
> Face-down among the pine-cones, cold with dew.
> —— Such ups and downs have poets.§

Margaret Fuller was one day sitting, we may be sure in mystic reverie, wrapt in ecstatic contemplation, on Table Rock, at Niagara, close to the great fall. A visitor came to the same spot to take his first look. "He walked close up to the fall, and, after looking at it a moment, with an air as if thinking how he could best appropriate it to his own use—he spat into it."‖

Mr. Howells at Venice observed one day an English family party, in the gallery of the Venetian Academy, examining Titian's "John the Baptist," at which for a while they gazed in silence. But after some time, as the "sublime figure of the Baptist, one of the most impressive, if not the most religious, that the master has painted, and the wild and singular beauty of the landscape made itself felt through the infinite depths of their respectability, the father of the family and the head of the group uttered approval of the painter's conception: 'Quite my idea of the party's character,' he said, and then silently and awfully led his domestic train away."¶ Paterfamilias Bull contrasts favourably in this finale with the (presumed) Yankee at the falls.

In the journal kept by Miss Cornelia Knight during her long residence abroad, there is a story of the Prince of Solms becoming enamoured of a young lady who was just about to take the veil: he fancied, however, that his attentions were beginning to shake her resolution, and that, before the day of profession dawned, she would prefer him to a cloister. Greatly encouraged was he in this hope, by the fact that one day, after

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* Memoir of Leslie, p. 236. † Ibid., p. 133. ‡ Ibid., p. 134.
§ Aurora Leigh, book i.
‖ Summer on the Lakes, by Margaret Fuller Ossoli, ch. i.
¶ Venetian Life, by W. D. Howells.

he had paid her a long visit at the grate, and had no great reason to complain of her cruelty, she begged of him, as a particular favour, a lock of his hair. At once the flattered Prince cut off one for her. At his next visit he found her particularly lively and agreeable. "May I presume," he then and therefore said, "to hope that you have given up all idea of a convent life, and have cast a favourable look upon myself?" "So great is my affection for you," replied the lady, "that I have just finished making a wig for *il Bambino Gesu* out of your hair; and if you come to my profession to-morrow you will see it on the altar."* Deponent saith not whether the effect on the Prince's nerves was like that produced on Scythrop by Marionetta's imperfect sympathy, in Mr. Peacock's fiction: the young man had thrown himself at his cousin's knees, and breathed a thousand vows in the most passionate language of romance; and Marionetta listened a long time in silence, till her adorer had exhausted his eloquence, and paused for a reply. "She then said, with a very arch look, 'I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world.' The levity of this quotation, and of the manner in which it was delivered, jarred so discordantly on the high-wrought enthusiasm of the romantic inamorato, that he sprang upon his feet, and beat his forehead with his clenched fists."† So Huldah, in "The Gayworthys,"—though she is no Marionetta,—when courted by moonlight by Ebenezer, who is still less of a Scythrop. In vain the moon-raptured man beseeches her to leave her bread-pan, and come out of doors—for of all the June nights he "ever see, this is the crowner." Huldah understood him and his moon-rapture: the heavenly satellite had mighty little, in reality, to do with it; the same old story veiled itself so, in his homely New England dialect, that Lorenzo breathed to Jessica out there in Venice. "Huldah, however, eschewed the whole, as moonshine, all of it; and taking herself away out of its perilous gleams, walked straight over to her bread-pan; remarking only, very unsympathetically, as she did so, that 'she'd seen the moon afore; she guessed there wasn't anything special about it; at any rate, she hadn't time to look.'" Eben goes "mooning" on; speculating, as he has heard others speculate, and some dogmatise, on the size of the moon: "For my part, it looks as much as anything like the biggest meller punkin 't ever I see!" "I can find something that's enough like that, without going to the moon to look for 't."—Anon, poor Ebenezer shifts his stand-point of speculation from the moon to the stars, and exclaims the wistful star-gazer: "See here! Do you b'lieve all them stars has got people in them, like us?" "I should hope not, exactly. The Lord's got his hands full if they have." Huldah would neither be drawn into sentiment nor speculation; she was bent to-night upon the purely practical; and Eben could see plainly from the way in which she plumped her capable hands into the pan, and began the sort of calisthenics that had developed her shapely arms to their comely proportions, that he must choose a shorter road to his object than all the way round among the constellations.‡

Even when, instead of apparently imperfect, there is perfect sympathy

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* Journal, &c., of Miss Knight, ii. 236.
† Nightmare Abbey, ch. iii.
‡ The Gayworthys, ch. iii.

between a pair, there is nearly sure to be some prosaic adjunct to ruffle the limpid surface of their romance. Quite typical in its way is that little touch of prose in Byron's picture of Haidee tending Juan, where Zoë begins the vulgar work of getting breakfast ready. Here is Haidee:

> And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
> Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and there
> All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
> As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
> But Zoë the meantime some eggs was frying,
> Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
> Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it—
> She drew out her provision from the basket.*

Mr. Herbert Spencer observes, in his disquisition on the Philosophy of Style, that where the idea of absurdity is due to extreme insignificance, it may be greatly intensified by placing it after something highly impressive. And he cites from Balzac what he considers a good illustration of the effect gained by thus presenting a petty idea to a consciousness that has not yet recovered from the shock of an exciting one. Balzac's hero writes to a mistress who has cooled towards him, the following letter:

"MADAME,—Votre conduit m'étonne autant qu'elle m'afflige. Non contente de me déchirer le cœur par vos dédains, vous avez l'indélicatesse de me retenir une brosse à dents, que mes moyens ne me permettent pas de remplacer, mes propriétés étant grevées d'hypothèques.

"Adieu, trop belle et trop ingrate amie! Puissions-nous nous revoir dans un monde meilleur!

"CHARLES-EDOUARD."

The intensified effect of placing the extremely insignificant after the highly impressive, gains still more in intensity, as Mr. Spencer shows,† if the form of phrase implies that something still more impressive is coming —as in Charles-Edouard's valedictory aspiration.

This sort of collision of ideas it is that constitutes the piquancy and point in much of the Beppo school of poetry; it makes the fun of much that is facetious in Frere, and Ingoldsby, and Bon Gaultier, and F. Locker. This kind of surprise it is that forms the *terminus ad quem*, for instance, of Béranger's champagne reveries in *le pays charmant de Cocagne:*

> Oui, dans ton empire,
> Cocagne, on respire . . .
> Mais qui vient détruire
> Ce rêve enchanteur?
> Amis, j'en ai honte:
> C'est quelqu'un qui monte
> Apporter le compte
> Du restaurateur.‡

So in an Ingoldsby "Fragment," where the narrator records his sublime contemplations within the Abbey, where Tudors and Plantagenets were sleeping all around:

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* Don Juan, canto ii.

† Essays: Scientific, Speculative, and Political, First Series, p. 258.

‡ Chansons de Béranger: Voyage au Pays de Cocagne.

I stood alone!—a living thing midst those that were no more—
I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore—
On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,
The fatal Roses twined at length—on great Eliza's reign.
I thought on Naseby—Marston Moor—on Worcester's "crowning fight;"
When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chill'd me with affright,
As thus in low unearthly tones I heard a voice begin,
"—This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk!—Sir, please put summut in!"*

Or take a voice from Netley Abbey, in Mr. Barham's Legend of Hampshire:

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze
  Upon that grey and mouldering wall,
The glories of thy palmy days
  Its very stones recal!—
They "come like shadows, so depart"—
I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in ruin—grand in woe—
  Lone refuge of the owl and bat;
No voice awakes thine echoes now!
  No sound—Good gracious!—what was that?
    Was it the moan,
    The parting groan
Of her who died forlorn and alone,
Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?—
    Full and clear
    On my listening ear
It comes—again—near, and more near—
Why 'zooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!†—

a beverage in favour with the sort of pic-nic parties who profane that sacred ground.

Tate and Brady may almost be said to approximate to this peculiar school of composition when they thus paraphrase, or some would say effectually burlesque, a verse in one of the Psalms:

First sign'd to Abr'am, next by oath
  To Isaac made secure,
To Jacob and his heirs-at-law
  For ever to endure.‡

One would think, it has been remarked, that the author of this version must have been a parish clerk under the direction of a country attorney.

Sheridan's burlesque exemplifies poetical second-sight in Tilburina, who hears and sees a number of things that are not,—seeing and hearing the Spanish fleet in action; while her father, the Governor of Tilbury Fort, bids her hold her peace, telling her she is crack-brained from love, and that the Spanish fleet she cannot see, because—it is not yet in sight. Dangle suggests that the Governor seems to make no allowance for the poetical figure Puff has talked of; and Puff replies and explains, "No, a plain matter-of-fact man;—that's his character."§

Christopher North, in the *Noctes*, is fond of these grotesque transi-

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* Ingoldsby Legends: A Fragment, by Seaforth.
† Ibid., A Legend of Hampshire.
‡ Ps. 105, 10.
§ The Critic, Act II. Sc. 2.

tions or *reductiones ad absurdum*. As where the Shepherd is rhapsodising to the top of his bent on the awfulness of thunder, and magniloquently dilates on the low quick beating of his heart "when simultaneous flash and crash rends Natur to her core," &c. &c. &c.,—North interposes with a bluff, "The short and the long of the matter seems to be, James, that when it thunders you funk." A page afterwards the Shepherd's excessively long and flowery exposition of the "rush o' thochts and feelings" which has overflowed his soul on contemplating a "wee bit dew-wat gowany, . . . . amang the grass that loves to shelter but not hide the bonny earth-born star, glintin' up sae kindly wi' its face into mine" —which has hundreds of times affected him as profoundly as ever did the Sun himself setting in all his glory—"while a' nature becam for a moment owerspread wi' a tender haze belonging not to hersel, for there was naething there to bedim her brightness, but existin only in your ain twa silly een, shedding in the solitude a few holy tears!"—all this is followed by the Professor at the supper-table saying, "James, I will trouble you for the red herrings."* In a subsequent dialogue, it is North who does the sentimental, and Hogg who reduces it to the absurd by interjected prosaics. North, in the arbour, is in the act of shaving, and sublimely soliloquises the while, that autumn morning. "How beautiful the fading year! A month ago, this arbour was all one dusky green—now it glows —it burns with gold, and orange, and purple, and crimson! How harmonious the many-coloured glory! How delightful are all the hues in tone!"—SHEPHERD: "Are na ye cauld staunin there in your linen? For I see you through the thin umbrage, like a ghost in a dirty shirt."—NORTH: "Sweet are autumn's rustling bowers, but sweeter far her still —when dying leaf after dying leaf drops unreluctantly from the spray— all noiseless as snow-flakes—and like them ere long to melt away into the bosom of mother earth. It seems but yesterday when they were buds!"—SHEPHERD: "Tak tent ye dinna cut yoursel—it's no safe to moraleese when ane's shavin. Are ye speakin to me, or was that meant for a soliloquy?"† Of course the old man eloquent takes not the slightest notice of these interpolations or interpellations; but goes sounding on his dim autumnal way.

It is a severe shock to Edmond, the lover, in one of M. Souvestre's *Histoires d'autrefois*, when, *plein de cette exaltation* which his idealism has worked up to high-pressure mark, as he waits for his *belle cousine*, Rose, in a perfect *élan d'enthousiasme*, he is doomed to hear her father, the bourgeois, call out to her to know what was the price of sugar when she left Nantes, a fortnight ago,—to which demand *la jeune fille* answered, "Fifty-three centimes," with a readiness, "qui fit faire un bond à son cousin." Another question follows: "Et à combien nous sont-ils [les sucres] revenus à Nantes, tous frais compris?" to which the answer is equally prompt on the part of the young lady book-keeper, "Quarante-huit centimes, terme moyen."—"Dieu me pardonne! pensa Edmond, elle songeait aux prix courants en montant le joli sentier de l'oseraie.— Les deux réponses de Rose et le ton bref et joyeux avec lequel elle les avait prononcées venaient de changer entièrement le cours de ses idées. Il avait un instant entrevu sa femme révée; maintenant il retrouvait sa

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. ii. pp. 224 *sq.*
† Ibid., vol. iv. p. 140.

cousine *la teneuse de livres*."* Already, in the same story, had Edmond Bian been disenchanted in a milder sort. He had been standing on the bank of the Loire, admiring the spectacle of mingled foliage, masts, and white houses, presented by that river *du côté des Salorges*, and observed a tall, pale, bald, middle-aged man, who stood near him, leaning his head on his left hand, and gazing on the river-bed, with a melancholy air. Edmond drew nearer, in confidence of fellow-feeling, and addressed the pensive stranger as one who was, like himself, lost *en admiration devant ce spectacle*. What a beautiful view! how charming the *barques qui glissent là-bas*, whether in sky or water you can scarcely tell; that islet again, with the look of a basket of verdure floating on the stream. . . . "Mais à qui pensez-vous donc, tout silencieux?—L'homme chauve détourna sa figure pâle, et régarda le jeune homme avec des yeux bleu-porcelaine.—Je pensais, dit-il, qu'il n'y a pas assez d'eau en rivière pour que la *Créole* puisse monter; ce rétard nous fera perdre au moins un demi pour cent sur nos cafés.—Edmond fit un pas en arrière et tourna brusquement le dos sans répondre."†

Goethe's English biographer remarks in the case of that great man's letters to Frau von Stein, which are incessant, and show an incessant pre-occupation, that certain readers will be shocked, perhaps, to find so many details about eating and drinking; but that when they remember Charlotte cutting bread-and-butter, they may understand the author of *Werther* eloquently begging his beloved to send him a sausage.‡

Perhaps the most cruel shock to the system produced by these colliding opposites is where the self-complacency of flattered sentiment has been innocently deluded by misapprehension into a state of exaltation, from which it is abruptly hurled by a summary disenchantment, when the presumed flatterer explains his meaning.

Mr. Cadell told Leslie the painter during his stay at Abbotsford, that as Sir Walter was leaning on Tom Purdey's arm, in one of his walks—and, by the way, Leslie gratified Sir Walter with a small whole-length sketch of his faithful Tom—the latter said, "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir, for when I've been out all day, hard at work, and come home vara tired, if I sit down with a pot of porter by the fire, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."§

There is a story of Mrs. Wordsworth being enchanted by the emphatic love professed by a peasant's wife for the stock-dove species. Here was a good woman, however lowly in estate, and homely in manners, who could enter into the poetry of *the* Poet of the Lakes and Mountains, at any rate so far as regarded the stock-dove. But eagerly inciting the dame to open out her heart further on the subject, how cruelly was Mrs. Wordsworth disenchanted by her sympathetic companion going on at once to say, and with equal or more *empressement*, "Some like 'em best broiled, but stew 'em with onions for me!"—Had it been Wordsworth himself, it might have gone hard with him not to beat that woman.

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* La Bourgeoise, ch. iii. † Ibid., ch. i.

‡ Lewes, Life of Goethe, book iv. ch. iv.

§ Memoir of C. R. Leslie, i. 96.—The diction and details of the story, as thus told, have a look of not being quite so Scotch as when the Scotch publisher told it to the Anglo-American painter. Mr. Leslie probably could not, and would not, have said that, *literatim et verbatim*,

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Miss Goodman tells how the English Sisters of Mercy observed a Romish Chaplain for some months to pass away the time in tending a pet lamb, which he led about by a scarlet string; and how in the early morning he might be seen gathering the rose-leaves with the dew yet upon them as a breakfast for the gentle creature. They were quite concerned one morning at perceiving the priest about to take his walk unaccompanied by his favourite, and passed in haste across the hall to inquire for it: to their great grief he informed them that the lamb was killed. They waited for the particulars of its untimely fate, concluding the savage dogs to be guilty; but the most unromantic father went on to say, "I found it in excellent condition; feeding an animal on rose-leaves certainly improves the flavour of the meat."*—Think, says Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews, of the great author, walking in the summer fields, and saying to his wife, as he looked at the frisky lambs, that they seemed so innocent and happy, he did not wonder that in all ages the lamb had been taken as the emblem of happiness and innocence: "Think of the revulsion in his mind when the thoughtful lady replied, after some reflection, 'Yes, lamb is very nice, especially with mint sauce!'"†

Porthos, one of M. Dumas's immortal three, quite interests D'Artagnan by relating his woodland experiences, how he, the burly giant, roots up trees, to keep his hand in, and also to take some birds'-nests; finding that more convenient than climbing up the trees. "You are as pastoral as Tircis, my dear Porthos," is the Gascon's admiring comment. "Yes," resumed Porthos: "I like the small eggs: I like them very much better than larger ones. You have no idea how delicate an *omelette* is, if made of four or five hundred eggs of linnets, chaffinches, starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes."—"But five hundred eggs is perfectly monstrous," D'Artagnan ventures to object.—"A salad-bowl will hold them easily enough," answers Porthos.‡—The quasi-cynic, Fairthorn, in Lord Lytton's novel, refuses the appeal for bread-crumbs by the swans on Darrell's lake, with the exclamation: "Ay, you may grunt; I wish I had you—in a pie!"§ Grunt and snort—has the swan-song of antiquity come to that?—to say nothing of the pie. But where to find an end to these rambling omniana?

Stay!—let me see!—
Ay—here it shall be
At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,
Where Tray and I
Would often lie,
And watch the bright clouds as they floated by
In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
When the sun was bidding the world good-bye;
And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,
Poured forth her plaintive melody;
While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry
Has made me say to myself with a sigh,
"How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!"‖

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* Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.
† Recreations of a Country Parson, Second series, ch. iii.
‡ Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. cxliii.
§ What will He do with It? book xii. ch. iv.
‖ The Ingoldsby Legends: The Cenotaph.

## GLORY AND MISFORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

By Mrs. Bushby.

### Part II.

The inventory of effects, the calculation of profits, were over, and early next morning Mr. Joseph was summoned to the presence of his patron, whom he found examining some bills of exchange.

"Be seated," said Mr. Guillaume, pointing to a chair.

Now it was the *first* time that the old draper had ever desired a clerk to be seated in his presence. Joseph Lebas started.

"Joseph, the inventory is finished?"

"Yes, sir; and the dividend is one of the best you have had."

"Don't use these newfangled words, sir—say *the product*, Joseph. Well, my boy, it is but fair to say that we owe partly to you these results, and I have therefore resolved not to keep you longer on a salary. Madame Guillaume has suggested giving you an interest in the concern. A-hem, Joseph! Guillaume, Lebas, and Co. will sound very well, won't it? We must add the Co. for sound's sake."

The unbidden tears sprang to the eyes of Joseph Lebas, as he replied:

"Ah, Mr. Guillaume! how have I merited so much goodness? I have only done my duty. I am poor, and it was enough that——"

He stopped, and rubbed the cuff of his left arm with his right hand, not daring to look up. The old man smiled, and bethought him that the modest youth required some little encouragement.

"However, Joseph, I do not know that you deserve much after all, for you do not place as much confidence in me as I place in you."

The clerk looked up in surprise.

"You have secrets from me, sir. For upwards of two years I have told you all *my* affairs—there is nothing on *my* mind concealed from you, but you! Which way have your thoughts been wandering, sir?"

Joseph coloured violently.

"Aha!" cried Mr. Guillaume, "you fancied you could deceive a sly old fox like me, did you? But I can see what I can see."

"What!" exclaimed Joseph, examining his patron's countenance as attentively as his patron was examining his. "What! you know then that . . . I love?"

"I know all, you dog!" replied his respectable patron, chuckling and taking him by the ear; "and I pardon all, for—did I not do the same myself?"

"And you will bestow her upon me?"

"Yes, and fifty thousand crowns with her, my boy! I shall give you that sum, and we shall enter on a new firm; we shall stick to business together, my son—for there's nothing like business after all. Fools may say that there is no pleasure in it; but, to be at the bottom of everything—to watch your time with anxiety, to outwit your neighbour, *in a fair way, mind*—to buy cheap and sell dear—to set on foot an extensive

speculation—to tremble lest it should fail—and to see it at last successful—hey! Joseph—*this* is gaming to some purpose: this is life! Like old Chevrel, I shall die at my post; but I shall take it easy, Joseph—when——"

In the heat of the greatest rhapsody which the worthy Guillaume had ever fallen into, he had not noticed his clerk, who was crying like a child.

"But, Joseph, my poor lad, what is the matter?"

"Ah, I do so love—*so* love, Monsieur Guillaume, that I believe . . . I fear . . . my heart fails me——"

"Well, well, courage, my boy!" cried the softened father; "you are happier than you think, for, hark'ee, Joseph, she loves you! I know it, that I do." And he peered with his little green eyes into Joseph's face as he half whispered the last words.

Transported beyond himself, Joseph Lebas shouted, "Miss Augusta, Miss Augusta!" And he was rushing from the room, when he found himself clutched in an iron grasp, and his thunderstruck patron brought him vigorously back.

"What has Augusta to do with this matter?" asked Mr. Guillaume, in a voice that petrified the unhappy clerk.

"Is it not her . . . not her . . . that . . . that I love?" stammered he.

Mr. Guillaume, disconcerted at his own want of penetration, seated himself slowly, and placing his hands before his face, began to reflect on the awkward position of things, while poor Joseph, the picture of shame and despair, remained standing before him.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, addressing him with cold dignity, "it was of Virginia I was speaking. I know that love cannot be commanded; but I also know your discretion. You will think better of all this, for I will not let Augusta marry before Virginia; your interest is ten per cent. in favour of Virginia."

The poor clerk, whom love had inspired with miraculous courage, clasped his hands, and poured forth such a torrent of eloquence, that Mr. Guillaume's systematic ideas began to yield.

"What the devil, Joseph! you know very well that there are ten years between the ages of my daughters. Why, man, Mademoiselle Chevrel was no beauty, yet she has never had cause to complain of me. What would you have? Perhaps the affair can be otherwise arranged; we shall see——but Madame Guillaume! Humph! Well, well—offer your arm to Augusta this morning, my boy, when we go to mass."

The conclusion of these disjointed sentences delighted the lovelorn clerk. He had already, in his own mind, fixed upon a friend to be the husband of Miss Virginia, and, squeezing the hand of his intended father-in-law, he left the room with a tripping step, and an assurance that all would go right.

"What will Madame Guillaume think!" was a reflection not particularly comfortable to the doughty draper when he was left to himself.

At breakfast, Madame Guillaume and Virginia, whom the prudent master of the house had left in ignorance of the morning's disappointment, favoured Joseph Lebas, much to his embarrassment, with sundry very

significant looks. The clerk's evident bashfulness was greatly appreciated by his mother-in-law to be; and, in high spirits, she permitted herself to joke a little in allusion to the delicate affair uppermost in her thoughts. But these digressions from her wonted propriety were rebuked by the imperturbable gravity of her husband, whose love of decorum was so potent as to induce him to desire that Mr. Joseph and Miss Augusta should walk together to church that morning; a degree of delicacy on his part for which the matron duly honoured him.

"Do you not think, Miss Augusta," said the trembling clerk, "that the wife of a tradesman in good credit, like Mr. Guillaume, for example, might amuse herself a little more than your mother does?—that she might wear jewels, and keep a carriage? Oh, if *I* were married, I would take all the labour, and let my wife enjoy herself. I should not let her be in the shop. Mr. Guillaume is quite right to do as he does, because it suits your mother's taste. But if a wife knows how to superintend everything, cast up accounts, write a letter on a push, and attend to her household affairs, so that she should not be quite idle, it would be enough for me. And after seven o'clock the shop should be shut; then for amusement. *I* would go to public places—to parties——but—you are not listening to me!"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Joseph; but what do you say to painting? That is a fine employment."

"Yes; there *are* some master house-painters who make money."

Thus marshalled, the party reached the church of Saint Leu, and took their places under the arrangement of Madame Guillaume, who placed Augusta on one side of her, Virginia on the other side, and next to her Mr. Joseph Lebas. During the first part of the service all went well between Augusta and Henri de Sommervieux, who, leaning against a pillar, used his eyes with much devotion; but subsequently Madame Guillaume discovered that her youngest daughter was holding her prayer-book upside down. She began to rate her soundly, when, raising her veil, and following the direction of Augusta's glances, she perceived through her spectacles the young artist, whose elegant figure and dress bespoke him rather some cavalry officer out of regimentals than a sober man of business. It would be difficult to imagine the violent flurry into which the starched Madame Guillaume was thrown on discovering a clandestine acquaintance, the danger and extent of which her prudery and ignorance made her greatly exaggerate.

She snatched the tell-tale prayer-book from Augusta's hand, and placed it properly, exclaiming, in a low voice, which was almost inarticulate from rage:

"Hold your book straight, miss, and do not be so sinful as to raise your eyes from your prayers, or I'll make you repent it. After church, your father and I will have a word with you."

This rebuke came like a thunderbolt to poor Augusta. She felt ready to faint, but struggled against the sensation for fear of causing a scene in the church. However, it was easy to see how much she was agitated, for her prayer-book trembled in her hand, and tears fell fast on every page she turned.

The artist was favoured with a furious look from the glaring eyes of

Madame Guillaume. He understood the mystery, and departed angry and excited, determined to brave all opposition.

"Go to your room, miss," said Madame Guillaume to her daughter, on their return home, "and see that you do not stir from it until we call you."

The conference between Madame Guillaume and her spouse was long and secret; but Virginia, who had been kindly consoling her sister, was so complaisant as to steal to the door of the council-room to listen and pick up a little of what was going on. On the first journey that she made from the third to the second story, she heard her father say:

"Would you kill your daughter, madam?"

"My poor dear!" said Virginia to her distressed sister, "papa is defending you."

"And what are they going to do to Henri?" asked the simple girl.

Virginia again descended, but this time she remained longer absent, for she had overheard that Mr. Lebas loved Augusta. It was ordained that, on this memorable day, a house generally so calm should be a hell. Mr. Guillaume threw Joseph Lebas into despair by confiding to him that Augusta loved a stranger. Lebas, who had lost no time in advising one of his friends to propose for Virginia, saw all his hopes overturned. Miss Virginia, overwhelmed by the knowledge that Mr. Joseph had in a manner refused her, was seized with a violent headache; and, lastly, the explanation which had taken place between Mr. and Mrs. Guillaume, bringing to light some differences of opinion, had, for the third time in their lives, caused a dissension which manifested itself in a very disagreeable way. It was late in the day when Augusta, pale and trembling, and with red eyes, was ordered to appear before her parents. She gave frankly the short history of her love, and, reassured by something in her father's look, she took courage to pronounce the name of Henri de Sommervieux, confessed that she had written to him, and with tears in her eyes declared that she could never be happy if she were sacrificed to another.

"But, Augusta, you do not know what painters are!" cried her mother in a tone of horror.

"Madame Guillaume!" exclaimed the father, with a stern look that imposed silence on his wife. "Augusta," said he, "artists are in general beggars. They are spendthrifts, and almost always good for nothing. The late M. Joseph Vernet, the late M. Lekain, and the late M. Noverre, used to deal with me. Ah, if you but knew how this Noverre, how the Chevalier de Saint George, and, above all, how M. Philidor served your poor grandfather Chevrel. They are odd sort of people, I assure you. They can talk very finely, their manners are vastly fascinating; never did your Monsieur Sumer . . . Somm——"

"De Sommervieux, papa."

"Well, well, De Sommervieux be it! Never was he sweeter upon you than the Chevalier de Saint George was upon me the day I obtained a sentence from the consul against him. They called themselves quality folks, too, formerly——"

"But, papa, Henri *is* noble . . . . and he writes me that he is rich; his father was called the Count de Sommervieux before the revolution."

At this, Mr. Guillaume looked towards his terrible better-half; but, like an obstinate woman as she was, she sat in sulky silence, beating her foot against the floor. However, she could not constrain herself long, and had just burst into invective, when the noise of a carriage driving up to the door arrested the storm.

In another moment Madame Vernier was announced, and looking by turns at the three actors in this domestic scene, she exclaimed:

"I know all, and I come to Noah's Ark like the dove with the olive-branch. You will find this allegory in the 'Genius of Christianity,' Madame Guillaume. But do you know that this Monsieur de Sommervieux is a charming man. This very morning he presented me with my own portrait, done in a first-rate style. It is worth at least six thousand francs," she added, slapping Mr. Guillaume on the back. "I know Mr. de Sommervieux intimately; he was introduced to me a fortnight ago. He is the life of all my parties now. I know, too, that he adores Augusta, for he told me so himself. And he shall have her. Ah, cousin, don't keep shaking your head so, as much as to say 'He shan't have her.' Do you know it is said he will be created a baron soon, and that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the emperor himself at the salon? Monsieur Vernier is his notary, and knows all his affairs; he is worth twenty-four thousand livres a year. Why, the father-in-law of such a man *might* become something—mayor of a town, for instance. Was not Mr. Dupont made a count because he was a mayor, and had to congratulate the emperor on his return from Vienna? Oh, *I* vote for the marriage. *I* quite adore this charming young man. Never mind, Augusta, you will be so happy, and all the world will envy you. The Duchess de Carigliano, who comes to my soirées, is quite crazy abont Henri de Sommervieux. Some people are even so ill natured as to say that she only comes to my house to meet him, as if a little duchess of yesterday as *she* is, should consider it any condescension to visit *me*. Augusta," she continued, having paused a moment to take breath, "I have seen *the portrait*. Bless me, how beautiful it is! Do you know the emperor sent for it to see it, and said to the high constable that if many such women could be found at his court during the visits of so many kings, he would not find it difficult to maintain the peace of Europe."

It is easy to divine the result of Madame Vernier's seductive discourse. The storms with which this day had commenced resembled those of nature, leaving, when the clouds had cleared away, a more bright and beautiful serenity.

At this singular epoch commerce and wealth were more than ever imbued with the mania of making great alliances, and the nobility of the Empire were not slow in availing themselves of these inclinations. Mr. Guillaume was extremely opposed to this deplorable passion; his favourite axioms were that, to be happy, a woman should marry a man of her own rank in life; that one was always, sooner or later, punished for endeavouring to mount too high; that love so seldom resisted the wear and tear of domestic affairs, that to be happy long it was necessary to find very solid qualities in each other; that one must not be cleverer than the other, because they should assimilate in everything; and that *when a husband spoke Greek, and his wife spoke Latin*, they ran a

great risk of being starved to death;—this latter sentence, in short, was a sort of proverb of the old man's. He compared unequal marriages to those sorts of stuff made of silk and cotton, in which the silk always cuts the cotton in the end. However, there is so much vanity at the bottom of every man's heart, that all his boasted prudence gave way before the volubility of Madame Vernier, and the severe Madame Guillaume herself consented to receive Monsieur Henri de Sommervieux.

The old man went to look for Joseph Lebas, to whom he explained the new order of things, and that same evening beheld under the roof rendered illustrious by the young painter, himself and his dear Augusta, Monsieur and Madame Vernier; Joseph Lebas, who contented himself with taking patience; Miss Virginia, whose headache had worn off; and Monsieur and Madame Guillaume, whose good humour was at its height when, during the dessert, Henri de Sommervieux made them a present of the identical picture which they had gone in vain to see.

"How droll!" cried Mr. Guillaume, "that thirty thousand francs should have been offered for a picture of this place!"

"There are the very frills to my cap," remarked Madame Guillaume.

"And those stuffs hanging up!" added Joseph; "one could almost handle them!"

"Draperies are always an improvement," replied the painter. "We modern artists would be but too happy if we could attain to the perfection of the antique draperies."

"You like drapery, then?" cried Mr. Guillaume. "Odds bodkins! look at *that* damask, my young friend. Since you esteem commerce, we shall understand one another. And why despise it? The world commenced by commerce, since Adam sold Paradise for an apple; that, by the way, was no very famous speculation, good sirs!"

And the old draper laughed long and loudly at his own wit—wit with which the champagne, which he had been freely circulating, had inspired him. The eyes of the young artist were so blinded by love that he fancied his future connexions very amiable, nay, almost agreeable, and he did not disdain to enter into their not too refined hilarity. He therefore pleased generally.

In the evening, when the guests had departed, and while Madame Guillaume was hurrying from table to chimney-piece, from chandeliers to candlesticks, blowing out the lights, her husband called Augusta, and thus addressed her:

"My dear child, you shall marry your Mr. de Sommervieux, since you wish it. Risk your capital of happiness if you will, but *I* am not to be taken in with these fine stories of gaining thirty thousand francs by spoiling good canvas. I know well that money which is got so easily flies as fast. Did I not myself this very evening hear that hair-brained young fellow say, that money being round, it is good to make it roll? He does not seem to know that, if it is round for prodigals, it is flat for those who have sense enough to put it up. Now, my girl, this fine gentleman of yours speaks of giving you smart carriages, splendid jewels; if he *has* money, and chooses to spend it upon you, so be it—I have nothing to say to that; but as to what *I* am to give you, I have no notion that the gold amassed with so much difficulty should go in coaches and trumpery gewgaws. Those who spend too much are never rich. Paris can't be bought with fifty thousand crowns, and, though I may leave you one day

or other some hundred thousands of francs, I shall make you wait for them, please Heaven! as long as possible. I got your betrothed into a corner, and, d'ye see, it was no great task for a greybeard like me to come round a half-witted artist, so he has consented to marry without any claim on your fortune. I shall have an eye to the contract, too, that the money he talks of settling on you may be tightly tied down. Why, child, I hope to be a grandfather by-and-by, and I must look sharp in good time for my grandchildren's interests. Swear to me never to sign any deed without my advice, or, if I shall have gone to rejoin our Father Chevrel, swear to me that you will always consult Joseph Lebas, your brother-in-law. Swear!"

"I swear it, father," said Augusta. Satisfied with her promise, the old man kissed her on both cheeks, and soon after the whole household were buried in repose.

A few months after this memorable Sunday, two very different marriages took place at the church of Saint Leu. Augusta and Henri de Sommervieux presented themselves at the altar in all the éclat of youth and beauty, richly dressed, and with a brilliant equipage in attendance. Virginia, led by the modest Mr. Lebas, and brought thither in a decent hackney-coach, quietly followed her younger sister, like a shadow necessary to the harmony of the scene. Mr. Guillaume in vain endeavoured to have Virginia married first. The clergy thought fit to give the precedence to the most elegant of the brides.

In the evening the family separated after a sumptuous entertainment, and one of those solid suppers of which the present generation do not even retain the remembrance. Monsieur and Madame Guillaume remained in the handsome house they had lately taken in the Rue du Colombier, where the marriages had been celebrated, Monsieur and Madame Lebas returned in their hackney-coach to their old quarters in the Rue Saint Denis to direct the affairs of the "Chat qui pelote," while the artist carried his beloved Augusta in triumph to one of the most tasteful dwellings in Paris.

The warmth of Henri's passion for his young wife seemed to increase rather than to diminish during the first year of their union, and not the slightest cloud appeared to trouble their matrimonial horizon. Henri seemed to revel amidst the flowery paths of poetry and love, while Augusta lived in the clouds. Unaccustomed to reflection, she thought only of the passing moment, and satisfied that her Henri was devoted to her, she fancied that the ardour of his feelings would never abate. She made no calculations for the future, and did not, as a well-trained woman of the world would have done, begin by a thousand pretty little caprices to create an empire over her husband. Thus she learned no lessons but those of love; and though now a wife, and the mistress of a family, she remained the simple girl who had lived so obscurely in the Rue Saint Denis. She never thought of trying to acquire the manners, the information, the tone of that society with which she was now destined to mix; and if she chanced to say anything at variance with Henri's ideas, the young artist laughed as one laughs at the first faults which a stranger makes in our language, but which at length become tiresome if they are not corrected. In process of time, however, Augusta became a mother, and Henri, who had neglected his profession since the marriage, which had added such a charm to his life, felt the necessity of returning to his

labours and previous habits. He devoted himself assiduously to painting, but it was also necessary to go into the world, and society soon resumed its claims upon him. For a time Henri was vain of showing off his beautiful wife, and the admiration accorded to her flattered his self-love, while to Augusta it was a new harvest of pleasure to shine in the glory borrowed from her husband's talents, and to see herself the envy of all the women. But, alas! it was the last light which conjugal happiness was to shed upon the unsophisticated Madame de Sommervieux, for her husband's vanity soon took the alarm, when, in spite of all his watchfulness, she betrayed her ignorance of good society by some inelegant expression or narrow-minded idea.

The character of Henri de Sommervieux, kept under for upwards of two years, first by the anxieties and afterwards by the charms of love, broke out in its native colours when that passion had in a great degree subsided beneath the chilling hand of time. Poetry, painting, and the exquisite pleasures of the imagination, however neglected for a space, will always assert their empire over cultivated minds. And Henri's had only slumbered because he had been lost in a dream that had fascinated his senses, and blinded his mental vision. But when the lover had, like a child, gathered wild flowers until its hands were full, the scene was changed.

If the painter showed his wife any of his finest sketches, the designs for his best compositions, he only heard her remark, like her father:

"It is very pretty."

The admiration which she evinced for her husband's paintings seemed to spring from her love for himself. She liked them because they were *his* work: it was the artist, not the art, she valued, and one look from him was worth all the pictures in the world. In short, Henri could not deny the evidence of his senses. Augusta had no soul for the refined pleasures of life; she inhabited not his sphere; she was utterly commonplace. Ordinary people cannot conceive the sufferings of that being who, united to another by the most intimate of ties, is obliged at all times to repress every working of the mind, and to annihilate the imagery which a magic power has, as it were, compelled them to create. For such a one it is a lingering torment, more hard to be borne because fate ordains that they shall be companions for life. It is not well to thwart the bias of nature, for *that* is as inexorable as necessity itself.

Henri took refuge in the calm and silence of his studio, hoping that the habit of living among clever people might improve his wife, and develop in her those germs of talent which some believe to be inherent in all minds. Augusta was too sincerely pious not to be shocked at the conversation of the beaux esprits of the day; she thought their bon-mots little better than blasphemy, and therefore she carried into the midst of the brilliant society in which she moved a feeling of distrust, which rendered her somewhat of a constraint. In fact, she was a gêne, and artists' gênés are apt to become disagreeable. They amused themselves by ridiculing the sanctity and the primness of poor Augusta, who had involuntarily acquired some of her worthy mother's excessive prudery of demeanour. A few epigrams, written, as it were, in the spirit of friendly badinage, reached Henri's knowledge. There was nothing positively offensive about these jeux d'esprit, therefore he could take no notice of them; but they left a dangerous impression on a mind so easily in-

fluenced as his was. Thus he began insensibly to feel a coolness towards his wife, which, if not speedily overcome, *could* only go on increasing; for conjugal love may be compared to the ascent of a steep hill: once at the top, you must avoid a single downward step, for the descent is as rapid as slippery; the painter's love, unhappily, was on the declination. Henri, considering himself thrown away upon a person so inferior as he now deemed Augusta, fancied himself justified in neglecting her; while Augusta, having nothing with which to reproach herself, met his coldness by a reserved and melancholy silence. She never complained, but her altered looks conveyed reproach.

Sometimes, when Mr. de Sommervieux, fatigued with painting, left his studio before the usual hour, he would find Augusta mending with minute care his linen, or that of the house. She furnished liberally, and without a murmur, the money required for the extravagances of her husband; but, to make amends for this, she was strictly economical upon herself and the little details of housekeeping. Such economy Henri looked upon as mean and vulgar, for artists generally know no middle state between prodigality and ruin. It would be useless to dwell on the succession of trifles which, step by step, undermined the domestic happiness of this ill-assorted couple. Henri seemed now to like any place better than home; but his favourite haunt was the gay abode of the fashionable Duchess de Carigliano, and it was not long before a charitable friend enlightened the innocent Augusta on the nature of his attachment to that celebrated coquette. At one-and-twenty years of age to see herself neglected for a woman past thirty, was no small mortification to the dispirited Augusta; nor was this at all compensated for by the adulation she received from the most fascinating roués of the day, for, in the midst of seductions, Augusta remained virtuous. Too late she perceived that there are mésalliances in mind as well as mésalliances in manners and rank; a veil, as it were, was removed from her eyes, and she beheld those deficiencies on her own part, arising from her want of education, which placed so formidable a barrier between the complete union of her soul with that of Henri. Her love for him led her to excuse him, and to lay the blame on herself, and she determined, by improving herself, to make herself more worthy of his regard.

With an energy miraculous in a woman unaccustomed to mental exertion, Madame de Sommervieux endeavoured to change her character, her manners, and her habits. But though she toiled through volumes, though she laboured with perseverance, she only succeeded in becoming less ignorant. Quickness of repartee, and the graces of conversation, are either gifts of nature or the fruits of an education commenced in the cradle. She could take pleasure in music, but could neither sing nor play with taste; she could read literary works, and admire poetry, but it was too late to embellish her rebellious memory; she could listen to intellectual or brilliant discourse, but was quite unable to join in it. Then her bigoted religious opinions and former prejudices showed themselves at every step, and prevented her assimilating with the people among whom she now moved. Worse than all, there had stolen into Henri's mind a sort of prepossession against her, which she could not overcome, and the very excess of her desire to please, the very terror she felt of offending him, embarrassed her so much that she often trembled in his presence.

## MENTAL ABSTRACTION.

"It is better to be in company with a dead man than an absent man," some writer has remarked, but I forget who it was. The remark must not be understood as regarding absences of mind assumed to deceive observers. Some men have recourse to these in order to be supposed, by exhibiting an appearance of profound thoughtfulness, that they are capable of a reflection which is not in their nature. In reality they are only pondering on the existing deception they practise, and considering how it will be likely to fulfil their expectations. It is a fact that the minds of the larger part of mankind are governed by sensual impressions implicitly followed, with no appeal to reason. Some would fain be thought wiser than nature made them, and appear with a show of absence to sustain the impression, so that if they cannot exhibit the wares supposed to be in their possession, they think they shall not have credit for them, just as the common dealer in goods wishes to have credit for a vast assortment in his warehouse unseen, as well as for those in his shop, and this he would indicate by some trickery. Such persons, by taciturnity and gravity of bearing, endeavour to indicate mental depth under a shallow superficies. Their mental absence, as they would have it to be, is but a fictitious abstraction that imposes upon observers, or the idea of a profound intellect in more than customary activity. There is an ocean of Atlantic magnitude between real thinkers and those who imagine they are thinking only because they put on the appearance of it.

There is no excuse for this shallow affectation of what with some is next to impossible. It is the extreme of ill manners to use disguises in our social intercourse, if it be not an insult to others. A weak mind can alone generate the idea. It is not to be pardoned that any member of a social body should seek credit for violating the simplest of conventional regulations, under the plea of an inattention that is factitious, for it is a species of falsehood, an attempt to deceive others if they are not among the most discriminating, in order to obtain a consideration for what does not really exist.

To pass over this fictitious abstraction, the result of vanity, which is but wilful inaction, mistaken by others for a real, and only noting it in a passing manner as a part of the subject, however little related to it or the reverse, thus guarding against any mistake, it is proper to proceed to the more immediate object. Real absence of mind upon subjects of importance, often, indeed, of such great importance compared to the usual concerns of the hour, with men of a habit of deep thought, is often a visit beyond the regions of this "diurnal sphere." It is no matter that it happen in the seclusion of the study, or in solitude amid the beauties of nature; in the secluded chamber of the crowded city, or on the mountain-peak. Anywhere, in short, where the interruptions of busy life or the calls of society cannot interfere. It is necessary to bring all the faculties of the soul to bear upon the particular topic which occupies the mind, either for objects of research or demonstration; and this constitutes the mental abstraction, without which the secrets of nature or the discoveries of science would have been ineffectually sought in the develop-

ment, although as yet the progress made may be but little. The mental abstraction of the Newtons and Lockes of their time was of the accompaniments of their wonderful discoveries, the usher, as it were, at the entrance into the great temple of scientific discovery.

There could be no simulated abstraction of mind with such men, like that which most persons have seen put on by pretenders. The assumption and reality differ—in that, in the former instance, a man may not have the ability to think about anything, and still have the appearance of thinking to others. In the reality, the mind is absent, because the absence is but secondary, and comes involuntarily, the primary cause being overpowering mental application.

Some will fall into absent fits when in conversation, from their small stock of material being exhausted. They have "said their say," as the phrase runs. Some are absent from the pride that, feeling it has not ability to sustain an argument, keep a discreet silence, and get credit for abstraction in that mode. Others appear abstracted because they can converse on nothing "out of the shop," to use a common-place phraseology. The affectation of singularity is not without example in such cases, as well as the air of self-importance that, from affected abstraction, would fain make it be believed that the "fate of Cato and of Rome" were under consideration in minds that in reality shall be a positive blank. Here an imposture is played off, destitute of the common adroitness of the professors of the art, and played off, too, assumptively by one who is not perhaps wholly destitute of knowledge, but who cannot display his stock so far as to conceal its scanty character. No plea of habit or ill breeding can be accepted in good society for the display of this kind of hypocrisy.

Besides a real abstractedness in men of studious habits, who are engaged in important pursuits for which silence and solitude are necessary, it is assumed sometimes by others in pursuits that scarcely demand a thought, in order to add weight to what is little more in levity than mere vapour. The more eminent men among the ancients passed much of their time in studious abstraction. It was when passion was calm, and the spirit collected and folded up, that it could dwell uninterruptedly upon the glorious visions of a hallowed inspiration, that the nobler thoughts of the foremost mortal beings were generated to elevate and enlighten their kind. The abstractedness of such reaches beyond the limit of their domicile or study. It is discovered amid the pensive outdoor ramble, and among the works of nature, but hardly ever in the crowded haunt. Of many examples on record of mental absence among men of the higher order of intellect, but few have occurred in general society. The studies of those who had something left of the men of the world in their habits caused them to leave their more precious thoughts and soul-directed inquiries at home, even when they shared the hospitable board of a friend. There a metaphysical inquiry, or a question in science, would be like those nonentities to the world, the unknown tongues of the Scotch parson Irving, of which he left no grammar; not but that the abstractedness of men of study may have accidentally betrayed itself beyond their domicile, in the foreign atmosphere of the rich and courtly. In the latter case the bias of good breeding, which tempers the agreeable insincerity of courtly manners, would forbid the wilful ex-

hibition of what, in such an atmosphere, must be strangely foreign to its habits.

Sensible people do not, as we find from common experience, mingle in society to think, but to unthink—"*pour distrait,*" as the French would say. The great operations of the mind are not carried on in the crowd, nor aided by fellowship, though ambitious rivalry may do something in its favour. Hence, academies of art that teach beyond the elements in the way of direction are always injurious to a high walk of art, being alone nurseries of a decent mediocrity. They check genius, level high-mindedness, and cause a mannerism which, in one thing or another, is soon made the supreme law. But enough of those who only affect to think before others, and think of nothing; who are, as poor Dunn Hunter once said of rattlesnakes to the present writer, "very quiet, but very disagreeable company."

It is pleasanter to address oneself to that description of *rêveurs* who have become abstracted from studious habits, and rarely if ever offend against good manners, than to address fanatics of any creed. It has happened, perhaps, without regard to truth, that some clever men have forgotten themselves by a sudden fit of abstractedness in society, or, perhaps, out of a forgetfulness of their position at particular moments, which may be justly set down to a constitutional want of recollection how they are situated. Such persons often err by mistaking the topic of conversation through momentary inattention, and make comments of a nature the very reverse of what might be expected. Sometimes they only hear a part of what is said, and remark upon that portion in a strain diametrically opposite to what they should do, and indeed would, if they had heard the whole. Persons of this description are apt to talk to themselves, and respond to their own questionings. The late Lord Dudley and Ward was one of this order of *rêveurs.* He would question and answer himself in his fits of abstractedness, and, though things were said of him that were not true, there is no doubt that he sometimes committed himself in this way, even with royalty itself. His lordship, however, must not be classed with the Solons of his time, but rather with the Eccentrics, who, if not now in existence as a club or society, many years within individual remembrance justified their name by their deeds, and neither societies nor single men can do more.

The abstracted form no part of the company which surrounds them, for their minds are far away from it.

"What are you thinking of, George?" said a young lady of my acquaintance to her brother, who sat silently in the midst of a pleasant party of young persons without uttering a word.

"I was thinking about a bill which came back yesterday, my dear. Who could have doubted the solidity of the acceptor?"

"George, George, what is the bill to us, who have met for a little social pleasure? We don't want the City office brought into Upper Seymour-street. You had better go home, and sit mannikin fashion by the drawing-room fire; it is the best place for a man *distrait.*"

It was a commendable rebuke to the brother, whose mind was in his counting-house, in which it would have been more complimentary to the company had he kept himself. Yet even this young man's mind was somewhere, but what can be said of him whose mental absenteeism is

"nowhere,' as the jockeys say of a horse not placed! What can be said but that he is a perfect simpleton, on whom nature has bestowed the gift of innocence through his natural incapacity for sustaining a heavier burden than the new-born infant.

But there is an abstractedness which may rank among those virtues which we admire, but which are beyond our power of imitation. Great minds are often marked by traits which, while in little ones they are faults, become so placed in those of an opposite nature that they are the means of producing foliage in the shade of which mankind is refreshed. The concentration of all the faculties of the soul upon a single difficulty is often an operation for which millions have to bless individual abstractedness in the higher order of mind.

It is difficult to separate from the profounder operations of the soul in this respect the idea that it is confined to any but the spiritual part of man. The term "spiritual" must not be understood in the sense it is used by the ghost-seers and the superstitious of the present day, but in the sense of the action of those incorporeal faculties or powers, and the reason both inherent and peculiar to that part of man which is imperishable. That there are such no thinker can doubt who only judges by the light of nature, for the reason of man proceeds from the reason of God.* It is not too fanciful at times to imagine, in the way flying thoughts sometimes arise, that we may deduce much more than we think in the way of proof of the undying principle in man from our aspirations and hopes. Thus we never hope for what is impossible, although we may hope for that which is improbable. We may suffer fancy to run riot into the impracticable, to invent, and soar above the clouds or descend into the deep, but we never hope to realise such ideas. Hope, from being confined to improbable or probable possibilities, may thus define the boundary of human action. It may be said this is only the result of universal experience, but it seems something more. The limit of our hopes is not that of our desires, for the former are bounded, and therefore subjected to reason. Our desires may extend to physical impossibilities, but our hopes are held within a more limited circumference.

The passage of St. Paul in the Corinthians, where he speaks of revelations and his ignorance when he received them, of where he was, whether in heaven or on earth, clearly points to an extraordinary abstraction of spirit or mind, though miracle-mongers will have it otherwise solely *quià impossibile est*, or because it is impossible, which fanatics make a main ground of belief.

The Mahometan doctors in their numerous sects are divided in opinion regarding their prophet, who asserted that he had been taken up into heaven; but this statement, it appears to some of the mufti skilled in the Koran, admits of a doubt as to the meaning, and they insist that he only intended to imply he was in a sort of mental trance or abstraction of mind, which placed him in the third heaven spiritually. Others given more to the miraculous way of thinking prefer, no doubt, the least probable course, on the ground that the more improbable statements in faith are always to be preferred for credence, as more worthy of so great a

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* Ὁ δεγ' τ' ἀνθρῶπω λὸγος πὲφυκ' ἀπὸ του Θεου λόγω.
EPICHAR.

favourite of Allah. Staunch Mahometans, in favour of the more miraculous side, insist that the prophet paid the contested visit *in propriâ personâ*. Thus it comes in the East to the old Western query,

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

One thing is certain, that neither in scientific nor literary studies, nor even in divinity, will much be achieved without seasons of abstraction, of more or less duration, dependent upon the nature of the sentient faculty in the thinker and on the greater or less difficulty of the subject.

There is more than one kind of mental abstraction, that which comes from the thought being fixed intently on the same pursuit, detaching the senses from external objects, owing to the attraction of that sense absorbed in the contemplation of one object. There is also a species in which the senses are dead to external things, the soul within itself occupied in observing the mysterious images which are presented to it, when it seems to live, move, and have a being unconnected with materiality. This must not be confounded with the exercise of the imagination in the conception of fanciful things, or in what the vulgar term "castle-building," nor must it be classed with mere occupation, to the exclusion of surrounding objects from attention to what is before it. The mental abstraction referred to is that which originates in study directed to one point in a particular pursuit in science, or in some branch of literature, which leaves the senses idle, the invisible, or "infinite," to quote the fanciful Germans again, being the occupant of the abstracted spirit, and the whole operation going on within, abandoning materiality for a short space of time, until the lost one awake, as it were, from a reverie. Absorption in writing and thinking at the same time is an employment which, being mixed and mechanical, from requiring the exercise of the sight as well as touch, can hardly come under that class which arises from insensibility to external objects, and which some style "meditation," though in the latter term it would seem that there is some implied purpose in the absence of mind, a rumination for a determined end.

The time employed in literary composition is a season of abstraction always grateful, although it is laborious. Were there no pleasure in composition itself, were the outpourings of genius not a pleasing kind of abstraction in their conception and recordation, the absence of mind which they inevitably produce from the crosses, and idle bustling, and trifling of society would be ever dear to those who can be partakers in it, from being its own "exceeding great reward." Time thus passes imperceptibly away, and yet usefully. The world wags as it is wont, in the same round of stale repetition, but the mind abstracted in literary or scientific pursuits, enlarging its compass at the same time, vindicated its own immortal essence, before the Christian era established that doctrine and Christian principles were extant, except so far as they are embraced in the law of nature. Under the law of Moses the Jews knew it not. They seem to have imbibed some crude idea of immortality during the captivity, whence the Pharisees supported it, but it was still denied by the Sadducees.

Who can define the nature of mental abstraction in its relation to the difference between mind and matter? When a writer of thought—for this must be understood, since so many write without thinking at all—

when such a writer finds all the hours of the day pass away as if they were only minutes, when he seems to have lost time itself in the pursuit of what belongs to the "infinite," his abstraction appears a delightful triumph of spirit over matter, carrying into it all that is not a participation in the grovelling pursuits of the high or low vulgar in life. It is this abstraction of the soul from common-place things which elevates and sharpens genius, kindling enthusiasm, and enabling a mortal man to live an age in a day. The concerns troubling mankind in the mass, high and low, are all dead, what is before him alone being active and present, appearing upon a higher level than seems consistent with mortality, until it become a whispering of something beyond earth's dim spot, some delicious passing odour of immortal fragrance wafted by and borne too quickly away before it is fully inhaled.

There is no studious man who has been in the habit of perusing an author, interesting only perhaps to himself, who feels no annoyance when broken in upon by a trivial interruption. He becomes a little irritated, if he does not exhibit the feeling in a more marked way, and lays down the book, which it is possible he may never again take it into his head to peruse. The links of thought it had connected together are broken. The attention of the student or philosopher is much more deep and intense than that of the common reader. It is not to be interrupted without mischief; indeed, the apprehension of such an event it is which makes him seek seclusion. He has banished from his mind the realities which are around him. He wishes to concentrate his faculties on one fixed point. His imagination expands its wings to far distant regions, or takes him up to the stars that glow and sparkle in the serene of night over his head. He is observing them with an enthusiasm which gets every moment more lively within himself. He is carried away to distances only to be measured in mind by mathematical comparisons. He convinces himself that his desire is to obtain something of the mystery of their nature besides his power of calculating their distances. He reflects that such objects beyond this simple view can, after all, have no relation to one of an existence of only a few years. Their more abstracted relations only as far as yet ascertained would be superfluous knowledge, if he had no spiritual existence hereafter. The Deity created everything with a purpose, and on that knowledge it is not wrong to beg a question. Thus, independent of any other source, arises a strong argument for the future existence of man. This kind of abstract study no doubt imbued the minds of the Chaldeans in their observations of the stars in the level country and clear atmosphere where Zoroaster (Abraham ?) taught his sublime theism—was it not kindled from the heavens? Night, too, was ever the time for abstract study.

In our own climate it is the same, and tends to similar abstractions and results unconnected with "the infinite," as the Germans phrase it. We then partake in studies where we can remove ourselves farthest from mortal littlenesses; thus weaning the soul from the body. This expatiation of the soul, to coin a new word for unlimited expansion, is of the nature of a mild intoxication. We were one day sitting in a window on a level with the street, waiting to see a grand funeral pass. We took up a book to pass the time, got more and more interested in it, and then laid it down, meditating deeply on its contents, and so remained. The funeral passed

by unnoticed and unthought about until a person came into the room and asked a question regarding it.

Some have described this abstraction of mind as productive, while it lasted, of a confusion of the faculties from some pleasurable cause; it is, no doubt, an insensibility to external things, an utter abnegation of all but the subject which absorbs the soul at the time. The movement of a limb, which some people denominate "a trick when thinking," is often all the bodily movement observable while half a day or night seems to pass in an hour, when the mind is thus, as it were, magically influenced. Yet on an accidental interruption for a moment, a reply to a request by rote, as it were, seems to show a double action going on, the abstraction of soul being uninterrupted, but instinct in full action. A servant enters the room and asks for a crown. The hand obeys the request, and passes into the pocket, the tongue speechless, and the reverie still unbroken. The request is understood and answered, as if the response had enlisted the understanding in reply, though that was assuredly not tested in the matter, the servant having usually come at the same hour with the same request. The reply was instinctive, or that of animal reason alone.

Another illustration. We were in deep thought when entering a bedroom to open a drawer for a pocket-handkerchief. The drawers had been moved a week before to the other side of the room. We did not go where they actually stood, but went at once to the old place, and were disappointed. Was not such an act of the nature of instinct in animals? The faculties of the soul were far away from the spot at that moment; the animal faculties were present and active—those faculties acquired by usage without reflection, or mind, which is the same thing. Perhaps—for who knows to the contrary?—this kind of abstraction may define the line between animal or habitual knowledge through experience and human reason, man sharing both.

The abstraction in study much prolonged, where it causes excitement, as it does with some persons, is probably injurious to particular temperaments, but such are rare cases. Patience may be tried in recondite investigation, and irritability be caused, but those who are deeply read in mathematical studies know how needful unruffled nerves are to such pursuits. In those works which deal in scenes of passion, where the imagination is powerfully excited, there is seldom any protracted abstraction either exhibited or required. Even in the composition of such works, those who write them have nothing to unravel, nothing to puzzle, painting only the pictures fancy presents. Those parts calculated to affect the writer's passions develop themselves gradually in general, and do not flood his feelings as they do the feelings of those who read them in connexion with all their passionate details, to whom they present a finished scene, while to the author they only unfold themselves fractionally, one part passing out of the sensorium to make way for a successor. This labour requires simple abstraction alone, being destitute of that profound self-absence which exercises the reason, and requires the utmost mental stretch from its complexity, as in difficult mathematical problems. Addison gives an account of one class of mental absentees that must rank low in the scale of the order. In fact, some acts are more those of carelessness than of abstraction dignified by the highest employment of the understanding. A moralist was walking out with his friend, when the

latter picked up a pebble of a very curious form, and said he should preserve it, and give it to one who was fond of curiosities. They walked together for some distance farther, the pebble still in the hands of its discoverer, when he was asked by his companion if he knew the hour. With the pebble still in his hand, he took out his watch: "We have seven minutes yet to spare for another turn, or even two," he replied. Then both turning round to second the word with the deed, the locality being on the verge of the Thames, the pebble-finder put his discovery deliberately into his fob, and played duck and drake in the Thames with his watch. The same writer adds, that he did not undeceive his friend, as he did not like to be the messenger of bad news, such kind of distractions being assuredly mal-à-propos. He remarked, at the same time, that it was but just to make a distinction between him who becomes abstracted because he really thinks and him who is found in that state because his mind is at the time in a state of perfect vacuity, or entirely destitute of thought. This is a distinction too obvious for comment, and of a species so common, that the blind might detect the difference.

The Rev. Robert Hall, it has been recorded, while a student, boiled his own eggs for breakfast. He was observed one morning by a friend who entered the breakfast-room at the moment to put his watch very deliberately into the boiling water in place of the egg.

Twice in life we have committed odd errors from abstraction. In a town in which we spent the larger part of earlier life, about a couple of hundred yards from the paternal dwelling, there were three houses built exactly alike. In the farthest off of the three lived a lady and her three daughters, the only persons in those houses whom we had visited. We knew the inmates of the others only by sight. We had been occupied with a matter of some concern that morning, and went afterwards to call at the third house. In a "brown" study, we knocked at the first door in place of the third. A servant opened it, and, without asking for any one, we walked up-stairs to the drawing-room, passing the astonished servant. The door of the room to which we had ascended opened just as it was reached, and two children, coming out, looked at us with surprise, and one of them awoke us from our mental absence by saying, having no doubt observed us go into the other house at various times, "This is not Mrs. T.'s house." The truth flashed upon the mind; we looked foolish enough, no doubt, and made way down-stairs and into the street at once. More than twenty years afterwards we lived in Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, on the north side, not far from the Edgeware-road, where the houses are of a uniform construction. The late Mr. Shiel had been sitting with us, and we had walked with him a part of the way to his quarters at the Burlington Hotel. Leaving him in Bond-street, we returned home, deeply engaged in thinking of something he had communicated regarding public affairs not necessary to mention. We had got back to within five doors of our own residence; observing a door standing open, a servant in the passage, we entered and pushed on, and so up-stairs. We were so absorbed in thought, that we did not regard her features, and actually had one hand on the lock of the drawing-room door to open it, when a very fine gilt weather-glass close on the wall upon the right hand of the landing-place caught the eye; strange voices at the same time were heard in the room. The truth

flashed upon us at once. If we had opened the door, "What a fool should we have looked, in a room full of strange people in a private house." So we thought as descending the stairs rapidly, and before we reached the door. "I thought I was at my own door—you let me pass—I might have been a thief," was the hurried remark to the servant, still in the passage. "Oh, sir, I knew your person; you live a door or two off."

One of the most remarkable cases of abstraction that ever occurred to anybody happened to ourselves. It seems incredible, but for all that it is true. We were for some years a resident at Plymouth during the French war, and often attended naval courts-martial. One of these was held on board the *Salvador del Mundo*, a noble first-rate of a hundred and ten guns. The weather was cold. The ports in the ward-room and doors where the trial took place were shut upon that account. The prisoner was an officer, a remarkably fine young man, of respectable parentage, about twenty-two years old. There were not twenty persons present except the members of the court-martial, the prisoner, and master-at-arms. We stood close to the unhappy man, who had shot his captain. He was condemned to die, making no defence. He had taken too much wine, and his captain had threatened to disrate him. The court-martial broke up. Saying only a few words to one of the officers, we mounted to the upper deck. "I smell powder," we observed to a lieutenant passing. "I should wonder if you did not smell powder; have we not just saluted an American frigate come to anchor?" "How strange! I declare I never heard a gun." "Well," he replied with a smile of incredulity, "the sound does keep much outside the ports!"

We never did hear a gun, but recollected that once or twice we had shifted our feet, no doubt from the tremor of the timbers. We solemnly assert again that we heard nothing. It was a heart-rending affair. We were close on one side of the prisoner, the master-at-arms being on the other. He was a very fine-made young fellow, and behaved with great firmness, nor would he make any defence. To be hung at the yard-arm was his sentence. Though his crime was unpardonable, and it was a very unusual scene, so rare an occurrence as an officer placed in such a situation absorbing the feelings of all present. We had none but for the business before us. The fire of twenty-one heavy guns in the waist of the lower deck did not break our attention. The shifting of the feet, as if something made them unsteady, was involuntary; we only recollected we had done so afterwards, and conjectured the tremor from the firing to have been the cause; there was, indeed, no other. It is difficult to imagine how intensely sometimes we thus become abstracted. Abstraction may be caused by the action on the part of some external object, or from the mind being, as it were, folded up within itself, and the cause being wholly internal.

Plutarch gives us a remarkable example of this kind in the death of Archimedes during the siege of Syracuse by Marcellus. He was intently studying his geometrical diagrams when the Romans got into the city. So intent was he upon his labours, that he perceived nothing of the noise and tumult without. A soldier broke in and ordered the mathematician to follow him to Marcellus, which, according to one account, he refused to do until he had completed his demonstration, on which the soldier killed

him. Another account states the matter differently; but it appears that he was so absorbed in his geometry, that he knew nothing of the storming of the city or of the Romans being in possession of it.

There are several instances of great abstraction of mind related of Sir Isaac Newton, which are almost too well known to repeat. Sir Isaac had invited a nobleman to dine with him at a certain hour, and his expected guest came accordingly. The table was laid ready for the repast, but Sir Isaac did not make his appearance. After waiting a considerable time, perhaps an hour or two, the guest rang the bell and bade the servant tell his master he had arrived. The servant excused himself by saying it was more than his place was worth to interrupt Sir Isaac. The titled guest, by this time tolerably hungry, asked what there was for dinner, and a fowl being mentioned, he desired it to be brought. Hungry as he was from his long fast, his lordship soon picked its bones, and had replaced the cover over them, when Sir Isaac made his appearance, declared how glad he was to see his lordship, and asked him if he would take pot-luck, though he did not know what he had to expect. Taking off the cover and observing the bones, he said, "I forgot I had dined!"

The foregoing was not the only instance related of Sir Isaac's occasional abstractions. He never married, as is well known. There was a lady whom he had an inclination to lead to church. To make love mathematically is of all uses to which the calculus can be applied the most inefficient and foreign to its nature. It surpasses even a Newton's power to square love's perjuries, or divide sighs and looks into infinitesimal portions. No logarithmical tables can be formed of the degrees of affection, nor can the differences between the love of one sex or the other, or the specific gravity of their passions, be tested by the most initiated. Sir Isaac is said to have seated himself by the side of the lady, his pipe in his mouth, and then, falling into a fit of abstraction, to have taken her hand (how her heart must have beat at that moment!), but in place of pressing it with an amatory warmth, indicative of the proposal he was about to make, he thrust her finger into the bowl of his pipe, actually making it a tobacco-stopper. The natural consequence was, that the indignant lady declined being the wife even of the mortal who may be said to have unveiled the goddess Isis, and drawn forth into light those secrets of nature that were before inaccessible to mankind.

CYRUS REDDING.

# CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

## XXIV.

It was on a cold, clear evening about the end of October, that two gentlemen, sitting in the dining-room of a fine modern house on the coast of Devonshire, drew their chairs towards the cheerful fire as soon as the butler and footman had removed the substantial and elegant dinner, and had placed on the polished table beside them various wines and fruits. All around bespoke the combination of wealth, taste, and management; the furniture was sumptuous, and the servants well drilled and active. The mansion was romantically situated on an eminence that commanded a full view of the sea, then glittering in the beams of a rising moon, which gilded the sails of the various vessels gliding along in the distance. The pleasure-grounds which surrounded the commodious habitation were kept in such a state of neatness as to have a pleasant and cheerful appearance notwithstanding the advanced season. Late autumn flowers and shrubs still continued to bloom under the shelter of the verdant evergreens, so judiciously intermixed with the other trees as to give, even in approaching winter, and in that moonlit evening hour, an air of life and freshness to the general coup d'œil of the agreeable scene. One of the gentlemen was advanced in age—judging by his hair, which was white as snow—but his face, though considerably wrinkled, was still possessed of a glowing hue, enhancing the brightness of his small keen black eyes, which were full both of fun and fire. In person he was little, thin, and wiry-looking, and one arm was evidently stiffened by some injury formerly received. His dress was peculiarly neat, betokening an active and well-regulated mind, notwithstanding the changes continually passing over his countenance, which had something fitful in its animation, his mouth at one moment indicating a considerable degree of hastiness of temper, and at another pursing up to so comical an expression of humour as to make his whole appearance extremely pleasant and piquant, while his loud and mirthful laugh displayed a set of teeth still uncommonly fine and uninjured by age.

The young man who sat opposite to him was in the very morning of life, tall, finely proportioned, and dauntless looking; his rich black hair curled in thick masses on his proudly placed neck and full, intellectual forehead, while the bronzed cheek betrayed that the glow placed there by nature had been obscured by exposure to a tropical sun. His eyes were peculiarly dark and flashing, and might have indicated violence both of temper and feeling, had the expression not been redeemed by a certain sly sweetness that played about his handsome mouth and round, firmly formed chin, while his laugh and teeth discovered some relationship to his old companion, the first being frank and joyous, and the last beautifully white and even. This irre-

sistible laugh quite metamorphosed the whole appearance of the youth, entirely altering the expression of his otherwise haughty features, and half closing his bright bold black eyes, so as to combine all the other startling indications given by his changeful physiognomy into a look of blended penetration and merriment. His movements and attitudes were free, animated, and energetic, carrying conviction to the beholder of his possessing complete command both of mind and muscle, and stamped with an air of fearlessness and power the whole exterior of this magnificent specimen of a young British sailor.

No sooner had the servants left the room, than the old gentleman filled a bumper of "good old port," and, raising the glass to his lips, fixed his eyes on his young companion with a look of pride and joy, wishing him, as he did so, all possible success in the glorious career he had commenced, and which appeared to promise everything for futurity.

"Faith, Guy, my boy!" he said, as he placed the empty glass on the table, "you are truly the child of good fortune. You go off from your father's house, 'will ye nill ye,' and throw yourself into the navy, with no other patronage than what a foolish old fellow like myself could give you, and distinguish yourself so much in some little skirmishes that occur as to receive the commendations of all your superior officers. Not but that in this matter you were somewhat indebted to your great physical force, which made the hardships of a midshipman's apprenticeship indifferent to you. But then you quarrel outrageously with a stiff old grand-aunt; and, notwithstanding your undutiful conduct, behold! she dies and—like true woman, full of contradiction—leaves you all her money. Again, you return when your time as a middy is out, and find yourself immediately appointed to another ship; and, to crown your luck, your eldest brother gets himself shot, as he richly deserved, and you become heir to your father's fortune. Why, my lad, you promise fair to tread a bright and triumphant path in life, and old Uncle Stanley has nothing more to do than to drink to your success in war and love. With that handsome person and dare-devil manner. of yours, there is no doubt but that you may carry off any woman in England you choose, be she married or single."

The admiral laughed his merry laugh as he emitted this bright idea, and twinkled his eyes at Guy with a sly and roguish expression, betraying thereby that he had been rather a bit of a pickle himself in his younger days.

"Married women!" answered Guy, in his usual careless manner. "Indeed, uncle, they may all go to the devil, or remain with their husbands, for aught I care about the matter; and as for love—though I acknowledge that I like a bit of a spree as well as most young fellows—yet love is a confoundedly dangerous concern, and I shall try all I can to keep out of the scrape for many a long year to come."

"Tut, tut, nephew!" replied the old gentleman, tapping the lid of his snuff-box. "Don't defy the little god, otherwise he may take you by surprise when you are not expecting it. So, 'Here's to the lass with the bonny blue eye," he pursued, again filling up his glass,

"for I suspect, Guy, that a blue eye will catch you;—reason good, that you have got a fine pair of black ones yourself."

"Oh! I like them of all colours in my own way, uncle—black, brown, grey, and blue; but I have no time to waste upon them just now. I have but an hour or two to spare, for I started off on this short visit to ask of you a great favour."

"A favour!" ejaculated the keen old sailor, looking at his grand-nephew with surprise. "What favour can a fortunate fellow like you have to ask of me, boy? It appears to me that the only favour I can now grant you is to die as fast as I can, and leave you my fortune to swell the amount of your well-filled coffers. You know that was settled long ago, my lad. For years you have been the son of my adoption."

A momentary contraction crisped Guy's manly brow.

"Uncle," he said, "don't shock me. One of the things I most anxiously desire on earth is, that you may be spared for many a year to cheer me by your friendship and sympathy."

Truth is imperative and convincing; the admiral felt that there was no insincerity in the words. He twinkled a tear from his eye, and, stretching his uninjured arm across the fireplace, seized Guy's hand, and giving it a hearty shake, replied, with animation:

"I believe you—I believe you, my dear boy. Rough old seaman though he is, Algernon Stanley well understands the language of the heart. But what is it, my lad? What favour can a useless super-annuated sailor grant to a prosperous youth like you in the present bright phase of his fortune?"

"Frankly, then, uncle, it is to exert your influence with the Admiralty to get me, as soon as possible, appointed to another ship."

The old man opened his eyes to their fullest extent, and stared at his nephew with astonishment.

"Another ship!" he exclaimed. "Why, what is your objection to the *Terrible*, one of the very best vessels in the service?"

"I have no objection whatever to the *Terrible*, my dear sir, but I don't much like the person who commands her. I fear my brother-in-law captain."

"Fear him!" repeated the other, with astonishment. "Why, surely, Guy, a young fellow like you, already distinguished for his audacity and courage, cannot possibly feel *fear?* You don't mean to say, after being so highly commended for your bravery, that you are going to show the white feather, do ye?"

Guy laughed his loud irresistible laugh.

"No, no, uncle; the white feather is one that shall never be stuck in my cap. But I must try to explain the matter clearly, to enable you to comprehend the odd position in which I am placed."

Drawing his chair closer to that of his old friend, and bending towards him, he then proceeded, speaking in a low and distinct voice, whilst the admiral, crossing one leg over the knee of the other, and leaning back in his easy-chair, with his snuff-box in one hand and a silk pocket-handkerchief in the other, fixed his gleaming eyes on his nephew's face, and pursed up his mouth with a droll expression of keen attention and interest.

"Well, first let me enlighten you as to the fact that I am only heir to half my great-aunt's fortune, and that I am but depositary for what remains, to apply it for the benefit of another person when I come of age. It appeared odd enough, did it not, that an old woman, with whom I had been at war from my infancy, whose peculiarities I laughed at, whose authority I braved, whose cattle I used to send scampering over her corn-fields—to *her* the most provoking feat I could possibly have performed—should discover my perfections so far as to induce her to leave me all she had? Yet she did understand me thoroughly," he continued, after a short pause. "She was a singular character, my Aunt M'Naughton! She was just one of ourselves, uncle—a tough old admiral of a woman, brave as a lion, hard as iron, stern in command. I think I stood more in awe of her than I ever did of anybody in my life."

"And that does not appear to have been very much, by your own account, nephew," observed the old sailor, with a chuckle at his own well-timed remark.

Guy smiled; his conscience could not accuse him much on that score. Then, glancing at the small ornamental clock on the chimney-piece, he went on more rapidly:

"We parted in anger, and I joined my ship. Before this happened, however, I must tell you that a new relation had appeared amongst us, the little Italian aunty you have heard me mention, the daughter of my father's mother by a foolish second marriage. When I returned home at the holidays from the academy where I had been sent in disgrace, I found the poor thing in the family cowering like a frightened bird in the midst of hawks, unkindly treated by my father and mother, tyrannised over by my younger brother and sister, and neglected by the whole household. I took a great fancy to the child—she is nearly three years my junior—and tried all I could to make them more kind to her; but I believe I only did ill, for after I went back to school my mother, to get her out of the way, banished her to Aunt M'Naughton's uncomfortable house, whom, at the same time, she endeavoured to prejudice against her. But Tiny's character was like a bright spring of water forcing its pellucid drops through the fissures of a hard rock, proving by their limpidity how pure was the source from which they emanated."

"Upon my word, Guy," interrupted the old gentleman, "I think you were born to be an orator instead of a sailor."

"Not I, indeed, uncle. I only speak truth as I feel it; but to go on with my story, for it is an odd enough one. My tough admiral of a great-aunt soon became aware of her bright and good qualities—there never was a cleverer woman than Aunt M'Naughton—so she took her into high favour, and became very kind to her in her own queer way. Well, as I have understood the matter, my father and mother hated the girl worse and worse, or rather my mother, for my father is but a cipher."

"Dutiful!" murmured rather spitefully his attentive auditor.

"And when I came home," pursued Guy, "to bid them all farewell before going to sea, I fired out upon the subject, and that was partly the cause of my quarrel with my great-aunt before my departure.

My memory rather stings me here," continued he, pausing perturbedly in his explanation, "but I have no time for mincing matters. I returned from my first cruise, and in a moment of extreme depression and irritation in consequence of some painful family events—with which you are well acquainted, uncle—I wrote a violent letter to dear little Tiny, in which, among other abominable things, I wished Aunt M'Naughton were dead, and that she might leave her all her fortune. By an odd chance this edifying composition fell into the old lady's clutches, and one might naturally have concluded that it would have finished me for ever with her; but not a bit; quite the contrary; it prepossessed her completely with a conviction of my disinterestedness and generosity. I was just about to sail again, when, to my astonishment, I received a missive from her, telling me that, as she understood our ship was under orders for the Mediterranean, she begged that I would try to obtain permission to visit Palermo at my leisure, and there endeavour to procure every possible intelligence about Tiny's family; above all, what had become of her father, and what kind of estimation he was held in among his own relations and country-people. Captain Stourton, with whom I sailed, was kind and considerate, and on my explaining to him that the reason of my request was touching a family matter, when we came to anchor in the Bay of Naples he gave me both leave of absence and time to procure the desired information. The account I elicited was very satisfactory in some respects, but quite the contrary in others. I found that the family of San Isidora was titled, ancient, and distinguished; but as for Ascanio, the descendant of an impoverished younger branch, and the little girl's father, he was reckoned a great musical genius to be sure, but a downright *mauvais sujet*. His marriage to my grandmother was well known, and likewise that he had forsaken her for a public singer to whom he had been devoted; this woman he had at last accompanied to the United States, where she had died, and then, to keep up the excitement of life, he took to play, and became a confirmed gambler. Of his having a daughter no one seemed to be aware, and I took good care not to enlighten anybody on the subject. All this information I communicated to my aunt, and then I received another letter from her commending me highly for my prudence and intelligence, and asking my candid opinion as to what I thought she should do for this unfortunate unprotected girl, who, she added, devoted herself entirely to promote her comfort, without a single *arrière pensée*. So I wrote at once, frankly and bluntly, that it appeared to me she could do nothing less than leave her half her money. Back came an answer in due course, in which were betrayed the stiff sailor-like peculiarities of her character. She said that she had pledged herself to my father that he or his should inherit her fortune, and that she could not possibly break her word; but in order to make all matters fit well, and to keep up appearances, I suppose, she intended to make me her heir, and that she trusted to my honour to follow out my own ideas as soon as I came of age. She never seemed to contemplate the possibility of my dying in the interval. Of course I readily accepted the terms—which, on her part, was something like cheating the devil in a cunning way—and I did so, moreover, without any

qualm of conscience, as she assured me solemnly that she had all along purposed to leave me half her fortune, and to divide the rest among my sisters. Now, however, she added, late unfortunate circumstances have rendered the last part of my intentions unnecessary; you have no sister but one remaining, and your father is sufficiently wealthy to enable him to portion her handsomely, particularly as your infatuated brother Frederick's conduct renders consideration for him unavailing. And here ended my correspondence with my eccentric old relative."

The admiral took a pinch of snuff with rather a puzzled air.

"But what has all this to do with your wishing me to get you exchanged into another ship, Guy? for I don't quite understand," he asked, looking at his nephew with much curiosity.

"This is the very point on which my request hinges," answered the young man, earnestly. "War I would wish to see; and as for death, I dread it as little as most men, but I do fear that, by some unlucky chance, I may go out of the world before I can make good Aunt M'Naughton's intentions towards poor Tiny."

"Ah, ha! I begin to comprehend," observed the keen old gentleman; "and you think your honourable brother-in-law would have no objections to place you in some dangerous predicament to help you off the stage, as in that case he would be likely to succeed to all your aunt's fortune, as well as your father's unentailed possessions?"

"Exactly so," answered Guy. "I don't like the man at all, uncle; there is something very sinister about him, and others think the same of him as I do. On my last arrival in England, I found a letter waiting me which Aunt M'Naughton had written after Rachael's marriage, and left in the hands of Mr. Munro, expressing a similar opinion. She warns me in it to be upon my guard, and hints at the idea of his having married from some expectation of his wife inheriting her wealth. She again alludes to my promise about Tiny, and adds that she feels the conviction of her interests being much more secure in my hands than if she had bequeathed the money to her in a legacy, which she was certain would only have involved her in a lawsuit."

"But, Guy, my boy, these are not the days of perils by flood and field," said the old gentleman, looking at him anxiously. "Your brother-in-law is an officer in the British navy, and, considering how well investigated everything is at the present reforming time, it is unlikely that even the most hardened villain should in a public capacity attempt anything of a questionable nature."

"What you say is quite true, uncle, yet still we all know how completely arbitrary a sovereign the captain of a man-of-war is on board his own ship. But it is not violence I fear—though he has a confoundedly bad character among the men who have served under him—it is his cunning I dread; I read this vice in every word he says, in every glance he gives, and its effects may be the more fatal to me, as I am quite well aware that I do not possess the valuable quality of caution in a sufficiently strong degree to oppose to it, if I came to be subjected for any length of time to its workings."

The admiral sighed deeply—a most unusual thing with him—and remained for a minute plunged in a reverie.

My memory rather stings me here," continued he, pausing perturbedly in his explanation, "but I have no time for mincing matters. I returned from my first cruise, and in a moment of extreme depression and irritation in consequence of some painful family events—with which you are well acquainted, uncle—I wrote a violent letter to dear little Tiny, in which, among other abominable things, I wished Aunt M'Naughton were dead, and that she might leave her all her fortune. By an odd chance this edifying composition fell into the old lady's clutches, and one might naturally have concluded that it would have finished me for ever with her; but not a bit; quite the contrary; it prepossessed her completely with a conviction of my disinterestedness and generosity. I was just about to sail again, when, to my astonishment, I received a missive from her, telling me that, as she understood our ship was under orders for the Mediterranean, she begged that I would try to obtain permission to visit Palermo at my leisure, and there endeavour to procure every possible intelligence about Tiny's family; above all, what had become of her father, and what kind of estimation he was held in among his own relations and country-people. Captain Stourton, with whom I sailed, was kind and considerate, and on my explaining to him that the reason of my request was touching a family matter, when we came to anchor in the Bay of Naples he gave me both leave of absence and time to procure the desired information. The account I elicited was very satisfactory in some respects, but quite the contrary in others. I found that the family of San Isidora was titled, ancient, and distinguished; but as for Ascanio, the descendant of an impoverished younger branch, and the little girl's father, he was reckoned a great musical genius to be sure, but a downright *mauvais sujet*. His marriage to my grandmother was well known, and likewise that he had forsaken her for a public singer to whom he had been devoted; this woman he had at last accompanied to the United States, where she had died, and then, to keep up the excitement of life, he took to play, and became a confirmed gambler. Of his having a daughter no one seemed to be aware, and I took good care not to enlighten anybody on the subject. All this information I communicated to my aunt, and then I received another letter from her commending me highly for my prudence and intelligence, and asking my candid opinion as to what I thought she should do for this unfortunate unprotected girl, who, she added, devoted herself entirely to promote her comfort, without a single *arrière pensée*. So I wrote at once, frankly and bluntly, that it appeared to me she could do nothing less than leave her half her money. Back came an answer in due course, in which were betrayed the stiff sailor-like peculiarities of her character. She said that she had pledged herself to my father that he or his should inherit her fortune, and that she could not possibly break her word; but in order to make all matters fit well, and to keep up appearances, I suppose, she intended to make me her heir, and that she trusted to my honour to follow out my own ideas as soon as I came of age. She never seemed to contemplate the possibility of my dying in the interval. Of course I readily accepted the terms—which, on her part, was something like cheating the devil in a cunning way—and I did so, moreover, without any

qualm of conscience, as she assured me solemnly that she had all along purposed to leave me half her fortune, and to divide the rest among my sisters. Now, however, she added, late unfortunate circumstances have rendered the last part of my intentions unnecessary; you have no sister but one remaining, and your father is sufficiently wealthy to enable him to portion her handsomely, particularly as your infatuated brother Frederick's conduct renders consideration for him unavailing. And here ended my correspondence with my eccentric old relative."

The admiral took a pinch of snuff with rather a puzzled air.

"But what has all this to do with your wishing me to get you exchanged into another ship, Guy? for I don't quite understand," he asked, looking at his nephew with much curiosity.

"This is the very point on which my request hinges," answered the young man, earnestly. "War I would wish to see; and as for death, I dread it as little as most men, but I do fear that, by some unlucky chance, I may go out of the world before I can make good Aunt M'Naughton's intentions towards poor Tiny."

"Ah, ha! I begin to comprehend," observed the keen old gentleman; "and you think your honourable brother-in-law would have no objections to place you in some dangerous predicament to help you off the stage, as in that case he would be likely to succeed to all your aunt's fortune, as well as your father's unentailed possessions?"

"Exactly so," answered Guy. "I don't like the man at all, uncle; there is something very sinister about him, and others think the same of him as I do. On my last arrival in England, I found a letter waiting me which Aunt M'Naughton had written after Rachael's marriage, and left in the hands of Mr. Munro, expressing a similar opinion. She warns me in it to be upon my guard, and hints at the idea of his having married from some expectation of his wife inheriting her wealth. She again alludes to my promise about Tiny, and adds that she feels the conviction of her interests being much more secure in my hands than if she had bequeathed the money to her in a legacy, which she was certain would only have involved her in a lawsuit."

"But, Guy, my boy, these are not the days of perils by flood and field," said the old gentleman, looking at him anxiously. "Your brother-in-law is an officer in the British navy, and, considering how well investigated everything is at the present reforming time, it is unlikely that even the most hardened villain should in a public capacity attempt anything of a questionable nature."

"What you say is quite true, uncle, yet still we all know how completely arbitrary a sovereign the captain of a man-of-war is on board his own ship. But it is not violence I fear—though he has a confoundedly bad character among the men who have served under him—it is his cunning I dread; I read this vice in every word he says, in every glance he gives, and its effects may be the more fatal to me, as I am quite well aware that I do not possess the valuable quality of caution in a sufficiently strong degree to oppose to it, if I came to be subjected for any length of time to its workings."

The admiral sighed deeply—a most unusual thing with him—and remained for a minute plunged in a reverie.

"But what leads you to have taken this strong impression of insincerity in the man?" he at length resumed.

"His extreme anxiety to get into commission at this precise time, and to have me on board his ship," answered Guy, "which I found out in different ways; also the manner in which he courts me, though I clearly perceive that he hates me at the bottom of his heart. Listen, uncle," he continued more earnestly, and speaking in a lower tone of voice; "you are well aware that moral causes may work out a physical death; well, for the last few weeks he has sought by every possible means to keep me bound down beside him in London and Plymouth, and has striven unceasingly, by indirect channels, to plunge me into the grossest dissipation. With Strickland, his first lieutenant—an old shipmate and companion in debauchery—he is hand and glove, and while laughing before me at every duty divine and human, he leaves it to the other to pilot my way to excess of every description."

"This is horrible!" exclaimed the old man, starting. "And how, my lad, have you contrived to steer your course so clear as to preserve your mind and blood untainted?"

"By acting the hypocrite, uncle—a part I don't much like; but the stake for which I play is singularly important—one dear to my heart and conscience for this poor helpless girl's sake—so I feign to be sentimental and in love, and have hitherto contrived to ward off the evil, which I hope to be able still to do until the danger is past. For any length of time, however, I cannot promise. My nature is impetuous and fiery; I still want nine months to be of age, and what I most dread for myself is, my breaking out some day upon this rascal brother-in-law, and thereby committing an act of insubordination. I have therefore flown to you, uncle, to beg you to come to my rescue, and, if possible, to get me an exchange by the time we touch at New York, that, as soon as I land on American ground, I may free myself from the coils of this man-serpent and his villanous accomplice."

"The time is short, but it shall be done, my lad, if I have a shadow of influence remaining with the Admiralty. At all events, I shall exert both private and public interest to the utmost, and if I fail to meet your views at the moment you wish, God will befriend you, my brave, generous boy!"

As he spoke, both the old and young sailor rose from their seats, cordially embraced, and remained for an instant locked in each other's arms; then Guy, tearing himself away, rushed from the house, and in a few minutes afterwards was scampering on his mettlesome horse in the direction of Plymouth, from which port he expected to sail on the following day.

## XXV.

THE first faint streaks of the grey October morning were beginning to render visible the more prominent objects of the brilliant city of Paris, when the door of a room of a house in one of the remote streets slowly opened to admit an old lady, muffled up in a peignoir, and otherwise in such déshabille as to show that she had just risen from her bed. She paused on the threshold of the chamber, and surveyed

with a sigh the packed boxes all around, giving evidence of the near departure of the occupant; then advanced towards the couch on which that occupant still slumbered. It was a fair girl who lay before her in that deep unconsciousness which marks the sleep of health and innocence; one rounded and snowy arm was thrown above her head, and her redundant silky hair, having escaped from the net that had confined it, was scattered in rich profusion on her pillow, while her softly coloured cheek formed a beautiful relief to the long dark eyelashes which rested on it.

The old lady drew a chair close to the bed, and gazed with a tender and pitying interest on the lovely sleeper; then, bending towards her, she pressed her lips to the polished forehead, with the obvious intention of awakening her from her profound repose. As she did so the girl started, and, opening her lustrous eyes, gazed at the unwonted visitor with a look of bewilderment, then half rose up and threw back her fair tresses from her brow and bosom.

"What is it, signora?" she exclaimed, confusedly. "Is it time to go? Have I slept too long?"

"No, dearest Christina," answered the other, soothingly; "the morning is but in the dawn, and I came to pay you an early visit that I might talk undisturbedly with you before your departure. Lie back on your pillow, cara, and listen attentively to what I am going to say as to the words of one with whom it is more than probable you may never meet again."

Christine obeyed, while the tears poured down her cheeks, for she felt confusedly at the instant, as if it were her destiny to part with every one whom she loved and trusted on earth.

The Signora Cypriani's head generally shook a little from the effects of a slight stroke of paralysis, but at this moment the movement was more apparent from the general stillness of the rest of her figure, and the grave and important thoughts with which she was internally agitated. Her grey hair was combed back from her fine forehead, and her large melancholy eyes, with their marked eyebrows, looked more than usually black and expressive. She laid her withered hand on the bedclothes, and earnestly regarded her weeping protégée.

"Poor child!" she said, "and your tender heart overflows with sorrow at parting even from a dull old woman like me, whom you have known but for so short a time. Your powers of sympathy are very great, Christina; in *that* you are all Italian. I weep too, carina, but *my* tears are inward. I have been most happy in your society, Christina—more happy than I could possibly have been with any one else, for your pure and gifted nature has refreshed my exhausted feelings and warmed my chilled heart. In placing you with me, my child, your father acted wisely, for he knew that though old and desolate, still I was one from whom you could learn no ill. In *that* he did well for the time that is past. Would that I could answer as certainly for the future."

Christine drew a long breath; she felt as if a veil was about to be raised from her eyes to display truth in all its nakedness, and she tried to muster mental strength to meet the stern reality.

"Tell me at once, dear signora," she faltered out, in a low tone of

voice, turning pale as death as she spoke, "what is the mystery about my father, for I *feel* there is one?"

"He is a *gamester!*"

Slowly and distinctly articulated the old lady, following with her penetrating eye every change in the eloquent countenance of her young favourite. Christine started. The words of Mr. Munro, when he apprised her of the prophetic doubts of her great-aunt, rang in her ears.

"For any other vice on earth but this there may be a cure," proceeded the earnest Italian, "but for this none—none in the world. It is a passion that sweeps all before it; duty, affection, everything is swallowed up in the whirlpool of the gambler's infatuation. Your father loves you, Christina; he loves you, I verily believe, as well as ever father loved a child, but even this strongest of affections will give way before the madness of play. I come to warn you to be upon your guard, poor girl! for you are about to steer a dangerous course—one in which you may be wrecked ere you are aware, if unconscious of the danger that surrounds you."

Christine felt for a moment overpowered; then the recollection of the wisdom of Mrs. M'Naughton's arrangement for securing her independence suggested itself, and she breathed more freely as she imparted the fact to her kind and anxious old friend.

The Signora Cypriani smiled sadly.

"Your relative has done well, my child," she answered, "but even this is nothing in the circumstances in which you are placed. Money in your father's hands goes like water poured into a sieve. At this very time he is in the habit of playing deeply every night, and, I understand, has been losing greatly. To supply the means of indulging in this frenzy, he is capable of everything. Are you aware of his intentions with regard to you?"

"Intentions! No," replied Christine, hesitatingly, "further than that he talks of taking me to Italy to present me to his relations."

"He intends you for the stage," quietly answered the other. "Your voice is superlative, your talents brilliant, your person beautiful. Of your success there is no doubt. But what would all the success in the world do when a gamester hangs upon you to absorb the tide of fortune as fast as it flows in? There is but one safety for you, Christina, and that is to marry. A public career is a dangerous one; you, a young, imaginative, generous, unsuspicious girl—you will be surrounded by men of wit, wealth, and rank. To win the beautiful prima donna will be the general aim, and those who harbour dishonourable intentions are always unscrupulous in the means resorted to in order to gain the desired end. Snares will be laid to entrap you, and your father's madness will be made a net for your entanglement. I speak the truth," she added, with increasing earnestness. "I, the poor widow of a wronged and banished man, whose abilities and learning were his only nobility, yet do I know the world well, and such inevitably will be the case. Such will be your position, dearest girl! and your father will seek to remove all honourable proposals in order to keep you to himself as a mine of wealth, from which to draw stores for the gratification of his deadly vice."

Christine shuddered, and raised her eyes towards her benevolent hostess with an imploring expression.

"Have you no friend in Scotland?" continued the signora, more energetically still. "Have you no friend in Scotland, no relative, on whose protection to throw yourself, if things should prove themselves to be as I depict them? Is there no one whom you could call to your rescue in case you found yourself involved in danger?"

"Yes," answered Christine, "there is one who would fly at all risks to save me, and who, I am sure, would do so in the midst of every misfortune, but," she added, sorrowfully, "he will probably be far away, and bound down by his profession; he is a sailor."

"Ah, ha! you love, then?" interrupted the signora, anxiously.

"Oh no!" answered Christine, simply; "he is my nephew, though older than I am. It is the young man of whom you heard us speaking the other morning."

"The youth who has the fortune, is it not, that your father expects he will leave to you?"

"Leave to me!" exclaimed Christine, with amazement; "*that* he cannot possibly expect."

"He does," replied the other, musingly. "Money is the source of many blessings, it is true, but likewise of many difficulties," she pursued. "This fact alters the case, and renders your situation but the more intricate and bewildering. In these circumstances I know not what to advise. I can only put you upon your guard, Christina. Avoid vice; for believe me, my child, that if ever your heart should so far mislead you as to place you in a position simply equivocal, you are lost for ever in this world. Your endowments are those to excite envy; yours is not a character to support contempt, and the education you have received has not been calculated to throw that halo round immorality which makes one forget the past in the intoxication of the present. Shun the great and gay of the other sex, and only yield your affections when you have indubitable proof that the object is deserving. And now I have nothing more to suggest, and can only pray to the Father of all mercies that one so good and gifted may be preserved from the dangers with which she is threatened."

Christine threw herself into the signora's arms, who, begging her to be calm as she tenderly pressed her to her heart, told her that she must now get up and make herself ready for her journey, as the hour approached when they must bid one another farewell.

How languidly poor Christine arose to prepare for her departure! To bid the excellent old lady adieu was sufficiently mournful, but when she reflected on her warning her heart sank within her. Her father was a gamester! thus, then, was the mystery explained that had so long harassed her; now she knew the secret of his morning exhaustion and occasional gloom, as well as that of his anxiety for the perfecting of her musical talent. She was nothing to him but an object of calculation on which to speculate for the indulgence of his frenzied vice, and the world before her presented but a long scene of struggle and misery. Here, indeed, was a sedative for the pride of mental power and the vanity of personal attractions; those very gifts that distinguished her from others she now learned to consider in the light of misfortunes, and

thus was the buoyant girl's mind schooled to humility and prudence in the very morning of life, when the animal spirits are highest, and hopes of the future brightest and most bewildering.

Her toilet finished, and her boxes closed, she threw herself upon her knees and prayed for strength to meet the difficulties which surrounded her. Her prayer was a pledge to the Almighty that she would keep herself "pure and unspotted from the world," for the sake of Him who died to save us; and that whenever it was His pleasure to call her hence, she would go to her rest worthy of the love and respect of Guy, of the affection and interest with which her great-aunt had honoured her, and of the solicitude of the few friends that remained to her elsewhere.

On entering the breakfast-room she found her father impatiently expecting her, and looking more pale and worn-out than usual. The morning meal was hurriedly despatched, and hastily embracing her kind old friend she followed him down-stairs to the carriage already waiting to take them to the railway, where the rest of the party were to meet them. On getting in she threw herself back, and covering her face with her handkerchief continued to weep bitterly until it stopped at the station and she entered the waiting-room, where she was introduced to their *compagnons de voyage*, whom she then saw for the first time.

Mrs. Trevor, the matron of the party—a woman between forty and fifty—still possessed great remains of beauty; her figure was tall, slender, and well proportioned, and there was a certain air of languid elegance in her movements which harmonised with the expression of her face. Her eyes were large, black, and soft, her other features regular but inexpressive, and her still round cheek well coloured. In short, she had altogether a very prepossessing exterior, although to the quick perception of Christine there were wanting in her countenance those lines which indicate deep feeling, reflection, or strength of character. The eldest daughter, Nicola, or Nola, as her mother and sister abbreviated the name, might not only be considered a beauty, but evidently had no doubt of the fact herself. She was taller than Mrs. Trevor, was more fully formed in person, and carried her head with an air of decided superiority; her eyes—also like her mother's—were large and black, but much more bright and fiery-looking; her nose might have been termed too high, but was well formed, and gave a good outline to the face; and the pouting and rather insolent mouth, from being red, set off her strong and irregular teeth to some advantage. Sophy, the younger one, had apparently inherited her looks from the other side of the house; she was short and fair, had light-brown ringleted hair and blue eyes, with a pretty little nondescript nose; and there was something sentimental and sweet in her smile which not only displayed white and even teeth, but likewise dimpled her round chin in a very becoming manner. Much less striking in exterior than Miss Trevor, she would yet have been far more pleasing had it not been for a certain sly martyrised expression which she sometimes assumed, more particularly when addressed by her sister. They were all three of a class quite new to Christine, who felt no great sympathy with any of them, and whose mind was too much preoccupied

with her own harassing thoughts to bestow more attention on them than what their relative positions absolutely required.

After travelling for a little time, however, she could not fail to remark that her father was paying assiduous court to the elder lady, towards whom he occupied himself with many petits soins, she receiving his attentions with singular complacency. Nola Trevor drew herself up in a corner of the carriage in silent dignity, looking extremely haughty, with an air of being offended with every one of the party, while Sophy softly addressed Christine from time to time as if she sought to make amends for her sister's want of courtesy. At length the train stopped at the station where they had agreed to dine, and they proceeded to an hotel close at hand. On being ushered into a sitting-room, Mrs. Trevor threw herself languidly along a sofa, declaring that she felt too much tired to be able to proceed farther that night; and thereupon began a long confidential conversation in French with Signor San Isidora, who bent over her with deferential attention. Nola, meantime, stationed herself at an open window, and commenced humming some passages of a new opera, which, if neither very distinct nor accurately executed, were nevertheless sufficiently audible to attract attention, consequently many curious glances fell upon her from passers-by—nay, one or two gentlemen began a regular promenade backwards and forwards in the street below. Sophy took possession of a seat in the same window, and drawing forth pencil and paper, seemed to occupy herself in sketching a church in view, but every now and then she let her soft blue eyes fall upon the curious impertinents who paraded to and fro, then turning them beseechingly upon her sister, standing in alto-relievo, gently implored her not to sing so loud, as it was attracting observation; at the same time keeping her seat, and pertinaciously pursuing her self-imposed occupation. Christine, with temples throbbing from grief and nervousness, sat at the other side of the room, shivering in the chilly air that blew in upon her from the opposite window where the two lovers of the fine arts were stationed, nor could she help feeling curious as to what could be the subject of discourse between her father and Mrs. Trevor, nearer whom she did not like to move for fear of appearing to listen. Poor girl! the ways of the continental world were quite new to her, and she had much to learn before becoming habituated to the manner of conducting themselves in which the vain and common-place part of her country people indulge when on foreign ground.

At last the dinner made its appearance, and they sat down to table, where the delicate attentions of Signor San Isidora continued unabated towards the still lovely Mrs. Trevor. No sooner was the meal finished, however, than he started up, pulled out his watch, declaring he must be off to an appointment he had with an old friend in the town, making Christine wonder when that appointment could have been made, as he had scarcely stirred from the room since they had arrived. The other ladies seemed to take no note of this contradictory circumstance, Mrs. Trevor only gently avowing her great regret at losing his society for the evening; then pulling out her well-filled purse, she begged him to settle accounts for her, as the early hour at which they were to start in the morning would leave her no

time to do so herself. Signor San Isidora charged himself with the commission in a polite and amiable manner, and after expressing the most anxious hope that she might not suffer from the day's exertion, he made his exit. When he was gone, Mrs. Trevor again took possession of her sofa, and turning languidly towards Christine—as she lay on it at full length—observed, with considerable animation:

"What a charming man your father is, Miss San Isidora; how fortunate we are in having so delightful a companion!"

Poor Christine started, for she was at the moment thinking of the probability of his having gone to some café to game, so she forced a constrained smile, and answered, that she was happy Mrs. Trevor should find him agreeable and useful.

"Oh, much more than that," replied the other. "I think him quite a pattern man, so handsome, polished, and accomplished, and, at the same time, so regardless of himself, and so solicitous to promote the comfort of others."

Christine raised her aching eyes, and looked at the lady with surprise, knowing that their acquaintance in Paris was a very recent one.

"He has as yet had but little time to show his solicitude," she observed, while a sweet but faint smile curled for a moment her beautifully cut lip. There was a gleam of her usual self in her face as she spoke, and she saw Nola Trevor start, and regard her searchingly as she looked up from a book she had provided herself with, and Sophy send a stealthy glance across the table, where she was occupied in netting a purse. "What made them both look at me?" thought she. "Have I said anything wrong or rude?" Then turning towards the languid matron, she rejoined, in one of her soft, low cadences of voice: "It is a great pleasure to me, Mrs. Trevor, that you find my father a pleasant travelling companion, and I trust that you will have no cause to change your good opinion so long as our little journey continues—nay, I am sure that nothing will be wanting on his part to keep up the favourable impression he has been so fortunate as to make."

"You are a sweet girl," replied the reclining lady, sentimentally, "but how *could* you be otherwise when you are the daughter of *such* a father."

Christine was at a loss how to answer this observation, being at the moment internally agitated by the conviction that it would have been fortunate for her if her father had been different in many respects; but this was a secret of the heart, and she felt the tears fill her eyes as she endeavoured to thank Mrs. Trevor for the implied compliment.

Tea was soon brought in, and she revived under its exhilarating influence; her headache diminished, her grief-dimmed eyes began to sparkle with a little of their usual brilliancy, and her gentle manners to expand to their habitual gracefulness in accepting the civilities of the elder and younger ladies. As for Nola, she honoured her with no further notice than a rude stare from time to time. At length they withdrew to their respective rooms, and the harassed girl sought in vain to calm her perturbed thoughts as she lay listening for her father's return. His chamber was next to hers, and it was *very* late

before he came back, but she knew by the tone of his voice, as he spoke to one of the servants in ascending the stairs, that he was in high spirits. "He has been fortunate at play to-night," she thought, as she turned on her pillow; the fear of the moment was past, and she soon sank into a profound sleep. Alas! poor Christine, this was the first time she waked and watched the gamester's return; the first in a long series of anxious nights through which she was destined to pass with a heart feeling and bleeding for the father whom her judgment and principles condemned as the man.

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## THE COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

She left the wooded valleys,
The streams that babbled mirth;
She left the garden's alleys,
And flowers, bright stars of earth:
She left the church grey peeping
Among the village trees,
No more to hear the sweeping
Bell-music on the breeze;
She trusted, of joy dreaming,
And hoped a brilliant fate;
His love was but love's seeming,
The mask fell off too late.

The night was dark and dreary,
Winds bitter as her woe;
She wandered weary, weary,
The long streets to and fro:
Spurned and cast off for ever,
No friend, no helper nigh—
Return in shame? Ah! never—
Here better sink and die.
And so the lost one wandered,
Through London's 'wildering mart,
And deeply, sadly pondered—
God help that breaking heart!

The wintry rain was falling,
No house would shelter give;
So to a door-step crawling—
For even she would live;
To a cold door-step crawling,
Timid she sat her down,
One dear name faintly calling,
Till sobs that name would drown:
Yes, he was dear, though cruel;
Though false, she loved him still;
Suffering to love was fuel,
Burning through good and ill.

The blast was rudely blowing,
  Sleet driving through the night;
Within warm fires were glowing,
  And laughter echoed light;
She drew her limbs up shivering,
  Folding her little hands,
Her lip with anguish quivering:
  A form beside her stands;
He asked her business gruffly;
  For fear, she nought could say;
He raised, and thrust her roughly;
  She sighed, and moved away.

To beg for Nature's needing,
  Struggling, she bowed her pride;
Her poor worn feet were bleeding,
  But tears she strove to hide:
The great shops now were closing,
  Closing on longed-for bread;
Soon honest Toil, reposing,
  Would press his welcome bed;
A workhouse-gate was near her—
  Entrance she begged in vain;
"Too late—they would not hear her;"
  So forth she passed again.

On, on, more weary, creeping,
  On, on, more hopeless, sad;
Feeling the cold blast sweeping,
  In her thin garments clad;
She reached an archway lonely,
  The iron road above—
There would she hide; God only
  Would look on her in love;
There would she, unmolested,
  Crouch till kind morning rose,
Till her poor limbs were rested,
  Calm thinking on her woes.

Against the cold stones leaning,
  Dragging the slow, slow hours,
The arch but badly screening
  From driving, drenching showers,
She passed the time, now weeping,
  Now gazing through the dim,
Her tattered dress close keeping,
  To warm her numbing limb:
She moaned but seldom, stooping
  Her face upon her breast,
Her thin white hands low drooping—
  She would, but could not, rest.

A torpor now oppressed her,
  And feebly came her breath;
It was not sleep which blessed her;
  Was it slow-coming death?
And yet her lip was smiling;
  Heart's light on darkness stole;

Dear fancy was beguiling
  The dying maiden's soul.
O Fancy! thy swift pinion
  Can pass the gulf of pain,
And 'neath thy bright dominion,
  Lost bliss once more we gain.

She saw her native village,
  Far from vast London town,
The fields prepared for tillage,
  The old elms nodding down:
She saw the dear green garden
  Oft played in when a child,
Ere sin her heart could harden;
  She felt the zephyrs mild;
And birds were round her singing,
  The flowers all blooming fair,
And village bells were ringing
  Soft joy on evening's air.

A chorus of sweet voices—
  Her sisters are at play,
And 'mid them she rejoices,
  Happy and pure as they;
And on one breast now leaning,
  A mother's arms embrace;
She reads a tender meaning
  In that forgiving face—
'Twas gone—the maiden started—
  The arch, cold arch of stone—
The picture had departed;
  Alone—again alone!

Alone—and she was dying;
  Her cheek was white and cold;
To God she now was sighing,
  To Him her sins were told:
Her little feet were chilling,
  Her eyes slow lost their ray,
With life's last tears now filling;
  She knelt and strove to pray:
"God, pardon!" slowly drooping,
  The wronged, the lost one sighed,
And then, her forehead stooping,
  She hid her face and died.

## MUHBOOB JAN.

### Part IV.

Some time after Khurreem Buksh's establishment in the city one of the enterprising Britons who invariably find their way to any foreign country arrived at Delhi; he did not come as either a trader, or a traveller who was in search of information, and wishing to take notes; indeed, either of such characters might have found the place much too uncivilised, for the police regulations were not sufficiently stringent for the first, and a traveller, in conducting his inquiries probably (unless immediately provided with credentials from the government) would soon have had a summary stop put to his proceedings, however philosophical. But this man came to exercise the profession of which he had made himself a master. It was one that, of all others, would then have met with encouragement, and even still now would meet with extensive favour from all people in power and possessors of wealth in India. The applause and the substantial reward also with which persons in the East are ready to welcome any medical man who is successful in performing a cure of any kind is of a nature to remind one of the history which is told in Holy Writ, when the performance of miracles by the apostles elicited the ready worship of the awe-struck bystanders.

In the reign of Shah Jehan, when one of his daughters had fallen sick, and providentially a medical man named Boughton was present in the city, the emperor sent for him to try the effect of his skill. The doctor saw the invalid and prescribed for her. A cure followed. She became restored to complete health. When the emperor, overjoyed, saw his darling child well again, he sent for the doctor. He said, "I shall not offer you elephants, horses, gold, jewels, slaves, for were I to do so it would be like limiting the amount of my gratitude; but ask me anything —any boon in the power of wealth to give, and I shall give it you." The doctor asked him to give permission to the English to trade and form a settlement in Bengal. The boon was granted, and thus the germ of the commerce between the countries originated, and the avenue to fortune to England was opened, and the foundation of her greatest monetary acquisition had its first commencement. This, which is only faintly glanced at in most of the histories written about India, is a traditional fact that one hears the natives often recount. In order to show the extreme ignorance of medicine which exists now, and the want of knowledge in the healing art throughout the provinces of India, particularly the treatment of physical cases, it is quite sufficient to quote from the journal of any traveller who has been amongst them. One of the most approved writers in Persian, Saadi, states that when a boy fell sick his friends had no other remedy to think of to effect his recovery than either to sacrifice a goat, or to go to a moolah and get him to open the Koran by making what is called a faal, that is, inserting your finger in the book and opening it at random, and seeing from what words are put at the top of the page whether the will of Fate or Allah decrees that the child will recover, or the contrary. Even the circumstance of one of

the most popular of their writers describing such a state of things as existing argues the extremely crude condition of medical science, although, doubtless, there were persons in the country at the time that he wrote who made some show of preparing prescriptions.

The young man who arrived at Delhi was determined to adventure all hazards, and to care for no privations in the pursuit of the object that he was intent upon, namely, realising a fortune amongst the natives of rank. He was a Scotchman, who had taken out his diploma in Aberdeen, and he thought that the number of probationers who entered upon the same career at the time that he did was so large as to render his chance of succeeding as a practitioner at home very precarious; so, having had an introduction to some influential East India Company's servant in London, he managed first to procure an appointment as ship doctor in one of the vessels going to Calcutta. This enabled him to reach the distant country which was the El Dorado of his hopes without being put to any expense. He was of that shrewd, settled, concentrated character that almost universally distinguishes his countrymen. Clever without being accomplished, sedate without being courteous, very obsequious to all of superior rank and station, but still unyielding in his opinions; very chary of his civilities to any that were strangers to him, but above all, of such a completely selfish turn as to keep his own interest incessantly in mind, and set aside any pursuit or any pleasure which did not lead to being profitable to himself. The most disinterested phase in his character was his love of his country and countrymen; and though probably he had chosen a line of life which would cause his future residence to be situated far away from all hopes of hearing either of it or of them, yet the cordial feelings of his heart were as freshly allied to his home and its inhabitants as when he first left Scotland.

The best educated of the sons of men are the natives of Scotland, generally speaking; the prudence, forbearance of speech, calmness, and good common sense, which are found with only few of the young men of other countries, are very rarely indeed wanting in a young Scotchman. When we say, then, that they are well educated, we mean that they have received, nearly all of them, rich and poor, a training which serves them for the purpose of enacting whatever part in life they choose to enter upon. And I cannot but think that it is the universal respect for religion, and early initiation in the doctrines laid down in the Bible, that are mostly influential in giving them the high moral sense which, wherever they are situated, they show themselves possessed of. But it is certain that, though the population of their country may not be equal to that of London, yet there is scarcely a spot in the civilised globe where you may not meet a Scotchman, and if there should be any opening for a young man seeking to make his fortune you are sure to meet many. This young doctor, during his passage out, had prescribed for the family of a civilian who was going out to the country from England. This civilian was high in rank in the service, and when he arrived at Calcutta it was a year after they had received the news of the battle of Delhi won by the English from the Mahrattas. A little while afterwards came intelligence of the cession of the province of Agra, and now he was appointed by the East India Company to go up as far as the great city to regulate some financial arrangements subsequent to the possession of the city

by the English. When he accepted the situation, and went thither with his wife and child of two years old, he thought one of the great desiderata in his establishment at his new residence would be the presence of a medical man, so having experienced on board ship the care and attention as well as good average knowledge of Dr. Mainchance, he offered to take him with him up the country, and to apply to the proper authorities in order that he might receive a certain salary for his services to any of the men in the employment of the East India Company. I do not enter on any description of the politics which prevailed in India at this period, nor yet of the proceedings of the British army, but both happened at this particular epoch to be very conducive to the furthering of any young man's prospects who was about to try his fortune. As there was not the least reason for this doctor's confining his practice to any small number of Europeans who might be residents, he was most anxious to give to the rich natives who might possibly require his services the benefit of his advice, and he accordingly promised to himself the hope of winning golden opinions from the higher orders amongst the Indian gentry if he should casually ever succeed in curing any one amongst them.

Shortly after his arrival a case occurred which, though it might have seemed a very simple problem to any one educated in Europe, yet it baffled the skill of any of the Mussulman hukkeems. When the civilian and his wife, one fine evening, shortly after their arrival in Delhi, were proceeding in their English carriage through one of the narrow lateral streets of the town—the surface of the street was in wretched order—they were driven by a native coachman, who never thought of paying attention to the safety of the passengers that were on foot, but even drove on close to two horsemen who had just turned by a sharp angle into the same street, and immediately on their horses perceiving the strange vehicle one of them stood immovable and the other shied, and that so suddenly that he threw his rider, who fell stunned on some stones that were beside the wall on one side of the narrow street, and his leg was broken. When the civilian saw what occurred, he desired the native coachman to pull up, and getting out of his carriage, he went up to where the horseman had fallen. His feelings of humanity induced him to interest himself about the unfortunate man, and also he was determined to produce the most favourable impression of the English, who were soon to be masters of the land, upon the minds of all the inhabitants in the great city. He spoke to the man, and he desired one of the servants to hold his horse. He said that he felt very sorry that his vehicle had been the cause of the horses being frightened, and hoped that when he told him his name and residence he would allow him to take him in his carriage to where he lived that he might be properly attended to. On this the other horseman, who had stood by, but was unable to render any assistance, thanked the civilian, and said that the man was his servant, and his name was Morad Alee. He spoke then some words to Morad Alee, and advised him to get into the carriage, so with the assistance of the servants they lifted him in, and he lay down inside it by the civilian's wife, and they drove to Khurreem Buksh's house, whither the civilian also accompanied them, and stayed until he had been taken out, and when he was carried gently to a charpoy in the murdana, Khurreem Buksh said he would send for a native doctor.

The civilian then drove home with his wife (who, whilst he had been with the sick man, had stayed in the zinana with Muhboob Jan), and when they arrived there it seemed to him that it would not be amiss to consult Dr. Mainchance on the subject of this native having met with the accident, so he sent to his house to tell him that he wished him to come as soon as possible; and presently the doctor arrived. When he had heard all that Mr. Johnson—which was the civilian's name—could tell him relative to the native, they both agreed that it would be better for them to return to Khurreem Buksh's house, and accordingly they drove there. But the doctor took care to provide himself with all the apparatus necessary for setting a broken limb, and the boards, with all the bandages and implements which could be possibly required, so there was some little delay before they reached the house where Morad Alee was staying. They came there at last. It was in a street lateral to the Chandnee-chok, and a very narrow one. The man was lying on a charpoy, and in great pain, and four or five of the best hukkeems in Delhi had come and applied fomentations and tied cloths round the broken limb, which they had no idea of rejoining; but the man being in great torture, they had just proposed giving him opium to soothe it. The civilian and the doctor began by inquiring how he felt, and when the latter heard of what had been done, he said to Mr. Johnson, "If they want to bring on mortification and subsequent death, they are going in the right way to do so. I would propose setting the limb, and have the boards and bandages all ready for that purpose, and if you can persuade them to dispense with all these men's assistance I shall be glad to try and see what effect an ordinary application can produce. When I see the limb I shall soon be able to decide as to what treatment it should be subject to."

When Mr. Johnson explained this to Morad Alee, he felt very much reluctance in allowing himself to be put under treatment by a Feringhee. He had never been told any story of their being skilled, and he felt in doubt. But Khurreem Buksh, coming in soon afterwards, had a long colloquy with Mr. Johnson, and the latter succeeded in persuading him that the very best thing for his servant would be the treatment of this medical man. And it was, indeed, evident that the native doctors were very helpless in the matter; so he at last told Morad Alee to let the wise hukkeem Inglese see his leg, and trust to the favour of Allah, who had kindly decreed that his calamity and its antidote should come from the indirect intervention of a number of causes, all to be traced to the same person. It was only a simple fracture, and the doctor, having washed the limb and joined it, bound it round with bandages, and placing it in a proper frame, he gave orders relative to the patient being kept very quiet, and on no account to move his limb, and to guard against anything being swallowed or drank which would be likely to cause inflammatory symptoms. He then went away in company with Mr. Johnson. Khurreem Buksh had such confidence in his servant's fidelity, and such were his feelings of regard and friendship for Morad Alee, that he was beyond measure grieved at first when he met with the accident; but now that he saw the determined and self-possessed way that the Feringhee hukkeem set about his case, he began to entertain hopes of his recovery. He was resolved that no pains should be spared to attend to the patient, and he hired a nurse to watch by him continually. But no nurse or other

person could have been half so efficacious as his own dear little daughter, Muhboob Jan. She was constantly at his bedside; she comforted him continually with hopes. The doctor visited him daily, and in process of time he found that the object which he had in view was likely to be accomplished. This was a junction of the parts without any symptoms of inflammation taking place. Owing to the very temperate habits of the patient—who, like all the inhabitants of India, was a man of most abstemious life, so far as regards refraining from strong drinks—the severed parts soon adhered, and the man, being patient and quiet, soon had the satisfaction of finding his limb restored to the same state as it was in before the accident, although he was not yet allowed to walk upon it, and was, indeed, obliged to keep it perpetually in the rests. To him and to his master it seemed a wonder and a miracle. They were ready to worship the man who had been instrumental in causing this unlooked-for blessing. When the man had been laid on his charpoy, and they had seen that the bone of the leg was in reality broken, it seemed to all the natives present that, were any person to say that by due care and attention the cartilages should again knit together, and the limb become as it was before, he would be making the same sort of assertion as if he were to say that a blind man could be restored to his sight by the aid of a doctor. But when the moolah had visited him, and said that it was time for the ghosal shufa, or the bath of recovery, which the true Moslem always observes, then, indeed, it seemed to Khurreem Buksh that no reward could be too great to offer the wonderful man who had effected so great a cure.

I know that, in describing the disinterested nature of the feelings which Khurreem entertained, I am not giving a character to the Mussulman that is generally found in most of his race; but though there be no people, perhaps, more incapable of generous acts than the Mussulmans of India, yet I know for a fact that there are to this rule some very striking exceptions. When the lamented Captain Conolly made his first expedition through Astrakan, and afterwards Toorkistan, in the latter country he was robbed of all his property and made a slave. One of the rich Mussulmans, who had formerly been in India, was present in the camp of the Toorkumans, and though the outlay which he incurred was wholly a risk, he, like a good Samaritan, when he saw the stranger in distress, paid the money for his ransom to the chief who had plundered him and made him a slave, and escorted him in safety to the confines of India. When there, Conolly was enabled to repay him the sum which he had defrayed on his account, and also he was proud to introduce him to all his friends there, as one instance of a man who, though born an enemy to our race, and brought up in a hateful creed, had been capable of an act which would have done honour to any one professing Christianity. But of their generosity to their brother Mussulmans there are many instances, and the first impulse of Khurreem Buksh, when he saw his follower restored to health, was to think of what way he should reward the kind being who had been the means of effecting it. He himself had no heir to his wealth, and, with the usual disregard that all of his creed entertain for female relatives, he felt grieved that his money should be all distributed amongst such of them as were still living, and was determined that his faithful follower should profit in some way by his good fortune.

While the doctor and his patient, as well as Mr. Johnson and the gene-

rous Khurreem Buksh, were interested so much in what took place in the murdana of the house, there were other parties who were frequently together in the zinana. Mrs. Johnson, at the time she had driven along with her husband to Khurreem Buksh's house, had been received in its apartments by Muhboob Jan. That little girl had been given a room to herself, as also attendants, by the master of the establishment. Mrs. Johnson had been a little time in the country, and had managed to learn enough of the language to converse with the natives. She had been taught its elements by her husband, and afterwards was determined to make use of her power in forwarding as much as in her lay the cause of Christianity. When she first saw Muhboob Jan she became much interested by her extremely prepossessing appearance; and when she, on telling her of the sad accident that had happened, found that she had met a young person of such an amiable disposition, and one who felt so deeply the affection of a daughter, she formed in her mind a steadfast resolution to let no means be untried to lead her to a better belief than the benighted delusions which her childhood had been trained in, and by every effort in her power to try and bring to her mind the knowledge of true religion, and the story of the inestimable love of the Saviour of mankind. Every time that Mr. Johnson returned to ask after the patient, she went in to see little Muhboob Jan. Mrs. Johnson was one of the kindest beings it was possible to conceive. Her age was not more than twenty-eight; she had the light hair and blue eyes which so often are seen in Anglo-Saxon girls. She was at Tunbridge Wells, staying with her mother, when she was first seen by Mr. Johnson, a rich civilian, about three years before the time that he was sent up to Delhi by the government.

Like most of the men of his class who returned home on furlough, he was not wholly in pursuit of wealth when he contemplated taking a wife in England. He knew well that the salary which he was enjoying was ample, and that if he were to marry a girl who was brought up with good principles, and of an amiable disposition, it would be much more likely to be conducive to his happiness than if he were to ally himself to a grand lady of fashionable habits, whatever her fortune might be. But this young lady—Clara Vickers—was really not only possessed of these qualifications, but was in appearance so engaging, and so unaffected and pleasing in manners, that though she was living in comparative poverty with her mother, who was a widow, Mr. Johnson was exceedingly pleased with her, and, after some little acquaintanceship, made her an offer of marriage. It was true that he was much her senior, but his talents and his liveliness made him pass for an acquisition to society; and it is frequently the case, that a man who is constantly seeing different countries, and going through new changes of life, is, from his readiness of mind and versatility of knowledge, although he may have lived a vast number of years, an agreeable companion. So, although he was fifteen years her senior, she really did not feel as if she were throwing herself away when she consented to be his wife, neither since her union with him had she ever had cause to regret it. She found herself possessed with ample means, and she was enabled to devote most of them to doing deeds of benevolence and offices of charity. There is an amiability inherent in some women that makes kindness a part of their nature. She entered with the greatest unction and earnestness into the feelings of the little Mussulman girl, and first she won upon her heart by the very great

sympathy which she showed in the case of her father's accident. Mrs. Johnson had become conversant with the language, from having had the advantage in learning it that very few have—that is, being instructed by a grammatical teacher. The men who go to India, and who are obliged to learn the Hindostanee solely from the natives, must pick up the grammatical part in a great measure by guesswork, for there are seldom native teachers to be found who can give any sort of critical explanation of its rules. But, with her, she had the instruction of her husband for the elementary part, which is not difficult, and afterwards she had the practice of speaking with a native ayah whom she engaged in England, and who accompanied them out in their voyage. So she made herself understood to Muhboob Jan, and first began by working upon her feelings of affection, and led her on by degrees to the conviction of the truth of the Christian religion; and as she proceeded in teaching her lessons out of the Scriptures, and instructing her both in reading and in religion, she found daily that her duty of impressing its truth upon the mind of the child was gaining ground, and that her efforts were being blessed in convincing her of the falseness of the belief in which she had before had some training, and which recognises woman's claim to consideration but very faintly. She, in the absence of a mother, had imbibed but little of its prejudices. Every day the lady came, and every day the little girl became more and more attached to her; and she, by reason of the winning fascination of her kindly manner, gained upon her mind, and by the power of Divine grace she brought her to believe the truths of the Gospel.

The hours they passed together were not lost, and the little girl soon said that she would believe nothing but what was told her in the blessed book. She was growing up daily more and more lovely. She had scarcely reached her fifteenth year when Mrs. Johnson arrived at Delhi; but in that country girls are as much women at fourteen as those in England are at the age of seventeen. But Muhboob Jan, when the English lady went away, each day went to her father's couch and sat with him, and tried to explain to him also the doctrines which she had herself heard and believed. He heard her, as most Mussulmans hear women. He thought nothing of her mind, and supposed that her being actuated so as to believe differently from her own mother was a matter of trifling import, inasmuch as women, much less girls, are incapable of forming an opinion on any subject. He did not think it necessary to mention the circumstance to Khurreem Buksh, and, as the latter never inquired as to the cause of the lengthened interviews which took place when the Beebee Sahib from England came in to see his daughter, he was left to suppose that it was only owing to the fancy which the kind English lady had taken for the pretty and interesting little girl. Muhboob Jan, when she was left to herself, frequently pondered on the kindness and the amiability of the good lady, and contrasted her conduct—which showed such exemplary benevolence to her and to all with whom she was thrown in contact—to that of the haughty and impetuous but beautiful begum, who, for no fault of hers, was so near putting her to death. A new crop of genial affections sprung up in her hitherto unformed mind. A virgin soil had lain before the culture of a gentle cultivator, and she had found that it yielded to her kindly endeavours to make it capable of bearing fruit.

Dr. Mainchance was very often a guest at Mr. Johnson's house. In

fact, he had been often told to come at any time when he found himself disengaged. Latterly, the conversation at table had frequently turned upon the subject of their native friends; and while Mr. Johnson congratulated the doctor upon his having effected a successful cure, Mrs. Johnson expatiated upon the charms of her little protégée, Muhboob Jan. She said that she had never expected to find that any one born in India should have so readily listened to her instructions, and she was especially pleased to find that she had so soon allowed her mind to be freed from the thraldom of the pernicious superstitions which most of her class believe in. She said that she was a most charming and interesting young person, that she was quite captivated with her, that now she was a Christian she should not be surprised at her being married to an English person. The doctor said that he was in great hopes that her father, Morad Alee, would be quite well in a very short time, and that it was most wonderful that the natives did not seem to think it possible that a person who had broken his limb could ever have it re-set again. Mr. Johnson had been frequently an interpreter between this doctor and his patient, and also he felt much interested in the progress of the treatment which he went through; but latterly the doctor had, by means of unremitting attention to the subject, become so well acquainted with the conversational part of the language, that he was enabled to ask questions and give the necessary directions in Hindostanee. The fame of his talents as a medical man spread far and wide through the city. Men who were blind, men who were one-eyed, lame men, those deaf and dumb, and, in short, many other cases which were manifestly incurable ones, were brought before him, and, for a number of days, he had a large levee at his house formed of those classes who had jumped at the conclusion mentally that the Feringhee had been endowed by the Almighty with the power of curing all manner of sicknesses. In addition to this, he was sent for in numerous cases where his aid was really serviceable, and amongst the richest of the natives, and very soon he found that, owing to his great fame as a hukkeem gaining ground, he was in the way of promising himself the great object of his hopes, which was realising a large sum of money amongst the natives of the country, and eventually returning to his native country a wealthy man. When Morad Alee found that his leg was really restored to its proper strength, and that he could anticipate moving about as he had done before the accident, he felt the greatest sense of thankfulness to the doctor. He said to Khurreem Buksh that his visit to him was like an angel from heaven. He said that he would give him all he possessed if it were worth his acceptance. He was progressing well, and expected that in a few days he should be free from the doctor's care, when an event took place which filled the doctor with astonishment, and, indeed, could scarcely have been possible to fancy as happening in any other country except India. The begum, who was living at some distance from Delhi, at her palace, having heard of this very celebrated doctor's success, sent for him, and, in fact, was under the belief that he would be able, by his recipes, to assist her more materially than the pilgrimage at the shrine of the saints, or any other act of devotion could. The doctor, when he received the message, was by no means reluctant to go to such an exalted individual, whose large property and extreme munificence had given her a name in the city and throughout the province; and satis-

factorily indicated that any attendance, particularly any that would be followed by giving relief, would be very amply recompensed. There was one very old proverb, that seemed, as it were, the leading beacon of his existence, as it has been of many other men's,

> Isne tibi melius suadet qui rem facias; rem,
> Si possis recte; si non quocunque modo rem.

So he hastened to attend at her palace, and was ushered in when he gave his name to the durban, through a long series of halls thronged with domestics, and at last came to a grating which separated the hall that he approached through from a large chamber. In this chamber, resting against the huge cushions which are in use throughout the country, there was seated on the ground close to this grating a very fine tall woman. Her large, languishing eyes were black as the antelope's. Her air was queenly, and, at the same time, complaisant. Her dress was of the most costly Dacca muslin, bordered with gold lace for the large scarf. Her ungea was of the purest lawn; her pygamas of white satin. Her slippers were of crimson silk, wrought thick with gold spangles. Her neck and arms perfectly laden with trinkets and ornaments. Her nose and chin were models of the finest symmetry. Her hand, arms, and bust were proportioned with the most exquisite grace.

When the doctor approached close to the grating, the muhullee, whose office it was to announce visitors, called out his name, and the begum rose like an imperial Venus, and waved her arm to a woman who, speaking fluently, was seated opposite to her—a Kyneewalee, who had been telling her stories; and this was a signal for her to finish speaking, and to leave the apartment. Another older woman who was there she addressed, and asked her some questions as to whether this was, indeed, the wise doctor who had performed all the wonderful cures; and when the old woman replied to her in the affirmative, she told her to tell the muhullee to send for an interpreter belonging to the palace, who could stand outside along with the doctor and interpret for them while she spoke to him in Hindostanee. This was accordingly done, and very soon afterwards there appeared one of the servants, who acted as a medium for their conversation. The begum began by saying that she had heard that the hukkeem Inglese was so wise and so skilful that he could restore a man who was dead to life, and had medicine which was a cure for everything. The doctor said that he had medicines which were the best of their kind, and also the most efficacious in the way of taking away pains and maladies that were known; but that he never could attempt further than what was known to be natural and possible for human skill to effect, and that there were certain cases, many of which had been brought to him, that he could do nothing in; but that if the lady who had wished to consult him would kindly mention what it was she suffered from, and what she wished to get from him, he could be able to answer her. She then explained at length the reason that she had gone on the pilgrimage to the shrine of the saint, and asked him if he could give her any prescription that would be useful in her case. When the doctor heard all this, he thought he would be safe to recommend a course of diet that could do no harm, and also a few recipes of general use, and said that, though he could not be certain of any immediate effect that they should produce, that they would eventually be found useful.

During the course of the short dialogue, the begum perceived that the doctor understood most of what she was saying to the interpreter, and, as soon as he had finished giving his advice in her case, she told the old woman to go away, and to see that no one else entered the room, and to desire the interpreter also to take his leave, and to let the doctor remain there, so that she should speak to him alone. Her commands were instantly obeyed, and she, putting her face close up to the grating, told the doctor to come near, for she wanted to speak to him about a matter of importance privately. She then asked him if he could understand what she said when she spoke slowly. He said that he could, and waited with much anxiety to hear what it was she said. She then rose gracefully, her eyes glistening with interest. When she had looked down the outer apartment where he stood, and again surveyed the large chamber in which she herself was seated, and was satisfied that they were quite alone, she in a gracious but most earnest manner put her mouth to the grating, and told him to come near. He put his head near the grating, and she said, "Have you not been giving advice to the servant of Khurreem Buksh, Morad Alee?" The doctor said he had; that he had met with a misfortune, had fallen and broken his leg, and that he had attended at his house and cured him by setting the leg. Then the begum said, "Has he not a daughter, called Muhboob Jan?" The doctor said, "Yes, I know he has. I have heard the English lady speak of her, and say that she is a beautiful little girl." Then the begum said, "Doctor, if you will return here and tell me that she is no more—that the enemy of my life has departed—I shall give you a thousand gold mohurs. I know you can do what I say—I know that you are in possession of means to do it secretly—I know you can take the serpent from my path, if you choose; so now you know my wish. Will you consent to the agreement?" The doctor could scarcely believe his senses when he heard this atrocious proposal; he, however, with the coolness and collectedness which belong to his calling, and, indeed, always distinguish his countrymen, replied that he would be happy to give any advice or prescription which it was possible for him to give to her or to any lady or gentleman in her household, but that to meddle with the inmates of any other establishment except that which he was sent to consult with was what he could never consent to. The begum, who was quick and impetuous, saw that she was mistaken in her supposition of selecting an agent for her dreadful designs, and, quick as thought, she said, "Oh, I never would wish to ask any one to enter where he should not be sent for. I only asked the question for curiosity, thinking that it was a proposal that might be agreeable to you to enrich yourself; but now I find that you are too honourable to think of doing such an act, I esteem you the more, and, indeed, you stand higher in my favour on account of your rejecting such an offer. When you return, bring here the prescription that you think necessary for myself, and mention to no one what I said to you."

The doctor hastened to do this. He went home, and soon afterwards returned and sought another interview. He was admitted in the same way, and went through the same forms, as when he first went there, and gave, in the old woman's presence, the paper containing the prescribed powders, and the draughts, also in bottles, which he said she would find benefit by taking. He was shocked beyond measure at having such a proposition made to him. He said to himself that he would mention the

circumstance to Mr. Johnson, and that if justice could be done to the begum he certainly should not hold himself bound to be silent as to the communication which she had made him. He accordingly informed Mr. Johnson, when they next met and were alone together, of the whole circumstance; and indeed he added, "I think myself I would have forgotten the principles of a true Briton if I had not exposed this detestable proposal."

When the resident heard of it, he knew that the begum was possessed of the principality in her own right, and that he had as magistrate there no power to control the actions of such a person, much less to bring her to justice. So he told the doctor that, however he might hold in abhorrence her abominable proposal, he could not move in the matter; and indeed it seemed scarcely probable that the accusation, however well-founded it was, even if it were brought before a court of justice, could be sufficiently brought home to her, as she might easily get over the charge of conspiring to take away the little girl's life by giving another turn to the words which she had used. It was on the very evening of the day when he visited the begum, that the doctor and resident had this conversation after dinner in the resident's house. They were alone together, Mrs. Johnson having just left them. The doctor told him all the circumstances, and he could not but conclude that what she had first said to the doctor was said in earnest.

"Knowing the native prejudices," he said, "I fancy it was her desire to rid herself of a being that had become hateful to her, whose evil eye in her palace had been instrumental in causing the estrangement of her husband's affections. She was, in short, the bane, the hateful neemchura, that had flown before her path, and ever since had embittered her existence." The doctor remarked that her deadly and dreadful disposition must make her hateful to any person, and seemed wholly unpardonable. Mr. Johnson believed that it was all induced by the prevalence of a superstitious belief, which was very strong in its agency, though quite unaccountable to beings who were brought up in a more Christian and a more wholesome creed. Then the doctor wondered what sort of person this little girl was who had incurred the anger of the begum? Mr. Johnson answered that he had never seen her—nor, indeed, could any man—but his wife, who saw her nearly every day, described her as a truly interesting and lovely creature, and he might, he said, have heard her speak in her praise. The doctor now recollected that Mrs. Johnson had talked of her, and said that she was in hopes that she had become a Christian, but he could not make out why it was that the begum was bent upon her ruin. Then the resident said that he knew the begum was lately married, and it might be that, in addition to the prejudices of the woman, who was very passionate, she was jealous of this little girl; that he had heard some time ago a story of her father having found her in a most extraordinary way, and that she had had a very narrow escape from being murdered, and he should not be surprised if the begum was at the bottom of it; that the crimes which are every day perpetrated by these Mussulmans, particularly their cruelty to women, were perfectly dreadful. The doctor said that, such being the case, it was a pity that there was not some way of taking such an amiable creature from the power of such people, especially as she had become a Christian.

This little girl should certainly not be suffered to come into the toils of such a fiend as the begum seemed to be. If she sought her ruin, she might, perhaps, find some other means of effecting it, all-powerful as she was. Her emissaries in Delhi, the resident said, must have informed her of the residence of Muhboob Jan; but probably the little girl, as well as her father, are wholly ignorant that any such inquiries have been made about her. It is the fact, that by secret information, and a system of paying and employing spies, such people satisfy their curiosity; and where there are no such vehicles of intelligence as newspapers, and where, indeed, there is no press—or people to read what would be published, supposing there was one—the rich are obliged to resort to procuring all their information in this way, and their extreme vacancy of mind makes any sort of gossip or tale-bearing acceptable to them. Women, in all ranks of life, delight in hearing or in telling some new thing; like the ancient Athenians, all women are more or less given to this, their peculiar passion, which, next to their love of dress, is their most prevalent one; much more is it so in a country like this, where they are wholly uneducated and necessarily unemployed, than with those in a more temperate climate, where they have some sort of education, and, at all events, are given an occupation. Also, the spite, malice, envy, and bad feeling which are felt by the sex to one another are wholly uncontrolled either by the salutary elements of mental culture and accomplishments or religious and moral instruction, besides that they are quite precluded from mental improvement from their not being allowed to travel, or visit any place or scene which is at all calculated to give either instruction or amusement. Then said the doctor:

"It seems to me that they are beings of a different order here from those at home; in fact, so far as regards their minds, they are scarcely better than animals."

"Well," said Mr. Johnson, "they are worse than creatures without reason in one respect; for where the animal passions are given complete sway, the evil qualities are sure to predominate over the good ones."

When they joined Mrs. Johnson up-stairs, they did not think that there was any use in vexing her by telling her the account of the wretched purpose which the begum had expressed to Dr. Mainchance, but she began as usual to praise the little favourite, of whom she every day became fonder. The doctor, on his part, began to feel much interest in the person who had unaccountably occupied so much of the attention of so many different people. It is always the case that the hearsay account—the fame which fashionable parlance calls the prestige—of a person, whether male or female, has a great effect upon every one, wise or unwise, who by chance should afterwards be thrown into contact with him or her, so much so as make it impossible that any after-experience can wholly remove it. He thought in his heart that a being who could arouse such an interest in Mrs. Johnson's mind, and win so far on her affection, despite the well-known difficulty which exists in making one woman loved by another, must be a person possessed of rare qualifications.

When the doctor had left the begum, she felt enraged at having so far been foiled in her wishes to engage him to do what she wanted. She determined, however, if it was possible, to effect the destruction of the little girl who had so wonderfully escaped from her. Soon after her return to

her palace, after the short excursion she had made on the river, she had been informed of the circumstances regarding her meeting with her father, and their onward journey to Delhi in the kafila with Khurreem Buksh. But the resources which lay open to her, supplied as she was with boundless wealth, and having such numbers at her command unprincipled and merely creatures submissive to her sovereign will, were many and various, and in such a country she found herself at no loss to recur to other means of ridding herself of her enemy, although she would have much preferred the secret mode of procuring her death by means of getting a doctor to administer some deadly poison. But now that she saw it was totally impossible to induce the English doctor to listen to any such suggestion, she resolved, if she could, to hire some bandits to seize upon Muhboob Jan, and to take the first opportunity of Khurreem Buksh's absence from home along with her father to effect an entrance into his zinana, and possess themselves of the person of his daughter, either dead or alive. With the implacable malevolence of a person who has been balked in doing an injury, and who knows that the person injured will to their latest day be unable to forget the treatment which they have received, she cherished the undying determination of following up her diabolical wishes towards the poor little innocent victim. She in her palace, which was regal in state, every day received numerous visitors, mostly persons dependent upon her, and some who, in the way of complimentary visiting, came to pay her their respects. The early morning of each day such a levee of hangers-on came in crowds, that her gates, like the famed

> Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis,
> Manè salutantum totis vomet ædibus undam;

so she was at no loss in finding persons who at her bidding could secure the attendance of any person that she wished to speak to. She, in fact, exercised a sway over her own followers which reminded one more of the accounts given in history of Messalina and Zenobia, and certainly no modern heroine of late date, except we reckon Miss Gwilt as such, looked upon murder with so little compunction. She got one of her chokeydaurs of the Boorea caste, who are familiar with all the thieves and depredators in the country, to carry a message to Ukhbar Khan, who still lived in the same jungle abode near Agra that he inhabited when he took Muhboob Jan prisoner. He had latterly, since the cession of the country to the British, been going down much in the world, and many of his followers had forsaken him. He had not the money to keep up the force which he formerly had, and the vigilance of the English police system, so different from that exercised by the Mahrattas, had been fatal to his successes lately. So, when the chokeydaur came with a message to him from the lady of rank who required his services, he knew perfectly that it was for some deed of violence that he should be wanted; but such was his need now, that he rather rejoiced at having such an opening for bettering his fortunes. The time that the begum said that he should come to speak to her was at five in the morning. After she had given orders to the chokeydaur, the latter mounted a dromedary, one of the fleetest that she had in her establishment, which was well able to go seventy miles a day, and late that night he arrived at Ukhbar's residence.

# THE ARLINGTONS:

## SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

By a Looker-on.

### PART THE SECOND.

## I.

### PLATONICS.

The next day dawned on the pleased and the displeased in the family circle of the Arlingtons of Eaton-square; but, alas! who knows what a day may bring forth!

Richard presented himself with some misgivings at the house of his liege lady, and having unfolded to her his promised act of fraternal good nature, and asked her, as in duty bound, if she would not join the party, he heard, with some dismay, her reply delivered in a tone of determination which showed there could be no hope of *her* acquiescence in his project.

"Mr. Arlington, I am surprised that you should think for a moment that *I* would go all the way to Devonshire for a stupid ball, patronised by a parcel of junior naval lieutenants, midshipmen, and marine officers, with a sprinkling of old admirals who have long been laid on the shelf."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Larpent," Richard ventured to say. "All the élite of the naval and military people in Pymouth, and the county people in its neighbourhood, will be there. It is to be a very good ball. And the next evening the admiral gives a ball on board the flag-ship, which is to be a brilliant affair."

"My dear Arlington, you speak with so much unction of these Plymouth gaieties, that one might be tempted to think you had some attraction down there—some dark-eyed Devonshire beauty, whom you wished to take the opportunity of meeting. Is this the case, Dicky? Come, confess!"

"Tormentor! you know very well that *I* have no attractions out of Belgravia. I vow to you that I do not know a single lady in Devonshire under fifty, except my aunt's two stupid nieces, Rose and Susan Danby, and I am sure I would not go the length of my toe to see either of them."

"Very well; then it won't break your heart to give up these Plymouth festivities, and I can't give you leave of absence, for I want you in town."

"Why?" asked Richard, rather sharply.

"Because, you refractory creature, I want you to escort me the very evening of the Plymouth hop to private theatricals at the Bijou Theatre first, and afterwards to a fancy ball at Willis's Rooms. My cousin, Lady Clarissa, has promised me three tickets for the theatre and the ball after it, which is to be very select. I can't go without an escort, and you must undertake that duty."

"Who is to have the third ticket?" he asked.

"Little Sarah Grantley. She is the essence of stupidity, as you know, and never sees or hears anything; therefore a very convenient companion."

"Your offer is very tempting, Mrs. Larpent, but I fear I must decline it. I don't mind my sisters' annoyance, but my mother's indignation is a more serious matter. She often helps me out of scrapes, and replenishes my purse when it is empty."

"And therefore you must be tied to her apron-strings, and, like Little Jack Horner,

Who sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,

be ready to exclaim, 'What a good boy am I!' I declare you must be taking a leaf out of my worthy spouse's books, who is always prosing and preaching about *his duties.*"

"Why not make him do his duty, and accompany you and Miss Grantley to the Bijou Theatre and Willis's Rooms?"

"What a savage humour you are in to-day, Richard Arlington! I declare I don't know you. But I see how it is; there is no faith to be put in any of your deceitful sex. I wish I had never seen you. I wish I had never learned to care for you. I wish I had been left alone in my misery, without any . . . . any friend to listen to my sorrows and sympathise with me."

Mrs. Larpent checked, apparently with some difficulty, a rising or forced sob, and her eyelids winked as if she were trying to keep back a tear. Richard's heart was not steel, and, as the poet says, "steel will bend." His heart was softened in a minute, and, forgetting the twenty-pound note, he told the suffering lady that she might dispose of him as she liked.

"Then you will give up the Plymouth ball, and go with me to the private theatricals and Willis's Rooms?" she eagerly asked.

"If you wish it."

"*If* I wish it. Oh, Arlington! had you persisted in refusing to accompany me, I would have sent back the tickets to my cousin; there would have been no pleasure in going without *you.*"

She held out her hand to him; he kissed it; then, putting his arm lightly round her waist, he kissed her cheek. The salutation was scarcely over, when a double knock was heard, and a servant threw open the drawing-room door, announcing a visitor. Richard glided into the back drawing-room, and hid himself behind the door until the unwelcome visitor had entered the front room; he then ran quickly down-stairs and made his escape, unseen by the prying eyes of the lady who had just entered.

After he left the presence of his Armida, unpleasant thoughts jarred upon his mind. There would be a quarrel with his mother, who did not like contradiction any more than Mrs. Larpent. He could not tell her that he was acting under compulsion; he must leave her to think him very capricious and disobliging; and how, when he was breaking his promise to her, could he expect her to keep her promise to him?

"The deuce take Mrs. Larpent!" he exclaimed internally. "But no, not her, poor thing! but the deuce take the stupid private theatricals, and the fancy ball. One fancy ball in the course of the year—the Cale-

donian—is quite enough for me, and I shall be minus about forty pounds. It was a dear kiss! What black looks I shall get when I go to Eaton-square! and what a fool Larpent is to leave his wife so much to me! If ever I marry, I shall take good care not to follow his example."

Richard paraded up and down Eaton-place and some of the adjacent streets before he could muster courage to knock at his father's door; at last he took heart of grace, and rushed in, almost upsetting the servant who opened the door to him.

He had a stormy interview with his mother, who was the more angry because he could give no good reason for changing his mind. Of course he could not commit Mrs. Larpent; and perhaps it struck him at that moment that his and her intimacy, though not clogged by positive guilt, could not be absolutely innocent, when he did not dare to confide to his mother that Mrs. Larpent had put her veto on his going to Plymouth. *That* veto was not so easily set aside, unluckily for Richard, as the vetoes promulgated by President Johnson at Washington.

Richard was sneaking out in a state of great chagrin, when he determined to make one effort more for the "tin," and informed his mother that, at Major Chapman's dinner the previous day, he had met a very rich man, who, Chapman told him, was extremely anxious to marry, but he had lived long abroad, and had very few acquaintances in London, and no one to introduce him into society. "Jenkins of ours," added Richard, "gave this millionnaire his card, and said he would be happy to see him at his mother's house. You know she is a widow with two unmarried daughters, and they give little soirées. I'll go after him, and bring him here, if you like, mother."

"Yes, do, Richard," said Mrs. Arlington, who, like a drowning person, caught at straws. "Introduce him here—that is to say, if you think he is *comme il faut*, and that there is nothing against him."

"He is gentlemanly-looking, and has good manners. Chapman says he met him at Rome, that his father was a man of fortune, and he was an only son."

The cloud cleared off from Mrs. Arlington's brow, and before Richard left her boudoir she presented him with fifteen pounds. Ungrateful Richard thanked her, but not very cordially. Why had she not given him twenty pounds? He sighed to think of the twenty-five pounds which he had lost.

Richard absented himself for two whole days from his father's house, hoping that, in that time, his sisters' vexation would wear out. But when he came on the Thursday he was very coldly received. Aurelia left the room the moment he entered, though she had not quite finished her luncheon. His favourite, Eleanor, generally so good humoured and chatty, only bowed her head to him, and pushed the cold pigeon-pie towards him without saying a word. His mother and Fanny were out; Maria read the *Athenæum*, as if she were quite absorbed in its contents, and then made a remark to Cornelia about some sacred music that was to be performed at Exeter Hall; while Letitia, the only one who seemed inclined to speak to him, entertained him by hitting at Mrs. Larpent, and sneering at himself for being so submissive to that lady.

"I verily believe, Richard," she said, "if Mrs. Larpent, in her pretty caprice, ordered you to turn rope-dancer and exhibit on the stage, you

would attempt the feat. I wonder if she would put on mourning for you if you broke your neck in obeying her behests."

"What is the reason of this violent attack on Mrs. Larpent, Letitia?" asked Richard. "Has she done anything to annoy you?"

"Me! Nothing. But she prevents you from taking Aurelia and Eleanor to Plymouth, because she chooses you to go with her to sundry entertainments in town. Why can't she be escorted by her husband, and let you alone?"

Because her husband does not like balls, and won't go to them. When you are married, Letty, you may find it impossible to drag your husband out with you, unless he wishes to go. But how did you take it into your head that Mrs. Larpent prevents my going to Plymouth?"

"A little bird whispered it to me," replied Letitia.

"And you need not sin your soul by contradicting Letitia's assertion," struck in Cornelia. "Pray remember that

> He who commits one fault at first,
> And lies to hide it, makes it two.

I am not sure if I quote the lines correctly, but the meaning is there."

"I don't know of what fault you accuse me, Cornelia, and I am not in the habit of telling lies," replied Richard, gravely.

He had brought a handsomely bound album for Aurelia, and a pair of pretty earrings for Eleanor, as peace-offerings; but he was vexed at his sisters' reception of him, and therefore did not produce his presents, which found their way in the course of the afternoon into Mrs. Larpent's clutches, and highly delighted she was to appropriate to herself articles that had been intended by Richard for his sisters, of whom, at least of one of whom—Eleanor—she was very jealous.

Mr. and Mrs. Larpent were not a very well assorted couple. But if we look abroad into society, how very few couples are to be found who *really* suit each other! The matrimonial yoke is often so thoughtlessly assumed—that condition of life, only to be ended by death, so often entered into from motives trivial or mercenary—the vow to love and to cherish, so often pronounced without the slightest reference to its comprehensive meaning, if not falsified in the heart at the very moment that the lips are repeating it with seeming solemnity—that one cannot wonder there are so many *paired*, but not *matched*.

Unfortunately, too, there is often a great deal of deceit in matrimonial alliances, both parties pretending to be what they are not, and only letting their real dispositions, tastes, and feelings be discovered after the irrevocable knot is tied. It is a sad spectacle—two people dragging on a weary existence, or one embittered by recriminations, disputes, dislike, disgust!

Mr. and Mrs. Larpent were very dissimilar. In rank, fortune, and position, all was harmony; but there the harmony ended. Mr. Larpent's temper was exceedingly placid; he was very quiet, undemonstrative, unobtrusive, self-denying, and self-controlling; unsuspicious, and without a particle of envy or jealousy in his composition; a well-educated, well-informed, and sensible man; but not at all a lady's man, and very opaque in many things.

Mrs. Larpent was impulsive and irritable, of a very jealous tempera-

ment, and craving for admiration; she was rather pretty, and with lady-like pleasant manners; but exceedingly exacting, and resolute in having her own way in everything. She did not care a straw for her husband; in fact, she positively disliked him. His equanimity, which she called indifference, fretted her; but her fretting never seemed to stir up a single sensation of anger in his mind, he only kept out of her way when she was in bad humour; and, poor man! he seldom saw her in good humour when they were alone, which, however, was a matter of rare occurrence. He disliked gaiety, and preferred to lead a humdrum life. She liked gaiety, and indulged in it as much as possible. So they did not often follow the same path. But the good man had no idea of interfering with her pleasures, and it never entered his head that they could be otherwise than innocent, or that anything could possibly be said, or insinuated, to her disadvantage. He was truly a "Nathaniel without guile," and she had more liberty than most married women enjoy, or that many of them would care to have.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Larpent were fond of their children—two girls and two boys—but even these formed no bond of union between them.

How had this unlucky marriage taken place? It was a mistake upon one side, and it arose from pique on the other; what could be hoped from such a union?

## II.

### MISS MARCHMONT AND THE RECTOR.

Miss Marchmont was the daughter of a gentleman of landed property in a midland county. Her mother had died when she was a child, and she had been brought up at first by a flimsy, flashy French governess, who had paid no attention to her religious and moral instruction, and only taught her French, fancy-work, and dancing. At fourteen years of age she had been sent to a fashionable boarding-school, from whence she returned a grown-up young lady, not to take charge of her father's establishment, over which a second wife presided, but to live in idleness and indolence if it so pleased her. She was not called upon to perform any duties; she might spend her whole day if she liked in reading novels and magazines, or in doing fancy-work, her time being diversified by taking long rides on horseback, or driving about, occasionally making visits to the families in the neighbourhood. But most of these happened to be sober quiet people, very good and rational, but stiff and rather formal. There were but few young men resident in the vicinity of Marchmont Hall, and most of these, as well as the male visitors of their families, cared only for hunting, shooting, and fishing, and were by no means ready to meet the flirting propensities of the emancipated boarding-school girl. There were no young people in her home. Her only sister, some four or five years older than herself, was married, and had gone with her husband to India; her only brother, the son of her stepmother, was a boy at Eton, and her father was quite wrapped up in him. He had lost three other sons, and this only one spared to him—the inheritor of his landed property—was like the apple of his eye. He was foolishly fond of the boy, and did not trouble himself much about his daughter, who was left to her own devices, and who,

having nobody else with whom to fall in love, fell in love with the clergyman of the parish church.

He was a handsome young man, and preached well; he was frequently a guest at her father's table, and used sometimes to sing duets with her in the evening. To please him, she patronised the village schools, and often visited the poor, and read to the old women.

Mr. Marmaduke Larpent, who had inherited his father's property, which was situated at no great distance from Marchmont Hall, was a young man of very serious views and habits. He had been at Oxford, but had not entered into any of the follies and vices so prevalent among the students of the sister universities; jovial parties bored him, pranks annoyed him; he was a quiet, sedate, reading man, and such as he was at college he was in his subsequent life. He was not ambitious, had no expensive tastes, but very strong ideas of the duties of the higher and richer classes towards the lower and poorer ones. He had never been in love, but he was not wanting in human affections, and these were principally centred in an elder sister, who had been the guardian angel of his childhood.

His mother had died when he was only two years of age, and a sister, who was fifteen years older than himself, took entire charge of him. He was a delicate child, and his sister Laura devoted her whole time and thoughts to him. She had two younger sisters, to whom she was also very kind, but they were at school, and she seldom saw them except during their holidays. But the little Marmaduke was always with her; she made quite an idol of him, though she did not spoil him. She brought him up exceedingly well, and there never existed a more truthful, excellent little boy than he was. Very kind-hearted and generous he was, too—in short, he did great credit to his sister's management of him.

Miss Larpent had two or three very good offers of marriage, but she declined them all, for they would have interfered with her self-imposed duties towards her young brother. When, however, he grew to be a healthy youth of about seventeen years of age, and no longer required her watchful care, she married a gentleman who had waited patiently for her for some years. She was then three-and-thirty—no longer a girl, but still a pleasing, good-looking young woman, and although long engagements do not always turn out well, she was very happy in her married life, even though she had no children.

But, by the decrees of Providence, which ordains this world to be a state of trial and probation, human happiness never lasts long, and Laura's kind husband was taken from her just when she was becoming most dependent upon him for her daily comfort. A sad misfortune threatened her—one of the greatest of human calamities—the loss of sight! She bore this approaching evil with patience and resignation to the will of the Most High; but it was a great aggravation to her affliction to be left to the care only of servants and mercenaries.

Mr. Hamilton died, and almost at the same time his sorrowing widow became totally blind. How terrible for her to find that all was

> Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day!

But she was not left to loneliness as well as to darkness. Her affectionate brother, who had gone to her during the illness of her husband, remained with her, arranged all her affairs for her, and finally brought her to town, and settled her in a house very near his own. He engaged a kind-hearted, amiable lady to be her companion and to take charge of her domestic affairs, and he himself spent much of his time with her. Much more than his wife approved of, for when her double misfortune fell upon poor Mrs. Hamilton, her brother, Mr. Larpent, had been three or four years married to Miss Sophia Marchmont.

Mr. Marmaduke Larpent had been taken in by Miss Sophia's show of religion and attention to the poor. Not that the fair Sophia had ever entertained the slightest wish to take him in. On the contrary, she never gave him a single thought, and was only bored at his frequently joining her when she was on her errands of charity, in the hope of meeting her favourite—the clergyman.

If there was any *taking in*, he took himself in, for he never scanned narrowly the motives or manœuvres of the pious young lady. He accepted what he saw before his outward eyes, and never inquired into or reflected upon what might be her real disposition. Mrs. Larpent, her stepmother, took great pains to make Sophia appear to advantage, for she was most anxious to get rid of her, on account of the irritability and jealousy of her temper. Mrs. Hamilton, who resided at a considerable distance from her brother's property and Marchmont Hall, had seen very little of Sophia, and consequently had not found out her faults. She wished her brother to marry, and was satisfied from what he said of Miss Marchmont that she was a suitable match for him, and would make him happy in domestic life.

Sophia Marchmont only tolerated Marmaduke's solemn attentions in the hope of exciting the rector's jealousy, and spurring him on to make an offer under the fear of losing her. That the offer *would* come she did not doubt, but it was long of coming, and she was anxious to remove from her father's handsome mansion, where her stepmother ruled, to the pretty picturesque parsonage, with its small but cheerful and tastefully arranged rooms, and porch covered with roses and woodbine, where *she* would be mistress of everything, as well as of the heart of its handsome and graceful owner, the Rev. Mr. Copley.

Miss Marchmont, it will be perceived, had small choice in her reach, for she had not yet spent a season in town. Her father disliked London, and her stepmother disliked the trouble of going to balls and giving them; she had no daughters of her own to bring out, and she did not think it her duty to incommode herself for the sake of "that disagreeable girl Sophy."

Had Sophy been permitted to have spent three months or so in London every year, and to have gone into society as other girls of her age and station do, she would probably not have taken such a fancy to the good-looking rector. Most likely his place in her heart would have been filled by some well-dressed coxcombical Guardsman or officer of the line, who might have bestowed his attentions on the "country girl," and perhaps himself to boot, for the sake of the money left to her by her mother, and the additional "tin" which would doubtless come to her at her father's death.

But Sophy Marchmont, as we have said before, had not the advantage —if it *was* an advantage—of knowing many young men, and therefore all her thoughts were fixed on the amiable parson within her reach. And often when she was tripping up to the cottages of the poor, with a neat basket over one arm, filled with grapes or other fruit, and tempting little articles of confectionery, and a bag dangling from the other arm, in which were wools and cotton for the old women to use in knitting stockings, the worthy churchman would stop to contemplate her with a benign aspect and an engaging smile, and sometimes he would exclaim:

"Ah, dear Miss Sophy! at the good work again? Which of my poorer flock are you going to render happy to-day by your 'angel visits,' though these are not 'few and far between'? What a charming picture of Charity you would make going on these errands of mercy!"

And Sophy's heart would beat, and her cheek would flush at this praise from the handsome rector—this admiration, as she considered it, of her beauty. For in Sophia's mind the material was always above the spiritual.

"If you really think I would make a tolerable subject for a picture, Mr. Copley, why don't you sketch me yourself," she said, one day, when he had turned to walk a little way with her. "I know you paint both faces and figures extremely well. Don't think 'to hide your talents under a bushel,' my dear Mr. Copley." Her voice trembled slightly as she uttered the word "dear." "I am quite ready to sit for you, or stand for you, any time you please."

"Thank you very much for the kind offer," replied the rector, "but I fear I am not a good enough artist to attempt taking a likeness of *you*, Miss Marchmont."

"I am sure the likeness you took of that little boy—old Mrs. Brown's grandson—with his bright curly hair, and dimpled cheeks, and blue eyes, was charming."

"Oh! you flatter me too much, dear Miss Sophy; it is your partiality for your friend which dictates this approval of his rough attempt at painting little Johnny."

"Well, I do not deny my partiality for the artist," said Sophia, pointedly, "but the picture *is* beautiful."

"The child is beautiful, and it would have been difficult to have made him frightful," modestly replied Mr. Copley.

"But about my picture—what do you say? Will you come to the Hall, or shall I come to your delightful retreat?"

"Alas! *it* has no mistress to receive you. Would that it had a fair presiding spirit—a partner to lighten my labours, and cheer me in the pursuance of sometimes painful duties! What a blessing this would be to me, dear Miss Sophia!"

"You could have it at a word," thought Miss Sophia to herself. "And why don't you say that word? How can I make him comprehend that I am quite willing to bestow this blessing upon him? Perhaps he needs a little encouragement."

She threw her eyes on the ground, and bent her head a little forward, as she said in a low voice:

"Your wife would be a very happy woman, Mr. Copley."

"I should endeavour to make her happy," replied the clergyman.

Sophia raised her eyes and glanced at him, but his eyes were not seeking hers—they were looking away, either at something in the far distance just before him, or fixed on vacancy with a strange dreamy expression. Sophia Marchmont gazed eagerly forward, seeking to discover what was attracting his attention, but she only beheld the fields dotted with wild flowers, the green hedgerows, and the trees raising their stately heads, or waving their graceful branches in the gentle wind. She could not see into his heart. Was her image pictured there? She hoped so.

"Dear Miss Marchmont!" exclaimed Mr. Copley at length, "you are so amiable that I feel half inclined to confide a secret to you—a secret which concerns the happiness of my future life. But no—not yet—not yet. A day may come when I may tell you——"

"Tell me now—*now*, Mr. Copley!" she exclaimed, passionately, as she turned her eyes imploringly on him, and half clasped her hands.

The rector started and coloured violently, while he answered, stammering:

"N . . . n . . . not now—some o . . other time!"

Sophia felt excessively annoyed, and took no pains to conceal her disappointment. There was an awkward silence, but happily it was put an end to by an old man, holding a little boy by the hand, issuing forth from a narrow lane near, and in his cracked voice making his obeisances to the minister and the young lady, while they both greeted him as "old John," and the little boy as Johnny.

Miss Marchmont bestowed a bunch of grapes on the original of the pretty sketch of which she had spoken with so much admiration, and patted his fair curly head; whereupon Mr. Copley smiled sweetly on her, and exhorted the little fellow to make his best bow, and to thank the kind lady.

He then found that he had to traverse the narrow lane, and shaking hands with Miss Marchmont, he left her to continue his walk alone.

Not long after she met Mr. Larpent, who was on horseback, with his groom riding behind him. He dismounted, and giving his horse to the groom to lead, he joined the young "Lady Bountiful," as he called her.

Mr. Marmaduke Larpent was a gentlemanly and good-looking man, but not so graceful as the Rev. Mr. Copley. He never paid compliments, did not talk either of her angel self or her "angel visits," but spoke of the duty of ministering to the wants of the poor, and the privilege of being useful to them.

"I sometimes think, Miss Marchmont, that if I were a very rich man I would build a hospital for impoverished sufferers, and make a point of visiting it three or four times a week myself, to see that its inmates were well cared for. Don't you think it would be pleasant to be able to do so?"

"Very," replied the young lady, hardly knowing what he had said.

"If I could get some of the neighbouring gentry to unite with me, we might have a hospital—on a small scale—prepared in our county town. Do you think there would be any harm—impropriety, I mean, in having one part of the house dedicated to male patients, the other to females?"

"No, I don't see any."

"Do you suppose your papa would kindly help us a little?"

"I dare say he would. But you must speak to Mrs. Marchmont first. If you can get *her* consent, you are sure of papa's."

Mr. Larpent smiled at Miss Sophia's simple frankness, as he considered it; the idea never crossed his own simple mind that the young lady's "frankness" was the result of ill nature, and so he went on wearing threadbare the subject of the wants of the poor, and the duty of the rich to relieve them, until Sophy reached the door of the cottage to which she was going, and there managed to shake him off.

When Sophia Marchmont found Marmaduke Larpent so fatiguing a companion even for a short morning walk, why did she venture on taking him for the companion of her life? Why did she risk her happiness by marrying him?

She acted as hundreds—we will hope not thousands—of others have acted. She took him partly out of pique, partly as a *pis aller*. What numbers of ladies have been rendered wretched by thus tempting Fate! and what numbers of gentlemen also; but in their case *money* is generally the desideratum, and if they get that, the sacrifice has not been quite in vain; and, moreover, men are not so dependent as women on domestic life for their daily comfort and happiness.

A few days had passed since Sophia Marchmont had met both the rector and the squire on the country road. She had been expecting a visit from her clerical friend, and hoping that it might lead to some *éclaircissement;* but he did not come; he even declined an invitation to dinner at Marchmont Hall. Then she heard that he had gone to London for a few days—gone, she fancied, to choose some pretty gift for her as a *gage d'amour*, or to make some necessary arrangement previous to proposing for her, and she waited impatiently for his return.

Alas for poor Sophy's love-dream! When Mr. Copley did return, it was but to announce a longer absence, and to communicate to Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont the secret which he had been on the point of entrusting to Sophia—namely, that he had been for more than three years engaged to his cousin, a young lady who resided with her widowed mother in the north of Wales, and that some obstacles to the match having been cleared away, he was now going to his aunt's house to be married to her charming daughter!

## III.

### THE WEDDING TOUR, AND THE HANDSOME BARONET.

WHAT a world this is for disappointment and chagrin! How often, when we think ourselves near to the accomplishment of what we have longed for and pined for, some sudden change of circumstances—or, as we call it, some sudden turn of fate—arises to throw us back, not into doubt and uncertainty, but into the positive and sorrowing knowledge that our fondest hopes have been as baseless as the fading dreams of night!

And thus it was with poor Sophia Marchmont, the edifice of happiness she had been building had crumbled away beneath her feet; there was a gulf between her and all that she had planned in the future; there was

nothing but her dreary every-day-life before her; no, she could not stand it, she must get away somehow—somewhere!

At that critical moment Mr. Larpent made his proposal, and in a fit of disgust at the rector's marriage, at her own disappointment, and vexation at her stepmother's evident wish to get rid of her, she accepted her estimable, though by no means estimated, suitor.

Marmaduke Larpent and Sophia Marchmont were married, and she too soon found out what a mistake she had made. She wished to go to Paris to spend a few gay weeks in that—as many people fancy—pleasurable capital; but Mr. Larpent, quiet man, was so strongly in favour of the lakes of Westmoreland, that, though not with a very good grace, she gave way, and they betook themselves to that very pretty, but rather monotonous, locality. Windermere, Grassmere, and Coniston, are all very delightful for tourists, and the lovers of lake and mountain scenery; and persons who care for the beauties of nature, and who are happy in themselves or in each other, may pass some weeks in those somewhat solitary resorts very agreeably; but for one who, like Sophia, was tired of solitude, was anxious to escape from it, and who felt no pleasure, only weariness, in the society of her companion, the place had no charms.

She dragged out the honeymoon there, however, and Mr. Larpent seemed very well satisfied; he had long colloquies with the boatmen, and took long walks up the hills, and made acquaintance with the clergyman of the district. She did nothing but yawn; she took no interest in the scenery; she did not sketch from nature, therefore that resource was denied her. She did not care to gather the wild flowers; the tinkling of the mountain rills, the dashing of the mountain waterfalls, made no music to her ear; in short, she had none of the fresh, natural feelings of youth, these were all crushed and withered beneath a heavy weight of discontent and ill humour. She repented her hasty marriage, and was unreasonably angry at her husband for having come forward when he did—just at the time that her mind was in a state of ferment, and she was not capable of cool reflection. It was hard on the poor man to be blamed for paying her the greatest compliment a gentleman can pay to a lady—offering himself for her acceptance—except, indeed, in cases where the offer is made from decidedly mercenary motives. But Mr. Larpent had not sold himself for gold; he had enough of his own; he had selected Miss Marchmont for his wife, as we have said before, under a mistaken impression of her character and pursuits, but he had not yet found out his mistake, and he thought, when he saw her so listless, taking no interest in anything, and seemingly weary of everything, that she was longing to get back to her life of every-day useful exertion and habitual charity.

Ah well! In some cases "ignorance is bliss," and it is a pity when wisdom chases it away.

On leaving the lakes, the newly married couple went to pay some visits before going home. The first visit they made was to Mr. Larpent's sister, Mrs. Hamilton, but they did not stay there long, for Sophy felt under great restraint in Mrs. Hamilton's society, though that lady did her utmost to put her young sister-in-law at ease, and make her house pleasant to her. She would not be pleased; she was sullen and silent, and she felt much annoyed and aggrieved by seeing the affection that

subsisted between Mr. Larpent and his sister. Sophia was just like a wayward child; she did not seem to know what she wanted. Mrs. Hamilton observed with sorrow her bad temper, but she refrained from remarking it to her brother, though she felt anxious and even unhappy on his account. She feared that her sister-in-law's cloudy humour would distress him if it continued, and she wondered that he did not seem at all annoyed. However, Mrs. Hamilton perceived Sophia's jealousy of her, and therefore did not press the newly married pair to remain long her guests, and they went to spend a week at the house of a cousin of Mr. Larpent's.

Here the fair bride recovered her good humour and good spirits, for there was a gay party staying at the house, and among these a baronet, who was celebrated for his *galanteries*—in fact, a decided roué. Sophy was pretty, quite unsophisticated, and evidently not yet a woman of the world, though abundantly coquettish, and Sir Jasper condescended to bestow a little of his time and attention on her. He amused himself by teaching her to flirt—an accomplishment in which she was by no means an unapt scholar.

On retiring to her dressing-room the first evening that the fascinating baronet had bestowed half an hour upon her, and given her her first lesson in the art of flirtation, Sophy threw herself on the sofa, and gave vent to her excited feelings in a flood of tears.

"Oh, why," she exclaimed, though no ears but her own heard her words—"why did I not meet this charming man, Sir Jasper Dillon, before I tied myself to that stupid owl Marmaduke? It is evident that he admires me exceedingly; he stared at me the whole time of dinner, and got himself introduced to me soon after the gentlemen came into the drawing-room. *He* would have been a nice match! such a pleasant man, and a baronet! What a fool I was to marry Larpent in so great a hurry!"

The charming baronet remarked to one of the gentlemen staying in the house:

"That Mrs. Larpent is rather pretty, and very naïve. She has not much manner—in fact, is quite a little rustic—still, in a dull country-house, she may serve to pass off an hour with now and then."

A third person was much vexed at even the small notice Sir Jasper took of the youthful bride. The lady of the house had appropriated him to herself, and he had seemed quite devoted to her until the "little rustic" arrived to amuse him, and consequently became, to a certain degree, her rival. The fashionable dame had no idea of submitting patiently to any usurpation of her rights, as she considered them, and was very cold and distant in her manners to Sophia, whom she called to Sir Jasper "a pert little chit." But Sophia cared nothing about the coldness of her hostess. The master of the house was very civil to her, and the agreeable baronet's society was so delightful that she could think of nobody else. She rode with him in the morning and waltzed with him in the evening, and sometimes they sat down together in a corner to play chess. Sophia was a very bad player, and therefore, though the chessmen were moved occasionally, the time was principally spent in Sir Jasper's whispering exaggerated compliments, which she greedily drank in, while her flushed cheeks and the expression of her eyes showed that the poison administered was producing its baneful effect.

Most unwilling was Sophia to leave this Eden, and this serpent who was taking the trouble to deceive her; but Mr. Larpent told her they could not possibly force themselves longer on his cousins; they had only been asked for a week, and they had stayed nearly a fortnight. Their rooms were wanted for other guests, so go they must.

Tears started to her eyes when she bade "good-bye" to the baronet, but she was a little comforted by his saying in a low voice, as he pressed the hand she had extended to him:

"Farewell, sweet one! But not for long; we shall meet soon in town."

Over and over did the foolish young woman repeat to herself these consolatory words, and earnestly did she long for the arrival of the vernal equinox, when she might exchange her stupid country life for gayer scenes in town, and see again the fascinating baronet, who in her silly vanity she fancied would be pining for her society, having no doubt lost his heart to her.

It would have been a good lesson to her if she had known how little he thought about her, and how slightingly he had spoken of her when she had left the house of Mr. Larpent's cousin.

At Craig Court, her new home, she was quite languid, and apparently unwilling to make the slightest exertion. No more visits among the poor—no more attention to the village schools! Mr. Larpent was disappointed; but, good easy man, he fancied she did not feel very well, and therefore excused her laziness, punishing her, however, for it by the extreme care he took of her, which fidgeted her not a little. He further redoubled his own efforts for the well-being, in soul and body, of the lower class in his neighbourhood, and himself superintended the manufacture of flannel petticoats and other warm garments to be distributed among the old women on the approach of winter, as well as the tailor's department for the benefit of the old men.

Mrs. Larpent very seldom met Mr. and Mrs. Copley while she remained in the country. She did not sit in Mr. Copley's church, and she did not often go to Marchmont Hall. Her stepmother and herself, no longer forced to reside in the same house, were on very distant terms, and to the rector and his wife she was exceedingly cold. Mr. Larpent visited them in a friendly way, and repeatedly pressed them to come to Craig Court; but Sophy never followed up his invitations, and her acquaintance with them was limited to a formal call now and then.

Sophy did not now see the Rev. Mr. Copley in the same light as she used to do. She still thought him handsome, and could not but admit to herself that he had a very sweet smile; but his smiles were not, as she formerly thought, exclusively for her, and she could not care for them. He was quite as courteous to her "stupid husband" as to her, and this was a fault not to be pardoned. It was evident that he was fond of his wife, and that was another misdemeanour on his part. It is astonishing how fast a man's or a woman's having married another than the lady or gentleman to whom he or she appeared to be attached cools fancied and even real love!

Mrs. Larpent compared the good-looking clergyman with the "delightful" Sir Jasper Dillon; she weighed the two in a balance, and the rector was found wanting. She even went so far as to wonder how he

could ever have taken up so much of her thoughts. Upon the whole, she was glad she was not his wife, for then she would never have met Sir Jasper Dillon, or had any gaiety in London. "By-the-by," she exclaimed to herself, for Sophy had no confidante except her maid, and she had not yet learned to entrust her secrets to her, "Marmaduke tells me in a doleful tone that he will not be able to be so much with me in town as he is here. He has so much to do there. I am sure I am most thankful and rejoiced to hear it. I shall be so glad to escape his prosing and himself, and be free to do what I like. Sir Jasper says Paris is the paradise of young married women, and that they are not required to trouble themselves at all about their husbands; in short, have nothing to do with them but to spend their money. I have read this in French novels. How nice *they* are! but I did not know it was quite true until Sir Jasper assured me of it. How I should like to live in Paris! Heigho! But at any rate London will be better than this dull, tiresome Craig Court."

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## WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

### XXII.

Before the stars had disappeared I was descending by a narrow and rugged footpath from the village of Strongoli, having parted with regret from my hospitable friends. I passed the ruins which I had examined the preceding evening, and found myself obliged to scramble down a path too precipitous to allow of keeping safely on my mule. The country had a wild appearance from the thick forests that crowned the surrounding heights; and when I entered a small but picturesque valley, it seemed as if I were shut out from all intercourse with the world. Some of the oaks seemed so gnarled and old, that they might in their younger days have sheltered the armies of the Carthaginian general, and witnessed the melancholy though glorious fall of the patriots of Petilia. As the sun rose, I was ascending the rising ground on which the village of Ciro was placed, and passing several patches of Indian corn and small vineyards. A plain of several miles in extent lay towards the sea, where herds of wild ponies were seen galloping through the brushwood. A promontory, on which an ancient Temple of Apollo is said to have been situated, appeared at some distance, and I would have been strongly tempted to visit the spot if I had not known that it had been examined by Swinburne towards the end of last century, when no remains were visible. It is now called Capo dell' Alice, a corruption possibly of Alæus, the appellation given to Apollo here. The small village Ciro is walled, though its fortifications seem in so ruinous a state that little resistance could be made to

a hostile attack. There was nothing within to induce me to enter, though it is believed to be the site of Crimisa, which, like Petilia, was founded by Philoctetes. One of its inhabitants, Luigi Gigli, was a celebrated astronomer, and assisted Pope Gregory XIII. in adjusting the Roman Calendar.

The oaken gates of Ciro were now open, and a few of its inhabitants were idling with some girls washing linen at the fountain outside the walls. I have in general been disappointed with the appearance of the women, as they lose at an early age whatever personal beauty they may have possessed by the laborious and toilsome life to which they are exposed. I have been particularly struck by the number of women I have observed in field labour; and on calling the attention of one of the natives to the circumstance, he acknowledged that the women were more industrious, and performed more labour, than their husbands. The education of women of the lower ranks is entirely neglected, and I believe that, even in the higher classes, it is not uncommon to find that they are unable to write. Their manners, however, are pleasing from their simplicity, and I was often astonished to observe with what perfect nonchalance they talked on subjects which are not usually introduced by us in presence of ladies, and I felt at times rather out of countenance, while they evidently were not aware that they were doing anything of which they need feel ashamed. You will understand how matters are in respect to marriage, when I tell you that the law enjoins no marriage to take place before the bridegroom is fourteen and the bride twelve years of age. The ceremony must be contracted in the sight of the Church, if it is to have civil validity either for the parties themselves or for the children. There is, however, a civil act (atto civile), for the execution of which civil officers are appointed, but it limits its provisions concerning marriage to the civil and political effects, leaving all the duties that religion imposes untouched and unchanged. Separation may be obtained, but there can be no complete divorce. The husband may prefer a complaint for adultery, and the guilty wife is confined from three months to two years in a house of correction. The adulterer is fined from fifty to five hundred ducats.

Leaving the young damsels at Ciro, I continued to advance for several hours through thick groves of olive-trees, without, however, meeting a human being. It is this want of population scattered over the country that weighs down the spirits; the inhabitants are collected in villages along the heights at some distance from the shores, and you may wander for several hours without seeing any one. On this part of the coast a ridge of hills, of moderate height, runs along parallel to the shore, and at no great distance, the summits of which are covered principally with that species of ash which produces the manna, being larger in leaf than our ash, though it grows to no great height. At last I reached the small village of Cariati, which gives title to one of the most respectable families of Naples. The young Prince of Cariati is an able man, and is believed to have been shamefully treated by the King of Naples.

In the revolution of 1820, though he did not openly take part in it, he was considered to be friendly to a liberal form of government, and was pressed to accept the office of ambassador at the court of France. To this request he refused to accede, unless he received the commands of his majesty. The king then issued his orders, and the prince proceeded to

France. By the interference of the Austrians, you are aware that the old form of government was restored, and the Prince of Cariati was then removed from his office. As he had only accepted it in obedience to the commands of the king, he did not imagine that he should be considered implicated in the proceedings of the deposed government; but the king has refused him permission to return, and he is now an exile from his country.

Cariati is a wretched village, containing not more than a thousand inhabitants, with a church of Gothic architecture, and surrounded by walls in the last state of dilapidation. It has been often plundered by Turkish corsairs, has suffered from the hordes of brigands, and was nearly destroyed by the French in 1806.

I rested at Cariati for a short time, till the insects became so annoying that I was fairly driven out, and I determined to push on four hours longer to Rossano. As the day drew towards a close I entered a beautiful wood of olive-trees, and as I was thoroughly tired of the jolting of my mule, I alighted and walked leisurely forward. It was a lovely scene, and I was willing to linger as long as daylight would allow; but my muleteer quickly put an end to my meditations, by assuring me that we were now in a very dangerous wood, called Nierto, where robberies were constantly committed, and that it would be our wisest plan to move forward as rapidly as possible. He pointed to the brow of a hill about half a mile distant, and said that he had observed four men running rapidly along, as if they intended to reach a defile before us, which we must necessarily pass.

At this moment we reached an opening in the wood, with a cross, to mark where a murder had been committed, and at the same time I was able to get a glimpse of the hill, where I could perceive three or four men proceeding with great speed, as my muleteer had asserted, while my imagination bodied forth the glance of rifles in their hands. Not a moment was to be lost, as they were already nearer to the defile than we were, but we had in our favour the speed of the mule. I mounted without a moment's delay, and my muleteer leaped up behind. The mule was excellent, and moved forward at a rapid rate under its heavy load. Our opponents evidently saw our intention of getting before them, as they increased their speed as soon as we commenced our operations. The wood in many parts was thick, and the windings of the path rendered it impossible to see many yards before us. To an unconcerned spectator it would have been an amusing race; to me, however, it was of too serious import to allow of anything but feelings of the deepest anxiety. I felt, truly, that death or captivity hung in the balance. I placed a few pieces of gold in my hand, that I might have a chance of saving a small remnant of my purse. The muleteer said that one half-hour would enable us to reach the defile at the rate we were proceeding, and, if we passed it in safety, we might expect to reach Rossano without further molestation. Fortunately we gained the race, and when we passed the dangerous spot, without seeing a single individual, I was tempted to toss up my hat and cry huzza for the victory. It was necessary, however, to push on, that we might not be overtaken, and I was obliged to repress any outward signs of joy.

The hills on both sides of this defile rose to a considerable height,

more particularly to the left, on the side on which my enemies were approaching, and every moment I expected to hear the report of a rifle, as they would look down upon us while we were galloping through. I know not whether it may not be one of those defiles of which Procopius speaks, when he mentions Roscianum, the village Rossano, towards which I was proceeding. He says, Lucani montes usque in Bruttios pertinentes in angustum invicem coeuntes duos dumtaxat hic aditus, et hos angustiores efficiunt, quorum alter Petra Sanguinis dicitur, Lambulam alterum accolæ nuncupant. Ad litus Ruscia est promontorium Thuriorum—"The Lucanian mountains reaching to the country of the Bruttii, coming together to a narrow point form here two defiles, and these very much contracted; the one of which is called the Rock of Blood, the other Lambula by the natives. On the shore is Rossano, a promontory of Thurii." At all events it might very easily have proved a bloody spot to me.

Another half-hour placed me in the village of Rossano, where I proceeded to the house of the judge, to whom the Prince of Satriano had furnished me with a letter. I confess that I did not like the appearance of the inhabitants as I passed through the streets of Rossano, and was sadly disappointed when I found that the judge was performing his duties in some other part of his district. I left the letter, and proceeded to search for a lodging. The first locanda that I entered was so miserable, and the landlady so forbidding in looks, that I shuddered at the idea of passing the night under her roof. When I inquired if Rossano possessed no other lodging-house, she was highly offended at my being dissatisfied with her accommodation, and loaded me with abuse, though it was utterly lost on me, as I did not understand a syllable of her tirade. Here, however, I could not remain; and as she had brought a crowd around me, I found that there was another locanda, to which one of the inhabitants conducted me. There was not much to choose between them, but I had no alternative. I felt, however, little at my ease, and was proceeding to wait on the syndic, as the head magistrate of the village, when I was stopped by a person, who inquired if I had not left a letter at the house of the judge. I acknowledged that I had done so, and he said that the lady of the judge hoped that I would remain during the night at her house. I can assure you that I was much delighted to receive the invitation, and accepted it without hesitation. The old lady received me with great kindness, but was in perfect horror at the idea of my proceeding to-morrow without a guard; and as all her friends concurred with her that the country was unsafe, I agreed, rather to get rid of their importunities than from personal fears, to wait on the lieutenant of gendarmes and request that he would send a couple of men with me. On proceeding to the guard-house, judge of my surprise on being introduced to my old plague, the lieutenant, who had threatened to arrest me at Pizzo. He professed himself glad to see me, and ordered his servant to produce wine. I stated at once the object of my visit, and inquired if he thought there was any real danger. He assured me that there was no doubt about it, but that he durst not send two men, as it would be only sacrificing their lives as well as my own. He would send half a dozen, if I would remain one day longer at Rossano. It would appear that to-morrow is the birthday—name-day, or some such thing, of the king—and therefore a

holiday to all the troops. I thanked the lieutenant for this offer, and said that I should inform him to-morrow if I intended to accept it, though I had no such intention. However, he has induced me to give up one part of my plan—a visit to Lungobucco, in the Sila, where a lead mine has been lately opened by a company of English capitalists. It would be vain to hope to escape if I proceeded in that direction.

In this vicinity I hear of nothing but robberies and murders, and they hold up their hands in amazement that I should have ventured to approach Rossano, except under a strong guard. The principal proprietors are completely blockaded, and dare not move a step beyond the precincts of the village, unless in company with others, and strongly armed. It seems that there is a comitiva, or band, of twenty individuals, who are spread in all directions, carrying terror and dismay into the bosom of the inhabitants. They have lately waylaid several, and one of them has had to pay five thousand piastres—upwards of eight hundred pounds sterling. About a month ago they killed a boy fifteen years of age (this is the poor boy, no doubt, of whom Signor di Caria told me), because his family was unable to pay the ransom they demanded. They have committed upwards of twenty murders in this neighbourhood, and yet the government has only lately sent a small force under my friend, the lieutenant of gendarmes, to make an attempt to suppress such a disastrous state of matters.

Murder seems to have been the chronic state of the Silva Sila, along the outskirts of which I am now passing, from the earliest times. In the year B.C. 138, I find a curious trial going on at Rome, arising from the murder of some of the rich proprietors in this district. The Publicani, a joint-stock company for the farming of the public revenues of the Roman state, had taken on lease from the censors of B.C. 142, P. Scipio Africanus and L. Mummius, the pitcheries of the Silva Sila. It was then, as now, covered with forests, and supplied the state with pitch and timbers for ships. Some of the slaves employed by the company, and even the freemen, were charged with being implicated in the murders, so that the directors felt that they themselves might be blamed if they were found to have employed servants who could be guilty of such enormities. The senate issued a special commission to examine the matter, and the celebrated C. Lælius was employed to defend the company, which Cicero says (Brut. c. 22) that he did with great ability. He appeared twice for them, and so ably was he thought to have maintained their cause, that the members of the company attended Lælius to his house—a mode of showing respect which was usual at Rome. Through his exertions and that of Servius Galba, the company and members implicated in the charge were acquitted. Here, then, we find still the same insecurity for life and property to exist, and I do not hear that it has ever been otherwise.

While I was seated at the window in conversation with the lieutenant, the funeral of an old man passed; he was stretched at length on an uncovered bier, with a book in his hand, and followed by a number of women dressed in black dominoes, with white handkerchiefs over their heads. I met at the house of my hostess an intelligent Albanian priest, Don Angelo Masci, and I find that they have a college at Bisignano, a small village a short distance from Rossano. They originally belonged to the Greek Church, but have long ago conformed to the Latin. Their

library contains several manuscripts in the Albanian language, and, among others, a grammar written by one of the professors, and a volume of native songs collected by a person called Varibobba.

While I was at Naples a dispute arose between the Albanians and the congregation of the Greek Church there. The Albanians insisted on their right to be considered as members of that church, and as the government threw the weight of its authority on the side of the Albanians, I need not say that the question was decided in their favour. The dispute arose respecting a sum of money which had been left to the Greek Church, and of which the Albanians wished to participate.

Signor Masci accompanied me to the house of a canon of the church of Rossano, who possessed a manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark in Greek characters, illuminated with small figures at the beginning of each chapter. It is in excellent preservation, and must be of an early date, though I could not discover how it had come into his possession. I intend to proceed to-morrow to Cassano, in the vicinity of which stood the ancient city Sybaris; yet it is a hazardous undertaking. The lieutenant has told me that the whole village of Rossano, as he said of Pizzo, are a set of brigands, and as I know this to be an exaggeration, I trust to find the other statements to be equally so. At all events, I am resolved to face the danger.

Rossano is the ancient Roscianum mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, and noticed by Procopius (B. G. iii. 30) during the Gothic wars as a strong fortress, and one of the most important strongholds in this part of Italy. It was taken by Totila A.D. 548, but continued through the middle ages to be a place of importance. Though it stands on a hill, it is overlooked by higher ground, and has now, therefore, lost its 'vantage ground.

This has been a day of great anxiety, and I cannot say that I am sorry I am now bidding adieu to Calabria, though I have every reason to be grateful for the kind and hospitable manner with which I have been almost invariably received. Still it is harassing to be constantly in the expectation of being either robbed or murdered, and during several hours of this day I was fully prepared to encounter some such fate. Thank God, however, I have escaped, and I do not intend ever again to throw myself in the way of a Calabrese brigand.

This morning I was surprised to find that I had been unconsciously exposed to another danger during the night which had never occurred to me. A severe shock of an earthquake had taken place, and the whole inhabitants of the village had been so much alarmed that they had spent the greater part of the night in the public square, afraid of being buried in the ruins of their houses. Of course no one felt any particular interest in my safety, and I was allowed to sleep undisturbed amidst all their alarm. I have no doubt that I was entirely forgotten, and as there was no disastrous result, I am not sorry that I was allowed to remain quietly in bed. They are constantly subject to shocks in this quarter, but it seems to have been more alarming last night than it had been for several years.

My friends had procured me a muleteer, in whom, they said, I might repose entire confidence; still the old lady continued most urgent that I should remain another day, and accept a guard of gendarmes. I had,

however, made up my mind to run all risks, and I left the village Rossano at daybreak. I found a party of the inhabitants, fully armed, proceeding in my direction, but, to my disappointment, they only continued with me a short distance, being on their way to Corigliano. Our road lay through a wood, principally of olive-trees, mixed with myrtles, growing in great luxuriance, and clumps of low brushwood; it was evidently a continuation of that through which I had passed yesterday. It extended for about ten miles, and I was of course anxious that no time should be unnecessarily spent in crossing it. My mule was, however, a sad contrast to the animal I had yesterday, and the muleteer seemed to take matters very coolly. I dismounted, and tried to induce the mule to go somewhat quicker; but it was true to its nature, and refused to budge beyond a snail's pace. At last I gave up the contest in sheer despair, and quietly awaited the result. When we got clear of the wood, and I saw a level plain of several miles in extent before me, I cannot sufficiently express my delight, as I had been told that my dangers would then be at an end. Here, then, I consider that I bid adieu to Calabria and its dangers; for, though it continues a little farther north, I understand that I shall hear no more of brigands.

You may ask what opinion I have formed of the country and its inhabitants. The three Calabrias have been always, in a great measure, separated from the rest of the world. In this respect the district is unique, and the manners of its people have been little influenced by intercourse with their more civilised neighbours. Enclosed by two seas, having in the middle that lofty range of mountains which I have traversed thrice in different directions, covered for several months in the year with deep snow, without sufficient roads or communications between the different divisions, they have all the productions of the north and south, ice and tropical heat, at the distance of a few miles. Recollect the sudden change of temperature I came upon in a couple of hours, when I penetrated into the mountains of Serra. In what other part of Europe will you find another country like this? Then as to the inhabitants, I met men of the highest intelligence and polish, that would have done honour to any country, and, at the same time, the mass of the population sunk in rudeness and ignorance. It is not merely rudeness, but I heard of a ferocity of character which perpetuates family feuds from generation to generation, and regards revenge as a right and a duty. They seem now to be in the state that the Highlands of Scotland were some five hundred years ago. This disposition, inherited from their heathen progenitors, has never been in any degree softened by the influence of religion, or even of the nobility and persons of note, who are generally absentees. In former times the great feudal barons, no doubt, used to live on their properties, but wholly apart from the people, on whom they had no influence, at least for good. In fact, they composed two distinct worlds. With us, the nobility live a portion of the year on their estates, and take a deep interest in every measure that is likely to benefit themselves or their tenants. Here it is quite otherwise; agents manage everything, and transmit the rents to be spent in Naples. The feudal system subsisted in all its strictness till the beginning of this century. All the principal taxes were laid upon the lower classes, while the nobility and clergy were mostly exempted. It was a law of Joseph

Bonaparte that broke up this system. He enacted that "the feudal system and all feudal jurisdiction be abolished, and all towns, villages, hamlets be subjected to the general laws of the country." These changes, introduced by the French, had so far taken root, that, on the restoration of the Bourbons, it was impossible to replace things on their former footing; yet some such attempts have been made, and the present government strives to secure for the nobility more favourable rights, and has confirmed the succession in fiefs which the law had done away with.

I soon reached the banks of the Crati, the ancient Crathis, which you may recollect that I crossed at Cosenza on my way to the south. I had some difficulty in fording it from the depth of the stream and the rapidity with which it flows. Indeed, if we had not met with a shepherd, who piloted us across, I should inevitably have been swept away. I tried what effect its waters would have on my hair, as Euripides says that they have the power of giving a golden-red tinge, but, alas! no such beautiful change took place, and I am obliged to remain as nature intended me. The words of Euripides (Troades, 228) are as follows:

*ἀν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων*
*ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρσαίνων*
*Κρᾶθις, ζαθέαις παγαῖσι τρέφων*
*εὔανδρόν τ' ὀλβίζων γᾶν.*

"Which is watered by the beautiful Crathis, imparting yellow locks, nourishing and blessing the well-peopled land with its divine stream."

Ovid (Met. xv. 315) refers to the same curious property in the waters:

Crathis, et huic Sybaris nostris conterminus arvis,
Electro similes faciunt auroque capillos.

"Crathis, and Sybaris near to it in our country, impart an amber and golden hue to the hair."

I inquired afterwards if any such peculiarity was known to the inhabitants to be in the waters, but they were not aware that they possessed such powers.

Grain of every kind wavered over the drier parts of this plain, and my guide said that towards the sea herds of cattle abounded, though I saw none. The marshy ground afforded shelter to wild boars and water-fowls of every species.

## FERMANAGH:

### A TOUR TO THE NORTH-WEST OF IRELAND.

"On the west and north, beyond Cavan, lies Fermanagh, formerly inhabited by the Erdini; a country full of woods and bogs. In the middle of it lies the greatest and most famous lake in this kingdom, called Lough Erne, forty miles in length, and shaded with thick woods, and full of inhabited islands, some of which contain two or three hundred acres apiece. And withal it is so well stored with pike, trout, and salmon, and other fish, that the fishermen oftener complain of breaking their nets by the plenty than of want of fish."

I don't know that the store of salmon is quite as plentiful now as it was when Camden wrote, but that there are plenty of trout, and fish of a commoner kind, I can testify—also to the existence of the many islands and the thick woods I can testify; for last autumn I was not only enterprising enough to visit this famous lake myself, but also prevailed on another Englishman to accompany me. I don't think many Englishmen have ever seen the Irish at home. Many have been to Killarney, not quite so many to the Giant's Causeway; and, in these days of excursions, of course some have seen the Cove of Cork and Connemara. But few, very few, have seen the beauties of Lough Erne, or rambled over the rocky highlands of Donegal—very few know much about Paddy's way of living, or have any true knowledge of his character.

The Irish people whom we have among us as haymakers and occasional labourers, are of course the riffraff of the nation; and the tourist in Ireland only sees the idlest of the population—the boatmen and carmen. From these examples too many Britons have formed their estimate of the sons of Erin. Why, during all the seven hundred years for which the two countries have been under the rule of the same king, the people have not more united, might take too long to discuss here, and is beyond our present purpose. Our business is more with the country than the people.

It is a very easy journey from London to Dublin, and a far pleasanter one, we thought, than from our capital to Paris. After dining in London, you get into the train about half-past eight, and are soon whisked out of all the heat and dust and noise of London. At first we are surrounded with that sort of half country, half town, which abounds in villas, each with its own garden and field, and within so many minutes' walk of a railway station; and which forms the broad outer circle of our metropolis. By degrees the villas get scarcer, till only here and there a real old English house appears amongst its pleasant trees, now beginning to change their summer brightness for the more sombre tints of autumn. Then it gets dark, and the sensible traveller who has made a good dinner in town, and does not want to make a rush for refreshment-room provisions at Chester, can go comfortably to sleep till he arrives at the end of the railway in Anglesea.

It was a chilly grey morning, with a keen north-east wind, when we all had to turn out of our warm carriage to go on board the packet. These Holyhead and Kingstown steamers are the finest and most powerful passenger-boats that leave England. As we steamed out of the harbour

there was just light enough to show the fine breakwaters forming it, on which such immense sums of money have already been spent, though they are still unfinished.

We turned into Kingstown harbour three hours and fifty minutes after leaving Holyhead pier, it being a distance of sixty-four miles. But what a beautiful view was before us as we approached the coast of Ireland! The sun was then fully up, and the mists were rising slowly, just rolling up the mountain-sides, until, hanging about half way up, they gave additional height and grandeur to the walls of that magnificent amphitheatre which has often been compared to Naples. On the north are the Howth hills, with the curious-shaped rock called "Ireland's Eye," standing out from the mainland, and forming a corner pillar to the bay. Dublin lies along the farthest coast, and Kingstown harbour, backed by the beautifully bold Killiney head, forms its southern point. Beyond Killiney the coast takes a bend inwards, till about six miles to the south it again juts out into the sea, forming Bray head, which is really the abrupt ending of the chain of Wicklow mountains, among which is the famous Sugar-loaf.

During the few days I spent in Dublin I walked to the top of Killiney hill, and I never saw a more beautiful view. Dublin is then stretched out like a map, built on very nearly a plain, and about equally divided into north and south by the Liffey, crowded with shipping, with her long Bull-wall running out two miles into the bay, and terminated by the Pigeon Fort. On the north, Howth hills, with the Ireland's Eye and the dazzling white buildings of the lighthouse. The beautiful blue bay, dotted with white sails, and here and there a large heavy-laden bark lazily trying to make the river. Below, lay Kingstown with its harbour, its two breakwaters, built of granite taken from the hill on which we stood, stretching out like strong guardian arms around the great man-of-war, and the vessels of all sizes clustered round, lying safely and quietly as if they were all asleep, the wind only just flapping the heavy white sails of the yachts which were swinging with the tide ready to put to sea if enough breeze arose to make sailing pleasant. And turning round, nestled under the mountains, lying close along the shore, could be seen Bray, the delight of English tourists, who are apt to think that when they have seen Dublin, and from Bray driven out to the Seven Churches, and other Wicklow lions, they have seen a good deal of Ireland and her people. Running round Bray head, hewn out of the almost precipitous rock, Brunel's famous railway can just be discerned. He was almost an Irishman, impulsive, careless of consequences, chiefly delighting in doing what most men thought impossible. A daring spirit, but too bold for a joint-stock company! Rising to the east of the head are the two Sugar-loaf mountains, and to the east again the Dublin range. How proud we should be if we had near London scenery like this!

With Dublin itself I confess I was a little disappointed. There is an air of careless indifference about the whole town that is too true an index of the character of the people whose capital it is. There seems no attempt, except just in the few public buildings, at any ornamentation or even finish in the style of its architecture. All the faces of the streets look bare, and generally dirty. The squares are flowerless, and so are the windows of the houses, which in London often look so gay all through the summer. The prevailing idea is want of energy and want of money.

How far one depends on the other is a question which may be solved by a less learned philosopher than Locke. There is a great want of a public park in the town. They boast, we all know, of their great Phœnix Park, and very beautiful it is *when you get to it*, quite as fine as Richmond; but then it is just about as accessible, and to get to it, it is necessary to pass along some of the worst parts of Dublin.

There is no walk, or drive, or ride in Dublin corresponding to ours in Hyde Park. Sackville-street is a fine wide street, but the houses are so low, or so irregular, that it fails to strike one as at all magnificent. Grafton-street is narrower than our Bond-street, and generally so closely crowded that it is difficult to keep the path, and impossible to avoid being splashed from head to foot by the passing carriages, if there has been any rain within the four-and-twenty hours.

However, Dublin has been well cared for in some respects; even better than London. The river, though not as pure a stream as it may be hoped to become some day, is, at any rate, walled all along its banks, forming below Carlyle-bridge valuable quays. On the north, not far below the bridge, stands the Custom House; and about as far above, on the same side the river, the Four Courts, corresponding to our Westminster law courts.

The Castle is a disappointment. One sees no Castle proper, but a group of buildings of the St. James's Palace style, occupying, with their courts, a rising ground about the centre of the southern half of the town.

The old Houses of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland, abut on the College Green; and on the other side of the green, on the site of the Allhallows monastery, stands Trinity College, a venerable pile of buildings of about the end of the sixteenth century. The library contains a most valuable collection of books, and reminds one much of the Bodleian.

The peculiarities of Irish jarvies and Irish railway porters have often been described; the chief characteristic of the latter is, that they invariably make mistakes as to where you want to go, and what luggage belongs to you and what to the general public. We were not disappointed with the scene at the terminus on the day we left Dublin for Enniskillen.

It was a beautiful day, only just enough cloud driven along on the south-west wind to throw the country into alternate light and shade. The line often skirts the sea; and the little fishing towns, with their rude breakwaters, generally terminated by a low lighthouse, gave one rather the idea of a foreign country than of England's sister isle.

Drogheda, and over the Boyne. We are high over the river, on the famous viaduct that cost so much pains and money. It was a treacherous river-bed, and sucked in the masonry almost as quickly as it was built up; but perseverance prevailed; the great piers stood firm at last, and the steam horse rattles safely over.

It was just about this time of year, a century and three-quarters ago, that the great Protestant victory was won only a few miles above where we are now passing. It had gone hard with the Protestants in the north, and bravely the boys of Derry had stood out against their besiegers; so determined were they not to give in to their popish assailants, that even when the inhuman Rosene drove the wretched party of Protestants, collected from the surrounding country, under their walls to starve to death if they did not capitulate, they duly returned answer

that, unless these miserables were not immediately dismissed, every prisoner taken up to that time should be hung in the sight of their comrades. Surely they were hardly set when, having finished all the cats, and rats, and leather, they proposed to curry up the popish inhabitants of the city; but at this point the English store-ships got up to the town, and James's army was so disheartened that they retired as fast as they could, leaving the victorious little garrison to rest and recover from their fatigues. This, and the brave stand of the Enniskilleners, gave the Protestant party heart; and great were their rejoicings when, in the following summer, William himself, at the head of a large force, landed at Carrickfergus and moved south to meet James.

Twelfth of July, sixteen hundred and ninety—a date dear to the Orangemen, and borne ever since upon many an Orange flag.

"King William beat the rascally papists," they say; he did just beat them, but they were nearly matched. Bravely the English waded through the river under a heavy fire; and as bravely charged the Irish down upon them. It was, indeed, a great misfortune to the English that they, or rather their French auxiliaries, killed their own best general, Schomberg; and, had not William at once passed the river at the head of a large body of horse and attacked James's infantry, it seems probable the English army would not have been able to recover the confusion caused by the duke's death. But, as it was, the Irish were so dismayed by William's appearance, that they faced round and retreated to Dunore. James himself, without attempting to rally his forces, rode off towards Dublin, and soon afterwards embarked for France, and returned to the place of his former residence at St. Germain.

So William of Orange had possession of the country. Not that he had done all the fighting, for there was hard fighting after that; but still the battle of the Boyne is always and rightly considered by the Orangemen to be their great decisive victory over their papist foes.

It is nearly seven when we arrive at Enniskillen. We cannot comfortably sleep at three hotels in one night, though their respective omnibus drivers are very anxious we should. Luckily, a fellow-traveller has advised us that the smallest—the Royal—is the best, and thither we are driven. Very small rooms, but very comfortable; and the dinner, though not comprising variety of dishes, was well cooked and served. Englishmen who require Pall-mall cooking should certainly not visit an Irish country hotel; but those who have good digestions, and can be content with a well-cooked steak and excellent potatoes in great numbers, and a good potation of whisky, "with or without," need fear no worse fare.

Enniskillen is built on an island, formed by the division of the Upper Lough Erne into two rather narrow streams, which, again uniting on the north side of the island, form the channel which connects the upper and the lower lakes.

The town is equally disposed on either side of the main street, about a mile in length, which runs from the western bridge to the eastern, rising a good height over the lake about the centre of the town, where stands the Protestant church. This building is of no great interest; indeed, the less said about all the churches in this part of Ireland the better; they are certainly not worth a visit.

In these days of centralisation, Enniskillen, like all other provincial towns, once the *town* of their county, has considerably fallen off. There

is not much trade, and the population, which thirty years ago was over six thousand, is now under five.

The most striking object on the island is the monument erected to General the Hon. Sir G. Lowry Cole, and it is quite worth while climbing to the balcony at the top to see the view.

On the hill just west of the town stands Portora, a royal charter school founded by Charles I.; and below it on the right, just where the narrow gut before alluded to widens into the lower lake, are the ruins of the old castle of Lisgood, which was burnt, with a hundred and fifty-two people in it, by the rebels in the middle of the seventeenth century. There is a pleasant terrace walk along the lake under these old ruins, where it is delightful to linger in the clear moonlight, as the waves driven by the light breeze just "lap the shores in pleasing melody."

There are some very pretty drives out of Enniskillen; one towards Ely Lodge, and along the western shore of Lough Erne, is in some parts very picturesque; as the road now skirts the mountain-side almost hidden in the hanging woods, and anon dips down to the water's edge as a sparkling stream, loved of the trout, finds its way across it into the great lake. That is a beautiful place, Ely Lodge; the house built on an island approached by a long greystone-bridge, surmounted at the home end by an antiquated lodge and iron gates. The drive to it winds along the side of the hills, giving many a charming glimpse of some wooded island rising gracefully out of the calm lake, and throwing back its own reflexion even more beautiful than itself. Across the bridge; and then we rise rapidly to the house, which, built on the north-east slope, has an exquisite view over all the lower lake.

There is one excursion which certainly ought to be undertaken by boat, and that is about two miles down the lake to the Devenish island; a delightful row on a cool day—and days are not often oppressively hot in the north of Ireland. The temperature is much more even all through the year there than here. Giraldus Cambrensis says, though perhaps with some exaggeration: "The country itself is, of all others, the most temperate; here are neither the scorching heats of Cancer to drive men into the shades, nor the piercing colds of Capricorn to drive them to the fire. The air is so mild and pleasant, that all seasons are in some degree warm."

On the island, in itself one of the barest and least interesting of the three hundred and sixty which tradition gives to the lakes (I doubt if any one has ever taken the trouble to count them), stands the celebrated Devenish Tower, the most perfect, externally, at least, of all those mysterious round towers, of which there seem to have been, at some time or other, over a hundred in different parts of the country. They may be said to be peculiar to Ireland, for, though two appear in Scotland, that country has always been in close intercourse with Ulster, and they were probably built by the Irish.

This tower is quite circular, forty-one feet in diameter, and it tapers towards the top, which is covered with a conical cap of stone, surmounted by a curious ornament resembling an obtuse crescent, which is found on none of the other towers, though it probably did exist originally on some of them. All the work is hewn stone, most carefully dressed and put together, far exceeding in workmanship the masonry of the adjoining abbey church.

The height of the tower is seventy-one feet, and the door is so great a height from the ground that it is difficult to conceive how it could ever have been made accessible. Various have been the speculations as to the builders and date of construction of these curious relics, and of their uses.

It has been thought by some they were intended for beacon-towers or alarm-posts, and by others that they were the abode of anchorites, and that they were used by the early Christians as places of penance for evil-doers—which penance was performed as follows:—The penitent was placed in the upper story, or cell, where he remained a certain time; he was then permitted to descend into the next one, where he also was mortified for a season; and so on to all the floors in succession, till at last he stood on the lowest, at the open door which faced the church, when the priest came out and gave him absolution.

I am not myself inclined to think, however, that they were built by the Christians, or ,used by them, except, perhaps, as convenient bell-towers, but that they were pagan erections used for the worship of Baal. Many of the legends of the country would lead us to suppose that the old religion of the country, prior to the introduction of Christianity, was that of the fire-worshippers.

As to their date, we know that, in writings of the twelfth century, they are talked of as of great antiquity, and their close contiguity, as in the present instance, to ruins of buildings used for Christian worship forms a strong presumption in favour of their having been built for worship, and not for merely military purposes. For the early Christians nearly always chose the spots sacred to pagan gods for their own altars.

If, then, they were built by the fire-worshippers, they existed before St. Patrick went to Ireland in the middle of the fifth century. Their architects were evidently far more advanced in the arts of construction than the Irish were at the time of their conversion, and they seem to belong to a period when some nations of Eastern, probably of Phœnician, origin were in possession of the country.

The discovery of bronze instruments, and curious weapons of classic form and elegant workmanship, form further proof of the existence of such an ancient, cunning people. But perhaps one of the most remarkable links in the evidence is that found in the striking resemblance of the present native language to the old Carthaginian, or Punic, found on numerous coins and in the works of the Roman dramatist, Plautus.

From Enniskillen we went on to Rossclair, an hotel lately set up by a gentleman who has considerable property thereabouts, and wishes to encourage Englishmen to try Lough Erne, as well as Killarney; and really we found ourselves in very comfortable quarters.

As I said before, the weather in Fermanagh is never too hot, so that one may enjoy a day's sailing without being scorched, and at the same time do a great deal of fishing, either trolling or with the fly. The largest pike I heard of being taken was sixty-two pounds, and our largest trout weighed eight and a half pounds (*Salmo ferox*).

There is a good breeze from the south-south-east, but hardly any cloud; the mountains so clear that almost every rock and fissure can be distinguished. Away we go with a full sheet to the north-west, gaily racing with the waves and beating them; they seem to grumble as we pass. On we go; now we are out of the islands on to the broad lough.

On the right the land running out into bold promontories, thickly wooded, forming cool, pleasant little bays, rising from the water's edge, waves on in graceful undulation towards the Lack mountains.

How beautiful the view to the other side! In the foreground the little Gai island rising—perfect gem of an island—out of the lake, the soft carpet of green shaded by the now autumn-tinted trees, fringed by the dark rocky shore, the waves just breaking over the far-stretching points of rock. And then beyond, the long line of mountains rising abruptly from the lough; to the west the Eagle island and the wooded points of Castle Caldwell. The bays there are full of trout and pike.

On the north the long, low-lying Boa island, nearly five miles long, with hardly any wood; and above it, on the mainland, are neat white farm-houses, looking very clean and pretty anyhow at this distance; and beyond them again the wild mountains of Donegal, clad with dark red heather, full of little lakes, crowded with trout, and loved of wild fowl, and where true Irishmen, far away from the watching of excise officers, delight to make the native potteen.

We sail all round this long Boa island, the isle of Oxen, past Innisturk, the Calf island, Inniskerry, and Innismeely, and Muckross, the wooded point, and down past the marble quarry at Rossabeg, to Castle Caldwell—curious rambling old house, where once lived, in much state, Sir John Caldwell; but alas! in too great state for the good of his successors. In those days—not so long ago—there were no good roads in that part of Ireland, and the peasants say the baronet was the first to introduce carts and carriages: everything before, was carried on horses' and donkeys' backs in panniers.

Before we left the bay the good breeze of the morning had increased to a good hard wind. Gallantly our little bark rode over the short chopping waves as we ran along under reefed canvas.

Often a wave larger than its fellow striking the gunwale made us remember by a cold shower-bath that we were on no small English pond; and, before we got in, the whole lake was covered with white horses, and we were pretty well drenched in our open boat. But, for all that, we risked another drenching the next day.

Holidays won't last for ever, and there is Lough Derg, with St. Patrick's Purgatory, to be seen; and that very fashionable watering-place, Bundoran, to be done; together with some sea-baths; so we must leave the great store of pike and trout to other anglers, and move on.

There is a railway along this side of the lake from Inniskillen to Bundoran; but we have enough of railway travelling at home, and prefer the real national conveyance, the jaunting-car.

It certainly is uncommonly hard to sit on one of these cars when you first make the experiment. First, off goes the horse with a sudden jerk, which severely tries the good work of the harness-maker, and is very nearly leaving you behind sitting in the road. Then you are as nearly shot off by the car, in turning a sharp corner, running up on to the kerb-stone. However, after a few of these cautions, feeling the necessity of perpetually keeping the hand-rail at least within easy grasp, and by maintaining a careful balance, the motion becomes rather exhilarating than otherwise, and the journey is performed without any broken bones.

Through Pettigoe, as thriving a little town as we saw in this part of Ireland; and towards the north, about four miles; we came at last to a

road, along which even our jaunting-car could not pass; but a short walk brought us out, after passing under a dark wood, suddenly in full view of Lough Derg.

We seemed to have left civilisation far behind. Not a house was to be seen. Bare mountains, rising wave after wave, surround the mysterious little lake, where in that island, not far from the shore, was the narrow vault dug by Ulysses when he made his descent into hell, or by the more orthodox ascribed to St. Patrick, who is said to have "obtained, by his fervent prayers, to make the people eye-witnesses of those punishments and tortures which the wicked endure after this life."

Thousands of pilgrims flocked from all parts of the country to this spot every summer, and, though the numbers are now reduced to hundreds instead of thousands, the superstition has not died out.

All the summer certain priests live in the houses which have taken the place of the old monastery in the island, and spiritually console and absolve the penitents who visit them; and then the whole road and island present a lively scene. But when we were there the pilgrims' season was over, the island-buildings were deserted, the gigantic ferry-boat laid up in its winter-house, and not a soul could be found to take us across. However, there was a boat which we managed to launch, and, with one oar and a piece of board, we contrived to reach the saints' island.

There was not a breath of wind, and standing on this solitary spot, the gate of Hades, the stillness was so intense all round, that it could almost be heard. It was a relief to hear the wild cry of the heron, which rose, startled at our approach, from the far side of the island, where he had been quietly fishing, for the lake is full of trout, from the smallest to a very good weight.

We left the solitary lake to its loneliness, and our lively carman drove us along again with all his usual demonstrations by voice and whip. Really, Irish horses are the most wonderful animals to keep on their legs. Our driver, in answer to our exclamations of surprise at his reckless driving, replied, "Sure I won't give him time to go down, yer honour!" and neither Paddy's lungs, most powerfully exercised all the way along, nor his horse's spirits, seemed in the least depressed as we rattled down the steep hill into Ballyshannon, once also a flourishing country town, which, before the Union, returned its two members to parliament.

We had lingered long at Lough Derg, and often by the road, as every new view, more charming than the last, of the lake or mountains opened itself before us. We had spent some time also at Belleck, interested in that national work, the china manufactory, established by one of the most enterprising and truly patriotic men Fermanagh possesses. I say national work, for is it not what the nation wants, above all law reform or franchise, to have manufactories, seats of industry, established on her soil? We lingered along the banks of the rushing Erne, swollen by recent rains, madly foaming over the stubborn walls of opposing limestone, dashing up white mists of spray, eddying on silently, but swiftly, under the dark overhanging cliffs pierced by caves, and crowned by swaying trees, till, gathering strength for a new effort, again the dark, peat-coloured water rushes at another fall. And now, as we drive down the steep hill of the little town, our eyes are dazzled by the bright gas; so that it is a relief to find ourselves again in the simple clear moonlight.

The aspect of the country has gradually altered since we left Belleck; and now all round are bare hills, divided into stony unprofitable-looking fields by cold stone walls. The weather, delightful in the morning, has changed; the wind comes keen and chill from the north; the sea, even, is shivering in the silver light; the mountains, wrapped in mist for half their height, hold up their cold heads against the clear sky, as if longing for a cap of cloud; and the prospect of a good fire, accompanied by a good supper, inside one of those bright windows bespangling the hill before us, becomes more and more agreeable. And a good fire and capital supper, and still better beds, we have. We are again in an hotel kept up by gentlemen.

The Brighton of Ireland! Well, it's as little like our London-super-Mare as any collection of houses could well be. A long street, nearly a mile and a half from end to end, with one or two terraces running at right angles to it along the sea, form the whole town. But we did not come to see the houses, but the scenery and the people, and in these we certainly were not disappointed. Bundoran lies along the south-eastern corner of the Bay of Donegal, whose coast is here fronted with rugged limestone cliffs, pierced by curious caves and grottos, worn even in one or two places into grotesque pillars and arches, running out into bold headlands, and retreating again into quiet shelving bays, floored with finest sand of crushed shells of every tint, tempting for a bath. The Atlantic rolls in with all its force.

We were fortunate; there was a great storm on Sunday afternoon—a regular sou'-wester. We stood upon the black craggy rock of the boldest headland, about a mile from the town. Below us was the mouth of a dark cavern; and as the sea came rolling in, in all its fury, wave after wave rushed up the cave, filling it, till the pent-up air burst the water out again, like a falling waterspout; with a huge, booming noise; and ever and again a great wave recoiling from the dark cliff, and meeting one inward bound, they leap up as if trying which can overcome the other.

Can London-super-Mare compare with such glorious sea as this?

Again, look across the bay and see those mountains sometimes rising so clearly out of the blue, glistening water, that every watercourse and change of herbage can be traced upon their faces; and at others half veiled in uneven white mists, or capped at sunset with gold and crimson-coloured clouds gently resting on their summits, crowning them with glory. There, just opposite, pointed out by its white lighthouse on St. John's head, lies Killibegs. Charming little harbour! defended on every side by guardian mountains from the fear of storms, and at the farthest corner of the bay, rising majestically two thousand feet above the ocean, so nearly perpendicular that a stone can be dropped from the top into the sea, is the famous cliff of Sleive League.

Why is it that a country so near, so beautiful, so rich in land, and mines, and harbours, and all the natural resources of power, whose people are so fit in mind and body for the highest arts and greatest labour, should yet remain so much unknown, its wealth so slightly developed?

How comes it—we repeat the often-quoted question of the Kilkenny parliament, but we may not stay now to answer it—how comes it that the sovereign is never the richer for Ireland?

C. K. O.